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EDITED BY

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.
of the British Museum
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IN ASSOCIATION WITH

M. LEON VALLÉE
Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

DR. ALOIS BRANDL
Professor of Literature in the Imperial University, Berlin

AND

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(IK MARVEL)
the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor"

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R. Garnett.

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"THE DECADENCE OF MODERN LITERATURE"

WRITTEN FOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES

of Madrid

Author of "The Marquis of Peñalta," "Sister St Sulpice," &c, &c.



ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES, OF MADRID

THE DECADENCE OF MODERN LITERATURE

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ARMANDO PALACIO-VALDES BY
MISS RACHEL CHALLICE

I WRITE for the reader who has a taste for discussing the theory and technics of art. But he who simply seeks inspiration from art need not linger, certain that he loses nothing by doing so; and my own sympathy and that of all artists will always be for him. For it is only a fresh imagination, free from rhetorical preconceptions that can truly enjoy works of art and breathe freely in the world of fancy Besides, say it who will, no master of marionettes likes to show the construction of his figures, with their cords and springs, and if he does sometimes do so it is because he is either impelled to defend himself from the faults attributed to him, or has to warn the public against the errors of an unfair or precipitate judgment

However, it is not this which leads me to write the present essay, nor did it inspire that which years ago I put at the beginning of my novel, *La Hermana San Sulpicio* Unfortunately criticism hardly exists in Spain, and the author of novels rejoices in a delightful peace like that enjoyed by Valmiky and Homer in the early ages of the world when they wrote their immortal poems The only reason I have in mind—apart from a certain love of didactics retained from my youth, when my unerring finger pointed out to authors the way they should go—is the antagonism I feel against the tastes and tendencies which prevail in the plastic as well as in the poetic arts This antagonism distressed me very much, because it made me doubt myself. I cast my eye over Europe, and I see nothing in poetry and painting but lugubrious

and prosaic scenes, and in music I hear nothing but sounds of death

From the steppes of Russia come delirious mystics, who work up the country of Molière, Rabelais, and Voltaire From thence surge unwholesome analyses and scandalous improprieties, that corrupt the sons of Cervantes Finally, the glacial wind of Norway sends, in dramatic form, symbolistic fancies which delight Italy (the Italy which gave birth to Virgil, Petrarch, Raphael, and Titian !) naturalists, mystics, decadents, Ibsenists, and symbolists in imaginative writing, and the luminous, cerulean, metallic schools of painting Art seems to me like an acute attack of nerves, the artists sometimes like madmen, sometimes like charlatans, who hide their want of power under monstrous affectations, and cleverly profit by the general perversion of taste, whilst the public, depraved by them and the prevailing utilitarianism, is without a criterion to distinguish between the beautiful and wholesome, the ugly and absurd. Seeing my mind so radically opposed to the spirit of the age, I am seized with fear of mental aberration, there are moments in which I fancy I am one of those unhappy degenerate beings, incapable of "adapting himself to his surroundings," so well described by the modern philosophers of the Positive School, and it distresses and upsets me, until at last I think of putting myself under complete therapeutic treatment It is possible that the douches, the kola nut, and iron wine, will make me think that the Norwegian dramas are as interesting as those of Shakespeare, Calderon, or Schiller, the Russian mystics as profound as Plato and Spinoza, the novels of the Naturalistic School as beautiful as those of Longus, Cervantes, and Goethe, and the pictures of the French decadents better than those of Rubens and Velasquez. But until this happy hour of my regeneration comes, or is possible, I crave permission to make some critical remarks on the art of writing novels, and I will lay down certain hypotheses that constitute the ground of my own inspiration, which until now has sustained and consoled me in the great amount of work I have done Absurd or true, I love them, and I only beg my reader to give them a moment's consideration before condemning them

II

Let us give a glance to the history of Art. There is one fact that has long demanded weighty consideration, and that is the fertility of some epochs, and the sterility of others In the period of little more than a century between Phidias and Praxiteles, the fallen country of Greece gave birth to hundreds of sculptors, the majority unknown to us, but whose works, albeit broken and mutilated, fill us with admiration and delight, as they issue from the ruins In a period of fifty or sixty years of the fifteenth century, there appears in the country of Flanders a powerful legion of great painters, whose pictures, if they have been equalled, have never been excelled. The inspiration of the Flemish artists suddenly passes away in the sixteenth century, and goes over to Italy, where some dozens of portentous geniuses live and work simultaneously, each one of whom would have sufficed to glorify a century. In the seventeenth century the magic power turns to the Netherlands, and produces that marvellous outburst when the painters not only numbered hundreds, but thousands Our country, feeling elevated by Italy and Flanders to the realm of beauty, gives birth to the famous Spanish School, with Zurbaran, Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo Does it not seem like an epidemic? There is soon an eclipse of the splendid sun, and we are left in darkness and obscurity for two centuries, with only a medium artist approximating, but never equalling the other geniuses, occasionally shining like a melancholy, solitary star.

The explanation of this fact given by historians of Art has never satisfied me The appearance of Art as a natural consequence of the aggrandisement of countries, as the flower of civilisation, which is the present prevailing theory, only adds one fact to another, without explaining either of the two We can certainly assume that Art is a necessary outcome of a certain degree of prosperity attained by countries, when man, having overcome the obstacles which nature opposed to his subsistence, recovered from his fatigue and enjoyed life quietly. But the difficulty is still there Why do many and great artists appear in certain periods

of prosperity, and none at other times of equal or more prosperity? Nobody can doubt that there actually exist in the world rich and prosperous countries, where civilisation has risen to a height unknown in history, where life is easy, safe and comfortable France, England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and the United States of America, are undeniable testimonies of this statement. Besides, in no known epoch of history have artists been able to work with greater security, nor have they had such a large public solicitous to reward them as now Compare what any painter, of however small a reputation, gets to-day with what Velasquez or Rembrandt had for their works Compare the consideration and respect that artists enjoy nowadays, to the point of forming an aristocracy as high and proud as that of blood, with the scornful patronage accorded them by persons of distinction in other centuries, and the wretched pittance occasionally granted them by kings What more favourable moment could present itself for the flower of poetry to open its petals to the light, and display its most brilliant colours? Fame, money, security are all in the hands of the artist who can distinguish himself, and yet our painters and sculptors cannot compare with those of other epochs! Music, the most modern of arts, has for some years been quite decadent, and literature, as I will soon show, equally so

"There are," say naturalistic philosophers, "physiological reasons which explain and determine this phenomenon of life." I do not doubt it Man is completely subject to the forces working in the heart of nature, which generate, as much as they hinder, the development of individuals and races. But the action of such forces is so mysterious, it works by ways so strange to us that we can only vaguely attribute to them what happens in the world Our mind demands more approximate reasons I will now, in all humility, suggest a rational solution of the problem, in the hope that if it do not satisfy the reader, it will at least help him to think it out, and solve it for himself.

As there is no reason why the first fifty years of a century should give birth to a hundred artists of great merit, and the following fifty give none, I venture to maintain that, given the

same conditions of race, environment, culture, security and stimulus, men are born the same, or equal, in the second half of a century: when there has been no material change in the environment, so there should be as many artists as in the first half. The sole difference is, that whereas in the first half, men born with capacities to feel beauty, and to represent it, were able to bring them to light by a natural and logical development, those in the second half, for causes I will now point out, have not been able to reveal their mental treasures.

I attribute the decadence of the *beaux arts*, where there is no external reason to explain it, to the perversion of taste, and consequent want of a healthy and adequate purpose in artists I believe it is the taste which determines the height to which the painter, sculptor, or poet can rise in his works. The artists of the epochs of decadence were born as well endowed by nature as those of the most flourishing periods. Let us glance at our own epoch. Let us examine the pictures painted at the present day, the statues sculptured, or let us read attentively the works of imagination published, and nobody can justly deny that they show intellect, invention and study. If not in the majority, for the production is excessive, I see in many of them the hand and intelligence of a superior man perfectly endowed by nature to produce beautiful and lasting works. Why are they not produced? Simply through misdirected intelligence, and a wrong turn given to the artist's inspiration from the environment in which he is born—in short, from a want of *taste*. This absence of taste, above all in the cultivation of the arts, is the prevailing feature of the day. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand," says Hamlet. And parodying these words, we can say that in the fine arts nowadays a man of good taste is one, not only among ten thousand, but among a hundred thousand. The cause of this perversion of taste is not due to passing circumstances, nor to defects of training, transmitted from some individuals to others, nor to fortuitous aberrations. The cause is deeper in my opinion; it arises from the same cause that induced the vast artistic superiority of Western over Asiatic art,

in the great development of individual energy. It is equally true that there is no principle so true and effective but what, when exaggerated, becomes an error and a source of ruin, and that the "no extreme" of the Greek oracle is the greatest truth uttered in the world up till now. Superior individual energy, assertion of independence in face of nature, producing such variety of characters, is what has elevated the Greek over the Indian, Western Art over the Asiatic In the Eastern world are only types, hence the monotony, often not void of beauty and sublimity in its poetic monuments. But that principle, fruitful for civilisation, and particularly for the arts, which engendered the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus Bound*, the *Niobe* and the *Parthenon*, and which later gave rise to the portentous works of the Renaissance, when exaggerated in Modern Europe, and drawn out of its just limits, has resulted in want of equilibrium, and consequent decadence. Exaggerated individual energy and independence have become conceit This is the canker-worm which corrodes and paralyses contemporary artists Note the method of the ancients, and those who imitated them in the time of the Renaissance An artist who by his excellent works attains to the merited position of Master, collects around him a more or less numerous company of youths, to whom he reveals the secrets of his art, and whom he imbues with his own spirit, and, under a slow apprenticeship, raises them from assistants to collaborators in his works The pupil, finally becoming a master, ends by leaving, but he continues working in the same line and with the same methods, and without being conscious of it, and without thinking of "breaking any mould," by the mere force of his own artistic personality, he produces distinctive works as beautiful, or more beautiful than those of his master, but without breaking the bond uniting them. The same thing happens in literature: Homer is the great master of the Hellenic world All dramatic, epic or lyric poets come to him as the source of inspiration Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, and Euripides modestly confessed that they lived on the crumbs from his table Later, when Rome becomes the centre of literature, her most notable poets were not above calling themselves disciples

of the Greeks, studying them with veneration, and imitating them with complacency, which has not lowered them in the eyes of posterity. The *Æneid* is an imitation of the *Odyssey*, and yet it has gratified the world for twenty centuries. Sophocles said in the last years of his life that if he had succeeded in writing anything beautiful in his life, it was through renouncing Æschylus' pompous style, and all those refinements of art to which he was too much inclined. These words ought to make any artist think, because they involve the profoundest teaching. When the legendary cycles of Greece had been unravelled, and presented in a marvellous way by the genius of Æschylus in the form of dramatic trilogies, they seemed unsurpassable, Sophocles, nevertheless, did succeed in improving on them And he would not have achieved this if, led by self-esteem, he had tried to improve upon him by seeking better and brighter effects, and enforcing a style of language But led solely by the love of the beautiful, and remaining true to its nature, he only tried to produce beautiful and perfect works, without caring to compete with the genius of his glorious predecessor, and through this modesty and moderation, he arrived at being one of the greatest dramatists the world has ever produced.

How different to the present system! Hardly does a young man know how to hold a paint-brush, pen, or chisel than he feels impelled to create something original, if not strange and unheard of; he would think himself humiliated in following the methods of another artist, be he ever so great The chief business with him is not to work well, but to work in a different mode to others; originality is more to him than beauty. This idea which nowadays has such a strong hold on all heads, even the most empty, reminds us of that graceful epigram of Goethe's on originals. A certain person says, "I do not belong to any School, there exists no living master from whom I would take lessons, and as to the dead, I have never learnt anything from them," which, if I am not mistaken, means, "I am a fool on my own account" What else is this extravagant desire for originality, but, as we have said, an exaggeration of individual energy, a want of equilibrium, the sin,

in fact, of pride? It is sad to confess it, but in the distorted ideal followed by the arts nowadays, the whole censure should not fall on those who cultivate them. The public also incurs a great share of the blame, the public, which instead of asking of them beautiful works, well thought out, and skilfully executed, only demands that they should be unlike others, and in this way it foments the eccentricity and bad taste which have given rise in these latter years to this crowd of extravagant and ridiculous works in which impotence goes arm in arm with vanity. The novel, being the predominant form of present literature, is the chief scene of this prevailing vice.

III

The novel is of a comprehensive genus, involving the nature of the epic, the drama, and sometimes also entering the realms of lyric poetry. Such scope gives the writer a delightful freedom, not accorded to those who cultivate other more strictly defined branches of art. Not only is it exempt from rhythmic language, but from those fetters which dogmatic rhetoric imposes on epic and lyric poets The novel in its essence rejects every definition, it is what the novelist wants it to be. But the logical result of such independence is greater responsibility, for however much may be forgiven a novelist, his power of invention must never flag, *esprit* is the indispensable The novelist is under the imperious necessity never to fatigue the reader, to keep his attention alert, and his spirit led along by invisible forces into the world of imagination How little do we, who write novels, bear this first requisite of all romantic composition in mind It seems most often that instead of interesting the reader, and recreating his mind, we try to exhaust his patience Composition is the reef on which the majority of writers of novels are stranded. There are plenty capable of representing the beauty and interest offered by life and its contrasts, and they are gifted with great imagination, penetration and style But in my opinion there are very few who really know how to compose a book. This is not because the talent for composing is

loftier or rarer than the others, but because authors do not give it the attention it requires. Newton was once asked, "How did you arrive at the discovery of the law of gravitation?" to which question he modestly replied, "By thinking about it." If novelists strove more to attain perfection in their works, and less to exhibit, at all costs, the gifts they think they possess, or to create a sensation, I believe they would be more beautiful and more enduring. The first thing they should recollect is that a novel is a work of art, therefore a work, in which harmony is essential. This harmony is naturally arrived at by the artist, who knows how to put bounds to his conceptions, and to concentrate the treasures of his imagination, exhibiting those required, and no more. Does such limitation detract from the richness of its substance, the bright portrayal of details, the feeling for colour, the delicate appreciation of the most subtle relations of life? I am far from thinking so All this can perfectly subsist within definite outlines Suffice it that the novelist feels the necessity of clearness and proportion

Man is a limited being, and by the token, all that emanates from him must also be limited. Because the ground of the work of art, which is Ideal beauty, has no limits, it must not be thought that its plastic or conceptive expression can dispense with them. Beauty expresses itself eternally in nature, in a definite, clear, concrete form, in art it ought to be the same There are many artists who ignore this great truth, they imagine that in leaving the outlines of their work uncertain, they emancipate themselves from the limitations, constituted by their Being, and approximate more to the sublimity and grandeur of the Ideal. It is an optical delusion with which they deceive themselves and deceive others. So when there appears one of these ostentatious, enormous, wearisome works, enveloped in vagueness and mystery, full of symbolical and mystical aspirations, like many of the Romantic School of the past, and nearly all of the modern naturalists, symbolists and decadents, the public is delighted, it thinks that there is an ineffable mystery behind those clouds, that it will finally discover and contemplate the eternal secret, and so it runs eagerly to see

the miracle, but it soon turns away sad and disillusioned, because behind so much show there is absolutely nothing. The portentous work soon lapses into obscurity, whilst a well-defined, clear and harmonious one, like the *Odyssey*, *The Syracusans* by Theocritus, *Hermann und Dorothea* by Goethe, continue from century to century, each fresh as a rose, reflecting the immortal beauty of the universe I sometimes think that this necessary harmony in the composition of the novel is synonymous with simplicity. The novel participates, as I have said, in the nature of the drama, and in that of the epic, but more, in my opinion, in that of the latter. It is not then essential for the action to advance rapidly until the end without any lapse, like that of the drama, but it can go slowly, stopping every minute to relate episodes, or to describe countries and customs, like epic poems, because, as Schiller remarks so wisely, the action with the dramatic poet is the true aim, whereas with the epic writer (let us say novelist in this case) it is only a medium to bring forward an absolute and æsthetic object. Now what is this absolute æsthetic object which the epic poet and the novelist pursue? Schiller again describes it with admirable clearness in another of his letters. The mission of the epic poet is to reveal entirely the innermost truth of the event, he only describes the existence of things, and the effect that they naturally produce, that is why, instead of hastening to the end of the narration, we are pleased to be arrested at every moment in its course. The novelist is therefore permitted to stop where he thinks fit, like the epic poet. If he like clearness and moderation, his work will be clear and harmonious, although it may frequently be discursive Nobody will dare deny these qualities to the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, or *Don Quixote*, and *Gil Blas de Santillana*, in spite of their numerous episodes. We must guard against confounding harmony either with simplicity of plot or with regularity of design. It is something profounder and more spiritual, arising spontaneously from the beauty of the subject and the equilibrium of the artist's faculties

There is no need to remind the novelist that this liberty must be subordinated to the inevitable exigency of every work of art to

interest. So the episodes of the novel must have, like those of an epic poem, an absolute and independent value, or, what comes to the same thing, they must exercise on the mind the fascination which beauty produces. If they give no pleasure, they should be suppressed. The empirical rule of composition (and as it seems impertinent of me to dogmatise on this point, I will add, in my opinion) is that the episodes ought to be as little detached as possible from the principal plot, and even if not apparent a secret relation should be maintained between them and it. The most plausible episodes are those which give a relative value to the beauty of the main plot, throwing into relief the principal character of the work, or giving what is now called *local colouring;* this is the revelation of the mysterious bond which unites man with the nature, characters, and situations in which his mental activity is exercised. Almost all those of *Don Quixote* conform admirably with this requirement. But those of other Spanish novelists, like Mateo Aleman, Vicente Espinel, Vilez de Guevara, Cespedes, etc, weary us with their prolixity, if not by their insipidity. And, in spite of their excellence, it is the same thing with some foreign writers, like Richardson, Fielding, Dickens, Jean Paul Richter, etc

I will remark that this tendency to diverge has much decreased at the present time. Present novelists have more pleasure in seizing a plot and pursuing it without any divagations or break, than in taking up secondary narrations, more or less removed from the chief, as did those of the last century, and of the first half of this. Nevertheless, in this point the writers of the Latin race are more distinguished for their love of unity than are the Germans and Slavs always inclined to a predilection for variety. The works of these latter are characterised by a great richness of ideas and sentiments; in those of some of them there is much delicacy of perception in seizing the most subtle relations of the Ideal world which evades us, but they are not generally so well composed as those of the Latins. I will illustrate my meaning from two modern writers who have passed away—Dostoievsky, a Russian writer, and Silvio Pellico, an Italian, who both narrated the

history of their martyrdom in prison, where they were incarcerated for similar reasons. The book of the former, entitled *Recollections of the House of Death*, is more original than that of the latter, its sentiment perhaps more profound, its power of observation indisputably more delicate, but on the other side, the author is visibly deficient in the power of composition, and in spite of its brilliant qualities, the book cannot be read without fatigue. On the contrary, the work of the Italian writer, called *My Prison*, albeit less powerful, is so much clearer, fresher, and better equilibriated, and so admirably composed, that it has become a classic, read in every country with real delight.

The length of the novel is also intimately connected with its composition, because it is next to impossible to write a good one of exaggerated dimensions. It seems at first sight stupid to indicate material limits to a poetic work, and to clip the wings of the artist. But it is more stupid to write works out of proportion, which lead to the author being accused of presumption or, what is worse, of fatuity. The immoderate desire to write a great deal is often significant of a puerile wish to make a show of strength and power, without understanding that the true way to exhibit strength is to take a firm hold of the plot and rule it, whilst keeping oneself completely in hand and under control. In like manner the exaltation, which gives rise sometimes to acts of valour and heroism, and to inspired work in the spiritual line, is not, according to doctors, an indication of a vigorous nervous system, but of a feeble and weak one. The author who writes voluminously should understand that all that his work gains in extension loses in intensity, and that there is no plot which cannot, and should not be developed in moderation. The *Ramayana*, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*, epics that reflect entire civilisations, and which convey a world of ideas and customs, of events, of scientific and historic remarks, do not contain as many pages as certain modern novels. Moreover, an author who wishes to be read not only in his life, but after his death (and the author who does not wish this, should lay aside his pen), cannot shut his eyes, when unblinded by vanity, to the fact that not only is it neces-

sary to produce a fine work to save himself from oblivion, but it must not be a very long one. The world contains so many great and beautiful works that it requires a long life to read them all. To ask the public, always anxious for novelty, to read a production of inordinate length, when so many others are demanding his attention, seems to me useless and ridiculous I do not lay this down as an absolute principle, because there may be a work of such superior merit that, long or short, it will be read from century to century; I am only speaking of ordinary compositions. The most noteworthy instance of what I say is seen in the celebrated English novelist Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Pamela*, who, in spite of his admirable genius and exquisite sensibility and perspicacity, added to the fact of his being the father of the modern novel, is scarcely read nowadays, at least in Latin countries. Given the indisputable beauty of his works, this can only be due to their extreme length And the proof of this is, that in France and Spain, to encourage the taste for them, the most interesting parts have been extracted and published in epitomes and compendiums Such a proceeding seems utter profanation to me, but this is what writers are exposed to who are incapable of concentrating the great faculties with which nature has endowed them. And now I have said sufficient about the structure, or skeleton, of the novel.

IV

It is truly said that everything is a legitimate subject for a novel; every part of reality, every fraction of life, reproduced by an inspired writer, can engender a novel. This statement, which I consider true to a certain extent, when taken beyond its just limitations, and proclaimed as an absolute principle, has given rise to the trivial and prosaic literature which floods us at the present day. It is true that the human mind can be embellished by contact with every reality when it observes it contemplatively But it is not less true, that added to this element, purely subjective, there is also in the production of beauty the objective

element which determines its value and force The pleasure of Velasquez painting his "Drunkards," or that of Rembrandt, when writing his celebrated lecture on anatomy, must have been great; it is always a pleasure to contemplate nature in a disinterested fashion, and more so still to have the faculty of reproducing it with the marvellous exactness of these masters. But the joy of Titian, Correggio, and Raphael must have been infinitely greater, because these fine artists not only became engrossed in nature like the others, not only did they reproduce it with admirable truth, but they lived in intimate relation with its purest and most elevated forms, forms in which nature has been freest to express itself. And when this nature was checked in its development by some obstacle which disfigured it, these painters, guided by their instinct, interpreted it, revealed its secret aim, and helped it to express clearly what it had only stammered confusedly.

The subject, or theme, on which a writer exercises his pen, is not then immaterial. Everything has its value, like the different departments in which man fulfills the law of labour, but some are low and some are high. Perhaps this statement sounds old-fashioned to modern æsthetes, but I find it true After all, with regard to most of these subjects, the old truth is enough for me He who paints *still* life well, will never be such a great artist as he who paints *real* life well, he who only reproduces the grosser forms of life and the rudimentary movements of the mind, will not rise to the glory of knowing how to evoke, and place in pathetic conflict, the great passions of the human soul. I consider the stress laid nowadays on the good arrangement of accessories, both in the plastic and poetic arts, absurd. To paint the background of a picture well, the furniture and details, is not to be a painter in the highest acceptance, given by our imagination, to the word To make a rough rustic speak appropriately, to describe accurately the customs of a country, is not sufficient to merit the title of a great novelist The Greeks laughed at painters of eating-houses

I believe so much in the value of the theme chosen for the work, that a worthy and beautiful subject is the best thing that

an artist can possess in his life, it is a real gift from the gods How many great writers have passed into oblivion through not having had this good fortune!

Where would Cervantes be now if his tiresome sojourn in Argamasilla, which brought him in contact with some original types, had not suggested the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? On the other hand, there have existed writers who, without possessing a great talent, or rising to the exalted stage of poetic inspiration, called *genius*, have been immortalised, thanks to a fortunate discovery of subject. The most notable instance I know of this, in modern times, is that of the Abbé Prévost, whose creative faculties, judging from the numerous works that he wrote, and which fell to the ground, did not surpass mediocrity, when an interesting episode, perhaps of his own life, perhaps that of a friend, raised him to the height of the finest stars of art. *Manon Lescaut* is one of the most beautiful and best conceived works that the human mind has ever produced. Another writer, who affords an equally or more striking instance of this fact, has just died. The plays of Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, are considered by men of taste as false, full of mannerisms, abstract, certain to die when the public taste goes in other directions. Nevertheless, in his celebrated *Dame aux Camélias*, he surpassed himself and rose to the extreme heights of poetry. This drama is so beautiful, so original, so pathetic, exhales such a perfume of poetry mingled with such a profound Christian sentiment, that I much doubt that any other dramatic production of this century can compete with it for the admiration of posterity. Such a gulf between the works of the same author can only be explained by the felicity of the subject.

I do not deny, however, that there have existed writers, like Shakespeare and Molière, capable of attaining not only in one, but in many, of their works, to a high degree of perfection, but let us remember that Shakespeare and Molière did not invent their plots, they took them from whence they chose Their powerful instinct made them understand what they ended in stating, that beautiful themes are rare in poetry, and that sometimes a mediocre writer,

and even a fool, may light upon them, and then, for the good of humanity, it is legitimate to take them.

The method of contemporaneous writers is quite different Equipped with the theory that all life is a worthy subject for a novel, they accept the most insignificant and insipid acts of ordinary existence, and on that they write a story.

Consequently the majority of novels and dramatic works are wanting in power and interest, however vigorously drawn the characters may be. I have often been sorry to see writers exercising their great talent on worthless subjects, and I have deplored their want of Shakespeare and Molière's method of taking the good where they could find it This wretched fear of using subjects already used was unknown to the ancients; Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides had no hesitation in writing on the same subject as we see in the "*Philoctetes.*" But our sensitive *amour propre*, the overweening desire for originality, to which we are a prey, makes us feel we are dishonoured if we take a plot from another writer, although we know we should do better by doing so. To hide this dearth of imagination, which is patent, and yet to produce a deep impression, the best known authors actually have recourse to devices which, when I have depicted, will give a succinct idea of the vices to which I feel the modern novel has fallen a prey —vices, nearly all of which could easily disappear if, instead of making it a business to show the public the brightness of our intellect and the force of our imagination, we undertook to write solid and good works. Like the English writer, Thomas Carlyle, I think sincerity is the essence of a superior man (or hero, as he calls him), and that the absence of sincerity, not that of intellect, is what has caused a decadence of modern Art

One of the most common resources of contemporaneous novelists is what I will term *accumulation.* As ordinary life seldom offers interesting themes for imaginative works, and its simple representation frequently borders on triviality (as we see in a great number of English and German novelists), instead of waiting patiently for life to offer a suitable subject, they prefer to take a long period, and condensing it into a representation of a short space of time,

they succeed in making it interesting. It is not, then, a general rule to narrate with truth and art a beautiful episode of the history of a man, or the entire history of this man, when it is interesting, such as that of a soldier, workman, or miner, and with this end in view, paint as a secondary thing the environment, or the places in which this life unfolds itself. The primary consideration of authors of the present day is to describe the life of soldiers, workmen, or miners, making that of some individual of the class a mere accessory and pretext for the picture. This abstract proceeding is not, in my opinion, conformable to the nature of art And it is no good quoting the example of epic poets, who sometimes resume an entire civilisation in one poem, because, besides the smallness of the number meriting such a name, an epic poet has not followed such a course in a general way, but in a limited and individual one. Homer, or the rhapsodic Homeric poets, do not try to describe in the *Iliad* the Hellenic world before the irruption of the Dorians, but only the anger of Achilles, nor in the *Odyssey* is the Western civilisation depicted, but only the Labours of Ulysses.

However, assuming the legitimacy of these intentions, the present manner of realisation is still censurable. Instead of representing the life of such, or such a country, or class of society quietly, and as it really appears, the novelist, overwhelmed with the desire to make a great impression, exaggerates, falsifies, and accumulates all the data which reality offers them in a dispersed form.

You have only to cast an impartial glance at some of the recent and famous French productions, describing the life of the country and its mines, to be convinced that the writer has not observed or painted them with sincerity, but that he has accumulated in an obviously artificial manner, all the crimes, wickednesses, and horrors that he has read for years in the press, as having happened in different departments in France, into one point. On the other hand, in German, English, and Spanish novels, describing the life of country folk, honour, purity and happiness are the order of the day. This is still more false, as naturalists chiefly take their stand on a

certain fact, to wit, that the self-interest and egoism, which dominate the majority of men, is seen in the most brutal and repugnant form among the uncultured classes Russian novelists generally follow in the steps of the French, and even surpass them in this respect I have read a dramatic work entitled *The Power of Darkness*, which in its concentrated horror far exceeds the French. The famous *Kreutzer Sonata*, by the same author, purposes nothing less than to prove that the conjugal relation, sometimes so holy and sweet, involves nothing but sadness, passion, and immorality. With all due respect to those whose talent I do not deny, I go on believing that all is not gloom in life, and that to describe it as it really is, we must rid our heart of all rancour, free it from all disquietude and lust of the flesh, and contemplate it without prejudice. Not only as a convenience, for it absolves the poet from the strict law of inspiration, but as a novelty, the French method is followed by a great number of writers in Europe Novelty is one of the most imperious necessities insisted on by the public, as well as the artists in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Few tendencies have seemed to me more absurd and inimical to art. Stupid as it may be to live in constant antagonism with one's epoch, it is still more so to enthusiastically conform to its every vagary, and not to wish to enjoy, or value the works which have preceded us. The present moment is a stage of the large and varied evolution of human reason, and although of great importance to us compared with the whole history of this evolution it is of small import The artist, then, should not depreciate the epoch which gave him birth, but love it, so as to extract from it the divine spirit of poetry which exists in all times and in all places. But he who is incapable of loving the treasures of beauty bequeathed us by our ancestors, will never reach the sacred heights of Olympus "The best songs," says Telemachus in the *Odyssey*, "are always the newest." With a little thought, one can understand that human passions, the first material on which the poet works, never change in their essential nature with the course of centuries; and even in the social life, if time and space cause changes, they are not so great as they appear at first sight In

reading Longus, Theocritus and Apuleius, we are astonished to see that life in their times was very similar to ours Let us take an Indian novel or drama, and it is the same thing. A glance at *Celestina*, the first important monument of our romantic literature, will show us that the vices so admirably shown in it are almost identical with those of the present time, and that its characters think, talk, and act like those we meet every day in the street On the other hand, other more recent Spanish works, like *Diana* by Montemayer, *El Espanol Gerardo* by Cespedes, the novels by Lopez and Montalban, and most of our romantic comedies, make us think we are contemplating a different world, and that there is a gulf between our way of living, thinking and feeling, and that of those people. What does that mean? To me nothing, but that the former reflect their epoch faithfully, whilst the latter, not knowing how to extract anything interesting from it, preferred to represent it imaginatively.

This last remark involves a subject of supreme interest in the composition of a novel—that of verisimilitude. Modern novelists are much concerned, and with reason, in giving verisimilitude to their conceptions. I nevertheless opine that this course may be carried to excess, and that we have passed irrationally from one extreme to another, from the stupendous incredible adventures with which old writers seasoned their creations, to the prosaic insipidity of the present day. Life is beautiful, and facts have an absolute value. These are the truths to which I bow down both in theory and in practice, but we must recollect that facts are only of æsthetic value when they are *revealers*, when they make our spirit vibrate with emotion for the beautiful. Phenomena have no value in themselves in art But I shall be asked, "What is the difference between significative facts, or facts which are revelations, and those which are not so?" I confess I can give no answer to that question, it is a mystery to me. The majority of the incidents composing Balzac's novel entitled *Eugenie Grandet* are commonplace, very vulgar and prosaic, and yet this novel causes profound emotion, and may be regarded as one of the most wonderful productions of the genius of this century. Analogous incidents

in other novels leave us cold, if they do not bore us. Artists themselves cannot explain such a mystery, they feel it, they divine it, and therefore their works are beautiful—that is enough. It is stupid then to give them rules for particular cases; they will take the incidents they require, and in their hands they will always be significant. But one must protest against the absurd supposition that only commonplace and ordinary events ought to be in a novel. On the contrary, on rare occasions, characters and phenomena arise of such æsthetic value that their reproduction in art is not only convenient, but necessary. On this point it is curious what has happened to me, and what I presume happens to all novelists I have often had scenes and events which I have taken from life called unlikely, whilst those I have invented have never been considered strange It is because when I have been present at, or heard any strange thing, I have had no scruple in using it, being sure of its truth, but when I am obliged to invent facts I try to keep clear from all that may seem strange or untrue.

The public and critics are equally on the alert against inverisimilitude, and a poor author hardly steps off the beaten track before the word *false* is hurled at him from all sides. But these shots are generally only fired against material inverisimilitude. Moral inverisimilitude generally escapes them, and yet for the man of good feeling, who knows life, it is surely not less censurable The novels of certain French writers, written to amuse the upper classes, do not often have grave faults of material inverisimilitude, but they constantly sin against moral verisimilitude. The naturalists themselves are much more severe against the former than the latter. Even Balzac, conversant with life as he was, and representing it with such art, sometimes runs counter to moral logic. I shall never forget the sad effect caused on me in a work so beautiful as *Eugenie Grandet*, by the passage in which the Abbé Cruchet, soon after his cousin's arrival in Paris, warmly suggests to Madame de Gramins that she should let herself be courted by him, with the idea of casting him aside Such an atrocious treachery was more repugnant to me than the exploits of Artagnan in the *Three Musketeers*, by Alexandre Dumas, père.

To live in an ideal world is the best thing for an artist to do. Imagination is the magic wand that transforms the world and embellishes it. But at the same time one ought to steep oneself occasionally in reality, touch the earth every now and then, for with each touch one will gather fresh strength, as did the giant Antaeus Fact has an inestimable value, which is vainly sought for in the flights of the spirit All abstractions disappear before it, it is the true revealer of the essence of things, not the conceptions which our mind extracts from them, and in the last resource one has to resort to it for the basis of all judgment, and for the enjoyment of any beauty. I give unqualified approbation, then, to this respect felt by good novelists for truth, and the care with which they try to avoid its falsification, even to the most insignificant details But, at the same time, I think that an exaggerated importance is given to the accuracy of what we may call, in the language of painters, accessories It must be borne in mind that moral truth, *i e* that of sentiment and character, is that which is fully found in the dominions of the poet, and his responsibility consists chiefly in the use he makes of it.

In olden times, novelists had licence to give vent to all kinds of scientific or historic absurdities Now it is rightly exacted that they be in conformity with true discoveries. But we have gone to the opposite extreme, and we are violently attacked, as if we had committed a crime, at the slightest error, not only in a physical, historical, or mathematical point, but in one of costume or archæology. We are required to be walking encyclopædias Therefore many writers who know the mania for criticism, and try not to run counter to it, not only guard against these errors, but every time they touch upon points of politics, administration, art, customs, or fashions, they give really learned discourses on these subjects. The reader is bored, but what does that matter as long as the critic is delighted, and he pleases the common herd, which do not know what to like? Nevertheless, these gentlemen can think what they like, but accuracy is not what is most required of the artist, but rather the inducing a sense of the beautiful. Homer did not cease to be the greatest poet because he thought that the river

Ocean encompassed the earth. This craving for accuracy, which I like in principle, has given rise to the necessity of seeking a model for everything which is represented. Painters will not touch a brush, nor sculptors the clay, without a model before them. Following their example, modern novelists carry a notebook in their pocket, to put down what they hear. They all think it ridiculous to work from memory, and yet this was the method among great artists of past centuries Rubens could not have had models for the thousands of figures he painted. The proof of this is that he painted even landscapes from memory, and there exists one of his, in which the light comes from two opposite sides, which is absurd And yet the picture is very beautiful. Neither Shakespeare, Molière, nor Balzac witnessed the scenes they describe, nor knew the characters they represent. Schiller confessed that his retired and hard-working life gave him very few opportunities of observing men. The model may then be necessary, but we must confess it shows a want of power.

The painter, be it Rubens, Vinci, or Titian, has nature impressed on his brain; it suffices him to have seen an object to be able to draw it with a sure hand, even when hidden by time and distance. The poet has no need to see what he writes. He bears in himself the entire soul of humanity, and a slight sign suffices for him to recognise it in any man. It is in him and in the saint that we see most clearly the essential identity of human beings, for both know intuitively, directly and without the necessity of experience, the heart of man. "I should disguise from myself a grave fact," said Saint Juan de la Cruz to his hearers, "did I ignore that your souls form part of mine. You and I are distinct beings in the world, in God is our common origin, thus we are one being and live one life"

For those novelists, whose imagination has not risen to that supreme height of strength to permit them to write without careful daily observation, real data is of absolute necessity, but as a powerful aid to the imagination, I venture to counsel the contemplative, not practical, study of the plastic arts The novelist ought to frequent museums of painting and sculpture, to accustom

himself to describe by means of clear and precise images More-over, it is a means of counteracting the fatal mania for psychological analysis, as artificial as it is false, which now prevails. Neither Cervantes, Shakespeare, nor Molière required such full voluminous pages to make us see a character, to make it live for us, to engrave it profoundly on our memory.

It is only just, however, to show, that if the modern novel has erred in these fanciful analyses which spoil it, it has avoided one rock on which old masters were frequently stranded, and that is, *reflections*. There is nothing more prejudicial to the beauty of a novel than this philosophising, vulgar when it is not puerile, with which many novelists season their productions. Interpreting at every step the hidden meaning of the incidents narrated, and explaining their significance, is insupportable, and militates against the fundamental principles of art. In the novel it is not the author who should speak, but the incidents and characters, and if the work involve any philosophy the reader should find it out for himself. Not to trust to his perspicacity and give it him hot and strong, as Balzac does, for instance, is to spoil the novel and expose it at once to the critic's just remark, that his philosophy is that of a commercial traveller.

Another important merit of the modern naturalistic school is, in my opinion, the importance given to the description of nature, thus uniting the tie, so long ruptured in literature, between man and the exterior world Since the Indian and Greek poems, objective beauty has not been so exalted, nor has landscape been word painted in such a perfect manner as the French naturalists do it at present. They have acquired such perfection in this line, their clear and flexible idiom gives them such a large vocabulary, that it seems impossible to present a brighter and more perfect picture of the world about us The novels of Flaubert, especially, cannot be read without feeling oneself subjugated by that pure and picturesque diction which brings before our eyes so many gracious forms and so many brilliant pictures Nevertheless, this fortunate quality has been abused. The disciples of that master have brought their love of description to such a pitch that the characters and

situations are hardly visible through such thick foliage. Every art has limits drawn by its own nature. When these limits are attempted to be modified or widened, the result is ruin. The abuse of description in literary works marks an intrusion of painting into the realms of poetry. Every one knows the inimical effects of this intrusion of one art upon another

The violation of sculpture in the attempt to make it express the same as painting is what has denaturalised it in modern times. Making music express concrete ideas, only fit for poetry, is the cause of its deplorable decadence. It is to be feared that the attention given to the *mise en scène* will finally produce the same feebleness and mannerism in literature as it has in painting. In the latter we see details, clothes, furniture, etc, represented in a marvellous way, whilst there is no good painter of the person. Great masters like Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Velasquez, and Titian, on the contrary, did not excel in clothes and other accessories, but concentrated their powers and attention on the other points Moreover, in poetry the excess of physical descriptions points to the predominance of the physiological over the psychological element, the same as the abuse of harmony in music The brilliant descriptions of the naturalistic school court the imagination, and help on the work, but such novels rarely leave a deep impression on the mind. In like manner the exquisite harmonies of Wagner and his school delight the ear, but they do not move the soul like the eloquent voice of Beethoven, neither do they make one pass alternately from sadness to joy, like the charming music of Haydn.

To attain a perfect harmony between the background and the figures, and generally between all the elements of the composition, one must imitate the Greeks. They alone have possessed the secret of producing beauty in every point without injury to any one of them, exhibiting the greatest richness united to the greatest sobriety of representing in art the profound harmonies that exist in the real world The little that remains to us in the Greek romantic line is of as much solid value as its architecture, its sculpture, and its tragedy and comedy. Nothing can equal *Daphnis and Chloe*, the celebrated novel by Longus In it are

united all the perfections of its kind. A simple, interesting story, characters observed with nicety, and presented unaffectedly, exquisite pictures of nature, bright descriptions of customs, a noble and transparent style, all unite to form an enchanting harmony in this beautiful creation. Every word is a pencil stroke, every speech an image, every page a brilliant picture, which is stamped for ever on the imagination What a vein of facile inspiration runs through it all! What freshness and sobriety in the descriptions! What naturalness in the diction! How far removed from the modern *emphasis!* I aspire to no greater glory in my art than that of calling myself an humble disciple of this immortal work

This aspiration may perhaps seem ridiculous to modern criticism, or it may be called extravagant. Possibly the preceding remarks will be considered as the expression of a mind incapable of appreciating or understanding either the beauty and the splendour or the profound and powerful thought of the contemporaneous novel. I know that my modest remarks will in no wise influence the prevailing taste. This does not mortify me: firstly, because I have never aspired to exercise the least influence on my times, and secondly, because to change my opinions it would be necessary to change my nature, which is impossible. But nobody should wonder that in my dreamy hours I imagine that, after some years, Europe, fatigued with so much excess, want of proportion, and so much false originality, will once more drink at the crystal fount of Hellenic art. Then our present spurts of strength will be regarded as spasmodic ebullitions of a weakened nervous system: they will say that we delighted in representations of physical and moral infirmities, because we were ourselves infirm in body and mind; that we felt ourselves attracted by the deformed and monstrous, because our own evolution was deformed; and that we loved paradox, because our being was paradoxical. And quiting the tortuous paths we trod, and leaving the altars of the Furies, on which we sacrificed, artists of the future will at last walk along the path of moderation, which is the sign of strength, and will deposit the fruits of their intellect at the feet of the Graces Happy shall I be if I be granted life, long enough to see, albeit from afar, the

promised land! If this be impossible, I am still consoled by the idea that someone reading these lines will approve the spirit of them and accord me his sympathy, and after according a cordial welcome to this kind reader, I will say to him, as the sage Yajnavalkya said to Artabhaga in "*el Brahmana de los cien senderos*" (The Brahmana of the Hundred Paths): "Give me your hand, friend, this knowledge was only made for you and me."

A. Palacio Valdés



F MARION CRAWFORD

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FAMOUS LITERATURE.



THE UPPER BERTH.[1]

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

[FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD An American writer of fiction; born in Italy in 1854. During the past few years (1898) his stories have probably been more widely read in America than those of any other living author He is a very prolific writer and has published "Doctor Claudius" (1883), "To Leeward" (1883), "An American Politician" (1884), "A Roman Singer" (1884), "Zoroaster" (1885), "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" (1886), "Love in Idleness," "Katherine Lauderdale," "Casa Braccio," "A Rose of Yesterday," "Taquisara," "Greifenstein," "Mr. Isaacs," "Sant' Ilario," "Saracinesca" (1887), "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887), "Paul Patoff," "With the Immortals," besides many others Many of his stories have been published serially in the principal magazines before appearing in book form.]

SOMEBODY called for cigars. We all instinctively looked towards the speaker. Brisbane was a man of five and thirty years of age, and remarkable for those gifts which chiefly attract the attention of men. He was a strong man. The external proportions of his figure presented nothing extraordinary to the common eye, though his size was above the average. He was a little over six feet in height, and moderately broad in the shoulder; he did not appear to be stout, but, on the other hand, he was certainly not thin; his small head was supported by a strong and sinewy neck; his broad, muscular hands appeared to possess a peculiar skill in breaking walnuts without the assistance of the ordinary cracker, and, seeing him in profile, one could not help remarking the extraordinary breadth of his sleeves, and the unusual thickness of his chest. He was one of those men who are commonly spoken of among men as deceptive; that is to say, that though he looked exceedingly

strong he was in reality very much stronger than he looked. Of his features I need say little. His head is small, his hair is thin, his eyes are blue, his nose is large, he has a small mustache, and a square jaw. Everybody knows Brisbane, and when he asked for a cigar everybody looked at him.

"It is a very singular thing," said Brisbane.

Everybody stopped talking. . . .

I am an old sailor, and as I have to cross the Atlantic pretty often, I have my favorites. Most men have their favorites. I have seen a man wait in a Broadway bar for three quarters of an hour for a particular car which he liked. I believe the barkeeper made at least one third of his living by that man's preference. I have a habit of waiting for certain ships when I am obliged to cross that duck pond. It may be a prejudice, but I was never cheated out of a good passage but once in my life. I remember it very well: it was a warm morning in June, and the Customhouse officials, who were hanging about waiting for a steamer already on her way up from the Quarantine, presented a peculiarly hazy and thoughtful appearance. I had not much luggage — I never have. I mingled with the crowd of passengers, porters, and officious individuals in blue coats and brass buttons, who seemed to spring up like mushrooms from the deck of a moored steamer to obtrude their unnecessary services upon the independent passenger. I have often noticed with a certain interest the spontaneous evolution of these fellows. They are not there when you arrive; five minutes after the pilot has called "Go ahead!" they, or at least their blue coats and brass buttons, have disappeared from deck and gangway as completely as though they had been consigned to that locker which tradition unanimously ascribes to Davy Jones. But, at the moment of starting, they are there, clean-shaved, blue-coated, and ravenous for fees. I hastened on board. The "Kamtschatka" was one of my favorite ships. I say was, because she emphatically no longer is. I cannot conceive of any inducement which could entice me to make another voyage in her. Yes, I know what you are going to say. She is uncommonly clean in the run aft, she has enough bluffing off in the bows to keep her dry, and the lower berths are most of them double. She has a lot of advantages, but I won't cross in her again. Excuse the digression. I got on board. I hailed a steward, whose red nose and redder whiskers were equally familiar to me.

"One hundred and five, lower berth," said I, in the businesslike tone peculiar to men who think no more of crossing the Atlantic than taking a whiskey cocktail at downtown Delmonico's.

The steward took my portmanteau, greatcoat, and rug. I shall never forget the expression of his face. Not that he turned pale. It is maintained by the most eminent divines that even miracles cannot change the course of nature. I have no hesitation in saying that he did not turn pale; but from his expression, I judged that he was either about to shed tears, to sneeze, or to drop my portmanteau. As the latter contained two bottles of particularly fine old sherry presented to me for my voyage by my old friend Snigginson van Pickyns, I felt extremely nervous. But the steward did none of these things.

"Well, I'm d——d!" said he, in a low voice, and led the way.

I supposed my Hermes, as he led me to the lower regions, had had a little grog, but I said nothing, and followed him. One hundred and five was on the port side, well aft. There was nothing remarkable about the stateroom. The lower berth, like most of those upon the "Kamtschatka," was double. There was plenty of room; there was the usual washing apparatus, calculated to convey an idea of luxury to the mind of a North American Indian; there were the usual inefficient racks of brown wood, in which it is more easy to hang a large-sized umbrella than the common toothbrush of commerce. Upon the uninviting mattresses were carefully folded together those blankets which a great modern humorist has aptly compared to cold buckwheat cakes. The question of towels was left entirely to the imagination. The glass decanters were filled with a transparent liquid faintly tinged with brown, but from which an odor less faint, but not more pleasing, ascended to the nostrils, like a far-off, seasick reminiscence of oily machinery. Sad-colored curtains half closed the upper berth. The hazy June daylight shed a faint illumination upon the desolate little scene. Ugh! how I hate that stateroom!

The steward deposited my traps and looked at me, as though he wanted to get away — probably in search of more passengers and more fees. It is always a good plan to start in favor with those functionaries, and I accordingly gave him certain coins there and then.

"I'll try and make yer comfortable all I can," he remarked,

as he put the coins in his pocket. Nevertheless, there was a doubtful intonation in his voice which surprised me. Possibly his scale of fees had gone up, and he was not satisfied; but on the whole I was inclined to think that, as he himself would have expressed it, he was "the better for a glass." I was wrong, however, and did the man injustice.

Nothing especially worthy of mention occurred during that day. We left the pier punctually, and it was very pleasant to be fairly under way, for the weather was warm and sultry, and the motion of the steamer produced a refreshing breeze. Everybody knows what the first day at sea is like. People pace the decks and stare at each other, and occasionally meet acquaintances whom they did not know to be on board. There is the usual uncertainty as to whether the food will be good, bad, or indifferent, until the first two meals have put the matter beyond a doubt; there is the usual uncertainty about the weather, until the ship is fairly off Fire Island. The tables are crowded at first, and then suddenly thinned. Pale-faced people spring from their seats and precipitate themselves towards the door, and each old sailor breathes more freely as his seasick neighbor rushes from his side, leaving him plenty of elbow room and an unlimited command over the mustard.

One passage across the Atlantic is very much like another, and we who cross very often do not make the voyage for the sake of novelty. Whales and icebergs are indeed always objects of interest, but, after all, one whale is very much like another whale, and one rarely sees an iceberg at close quarters. To the majority of us the most delightful moment of the day on board an ocean steamer is when we have taken our last turn on deck, have smoked our last cigar, and having succeeded in tiring ourselves, feel at liberty to turn in with a clear conscience. On that first night of the voyage I felt particularly lazy, and went to bed in one hundred and five rather earlier than I usually do. As I turned in, I was amazed to see that I was to have a companion. A portmanteau, very like my own, lay in the opposite corner, and in the upper berth had been deposited a neatly folded rug with a stick and umbrella. I had hoped to be alone, and I was disappointed; but I wondered who my roommate was to be, and I determined to have a look at him.

Before I had been long in bed he entered. He was, as far

as I could see, a very tall man, very thin, very pale, with sandy hair and whiskers, and colorless gray eyes. He had about him, I thought, an air of rather dubious fashion; the sort of man you might see in Wall Street, without being able precisely to say what he was doing there — the sort of man who frequents the Café Anglais, who always seems to be alone and who drinks champagne; you might meet him on a race course, but he would never appear to be doing anything there either. A little overdressed — a little odd. There are three or four of his kind on every ocean steamer. I made up my mind that I did not care to make his acquaintance, and I went to sleep, saying to myself that I would study his habits in order to avoid him. If he rose early, I would rise late; if he went to bed late, I would go to bed early. I did not care to know him. If you once know people of that kind, they are always turning up. Poor fellow! I need not have taken the trouble to come to so many decisions about him, for I never saw him again after that first night in one hundred and five.

I was sleeping soundly, when I was suddenly waked by a loud noise. To judge from the sound, my roommate must have sprung with a single leap from the upper berth to the floor. I heard him fumbling with the latch and bolt of the door, which opened almost immediately, and then I heard his footsteps as he ran at full speed down the passage, leaving the door open behind him. The ship was rolling a little, and I expected to hear him stumble or fall, but he ran as though he were running for his life. The door swung on its hinges with the motion of the vessel, and the sound annoyed me. I got up and shut it, and groped my way back to my berth in the darkness. I went to sleep again; but I have no idea how long I slept.

When I awoke it was still quite dark, but I felt a disagreeable sensation of cold, and it seemed to me that the air was damp. You know the peculiar smell of a cabin which has been wet with sea water. I covered myself up as well as I coul and dozed off again, framing complaints to be made the n day, and selecting the most powerful epithets in the langu I could hear my roommate turn over in the upper berth. had probably returned while I was asleep. Once I tho heard him groan, and I argued that he was seasick. particularly unpleasant when one is below. Never dozed off and slept till early daylight.

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The ship was rolling heavily, much more than on the previous evening, and the gray light which came in through the porthole changed in tint with every movement according as the angle of the vessel's side turned the glass seawards or skywards. It was very cold — unaccountably so for the month of June. I turned my head and looked at the porthole, and saw to my surprise that it was wide open and hooked back. I believe I swore audibly. Then I got up and shut it. As I turned back I glanced at the upper berth. The curtains were drawn close together; my companion had probably felt cold as well as I. It struck me that I had slept enough. The stateroom was uncomfortable, though, strange to say, I could not smell the dampness which had annoyed me in the night. My roommate was still asleep — excellent opportunity for avoiding him, so I dressed at once and went on deck. The day was warm and cloudy, with an oily smell on the water. It was seven o'clock as I came out — much later than I had imagined. I came across the doctor, who was taking his first sniff of the morning air. He was a young man from the West of Ireland — a tremendous fellow, with black hair and blue eyes, already inclined to be stout; he had a happy-go-lucky, healthy look about him which was rather attractive.

"Fine morning," I remarked, by way of introduction.

"Well," said he, eying me with an air of ready interest, "it's a fine morning and it's not a fine morning. I don't think it's much of a morning."

"Well, no — it is not so very fine," said I.

"It's just what I call fuggly weather," replied the doctor.

"It was very cold last night, I thought," I remarked. "However, when I looked about, I found that the porthole was wide open. I had not noticed it when I went to bed. And the stateroom was damp, too."

la "Damp!" said he. "Whereabouts are you?

tha "One hundred and five ——"

was To my surprise the doctor started visibly, and stared at me.

lay in "What is the matter?" I asked.

deposit Oh — nothing," he answered; "only everybody has com-
had hopd of that stateroom for the last three trips."

who my r ...all complain, too," I said. "It has certainly not been
at him. ...ired. It is a shame!"

Before I ...'t believe it can be helped," answered the doctor.

"I believe there is something — well, it is not my business to frighten passengers."

"You need not be afraid of frightening me," I replied. "I can stand any amount of damp. If I should get a bad cold, I will come to you."

I offered the doctor a cigar, which he took and examined very critically.

"It is not so much the damp," he remarked. "However, I dare say you will get on very well. Have you a roommate?"

"Yes; a deuce of a fellow, who bolts out in the middle of the night and leaves the door open."

Again the doctor glanced curiously at me. Then he lit the cigar and looked grave.

"Did he come back?" he asked presently.

"Yes. I was asleep, but I waked up and heard him moving. Then I felt cold and went to sleep again. This morning I found the porthole open."

"Look here," said the doctor, quietly, "I don't care much for this ship. I don't care a rap for her reputation. I tell you what I will do. I have a good-sized place up here. I will share it with you, though I don't know you from Adam."

I was very much surprised at the proposition. I could not imagine why he should take such a sudden interest in my welfare. However, his manner as he spoke of the ship was peculiar.

"You are very good, doctor," I said. "But, really, I believe even now the cabin could be aired, or cleaned out, or something. Why do you not care for the ship?"

"We are not superstitious in our profession, sir," replied the doctor. "But the sea makes people so. I don't want to prejudice you, and I don't want to frighten you, but if you will take my advice you will move in here. I would as soon see you overboard," he added, "as know that you or any other man was to sleep in one hundred and five."

"Good gracious! Why?" I asked.

"Just because on the last three trips the people who have slept there actually have gone overboard," he answered gravely.

The intelligence was startling and exceedingly unpleasant, I confess. I looked hard at the doctor to see whether he was making game of me, but he looked perfectly serious. I thanked him warmly for his offer, but told him I intended to be the ex-

ception to the rule by which every one who slept in that particular stateroom went overboard. He did not say much, but looked as grave as ever, and hinted that before we got across I should probably reconsider his proposal. In the course of time we went to breakfast, at which only an inconsiderable number of passengers assembled. I noticed that one or two of the officers who breakfasted with us looked grave. After breakfast I went into my stateroom in order to get a book. The curtains of the upper berth were still closely drawn. Not a word was to be heard. My roommate was probably still asleep.

As I came out I met the steward whose business it was to look after me. He whispered that the captain wanted to see me, and then scuttled away down the passage as if very anxious to avoid any questions. I went towards the captain's cabin, and found him waiting for me.

"Sir," he said, "I want to ask a favor of you."

I answered that I would do anything to oblige him.

"Your roommate has disappeared," he said. "He is known to have turned in early last night. Did you notice anything extraordinary in his manner?"

The question coming, as it did, in exact confirmation of the fears the doctor had expressed half an hour earlier, staggered me.

"You don't mean to say he has gone overboard?" I asked.

"I fear he has," answered the captain.

"This is the most extraordinary thing——" I began.

"Why?" he asked.

"He is the fourth, then," I explained. In answer to another question from the captain, I explained, without mentioning the doctor, that I had heard the story concerning one hundred and five. He seemed very much annoyed at hearing that I knew of it. I told him what had occurred in the night.

"What you say," he replied, "coincides almost exactly with what was told me by the roommates of two of the other three. They bolt out of bed and run down the passage. Two of them were seen to go overboard by the watch; we stopped and lowered boats, but they were not found. Nobody, however, saw or heard the man who was lost last night—if he is really lost. The steward, who is a superstitious fellow, perhaps, and expected something to go wrong, went to look for him this morning, and found

his berth empty, but his clothes lying about, just as he had left them. The steward was the only man on board who knew him by sight, and he has been searching everywhere for him. He has disappeared! Now, sir, I want to beg you not to mention the circumstance to any of the passengers; I don't want the ship to get a bad name, and nothing hangs about an ocean goer like stories of suicides. You shall have your choice of any one of the officers' cabins you like, including my own, for the rest of the passage. Is that a fair bargain?"

"Very," said I, "and I am much obliged to you. But since I am alone, and have the stateroom to myself, I would rather not move. If the steward will take out that unfortunate man's things, I would as leave stay where I am. I will not say anything about the matter, and I think I can promise you that I will not follow my roommate."

The captain tried to dissuade me from my intention, but I preferred having a stateroom alone to being the chum of any officer on board. I do not know whether I acted foolishly, but if I had taken his advice I should have had nothing more to tell. There would have remained the disagreeable coincidence of several suicides occurring among men who had slept in the same cabin, but that would have been all.

That was not the end of the matter, however, by any means. I obstinately made up my mind that I would not be disturbed by such tales, and I even went so far as to argue the question with the captain. There was something wrong about the stateroom, I said. It was rather damp. The porthole had been left open last night. My roommate might have been ill when he came on board, and he might have become delirious after he went to bed. He might even now be hiding somewhere on board, and might be found later. The place ought to be aired and the fastening of the port looked to. If the captain would give me leave, I would see that what I thought necessary were done immediately.

"Of course you have a right to stay where you are if you please," he replied rather petulantly; "but I wish you would turn out and let me lock the place up, and be done with it."

I did not see it in the same light, and left the captain, after promising to be silent concerning the disappearance of my companion. The latter had had no acquaintances on board, and was not missed in the course of the day. Towards evening I

met the doctor again, and he asked me whether I had changed my mind. I told him I had not.

"Then you will before long," he said very gravely.

We played whist in the evening, and I went to bed late. I will confess now that I felt a disagreeable sensation when I entered my stateroom. I could not help thinking of the tall man I had seen on the previous night, who was now dead, drowned, tossing about in the long swell, two or three hundred miles astern. His face rose very distinctly before me as I undressed, and I even went so far as to draw back the curtains of the upper berth, as though to persuade myself that he was actually gone. I also bolted the door of the stateroom. Suddenly I became aware that the porthole was open, and fastened back. This was more than I could stand. I hastily threw on my dressing gown and went in search of Robert, the steward of my passage. I was very angry, I remember, and when I found him I dragged him roughly to the door of one hundred and five, and pushed him towards the open porthole.

"What the deuce do you mean, you scoundrel, by leaving that port open every night? Don't you know it is against the regulations? Don't you know that if the ship heeled and the water began to come in, ten men could not shut it? I will report you to the captain, you blackguard, for endangering the ship!"

I was exceedingly wroth. The man trembled and turned pale, and then began to shut the round glass plate with the heavy brass fittings.

"Why don't you answer me?" I said roughly.

"If you please, sir," faltered Robert, "there's nobody on board as can keep this 'ere port shut at night. You can try it yourself, sir. I ain't agoing to stop hany longer on board o' this vessel, sir; I ain't indeed. But if I was you, sir, I'd just clear out and go and sleep with the surgeon, or something, I would. Look 'ere, sir, is that fastened what you may call securely, or not, sir? Try it, sir, see if it will move a hinch."

I tried the port, and found it perfectly tight.

"Well, sir," continued Robert, triumphantly, "I wager my reputation as a A 1 steward, that in 'arf an hour it will be open again; fastened back, too, sir, that's the horful thing — fastened back!"

I examined the great screw and the looped nut that ran on it.

"If I find it open in the night, Robert, I will give you a sovereign. It is not possible. You may go."

"Soverin' did you say, sir? Very good, sir. Thank ye, sir. Good night, sir. Pleasant reepose, sir, and all manner of hinchantin' dreams, sir."

Robert scuttled away, delighted at being released. Of course, I thought he was trying to account for his negligence by a silly story, intended to frighten me, and I disbelieved him. The consequence was that he got his sovereign, and I spent a very peculiarly unpleasant night.

I went to bed, and five minutes after I had rolled myself up in my blankets the inexorable Robert extinguished the light that burned steadily behind the ground-glass pane near the door. I lay quite still in the dark, trying to go to sleep, but I soon found that impossible. It had been some satisfaction to be angry with the steward, and the diversion had banished that unpleasant sensation I had at first experienced when I thought of the drowned man who had been my chum; but I was no longer sleepy, and I lay awake for some time, occasionally glancing at the porthole, which I could just see from where I lay, and which, in the darkness, looked like a faintly luminous soup plate suspended in blackness. I believe I must have lain there for an hour, and, as I remember, I was just dozing into sleep, when I was roused by a draught of cold air and by distinctly feeling the spray of the sea blown upon my face. I started to my feet, and not having allowed in the dark for the motion of the ship, I was instantly thrown violently across the stateroom upon the couch which was placed beneath the porthole. I recovered myself immediately, however, and climbed upon my knees. The porthole was again wide open and fastened back!

Now these things are facts. I was wide awake when I got up, and I should certainly have been waked by the fall had I still been dozing. Moreover, I bruised my elbows and knees badly, and the bruises were there on the following morning to testify to the fact, if I myself had doubted it. The porthole was wide open and fastened back — a thing so unaccountable that I remember very well feeling astonishment rather than fear when I discovered it. I at once closed the plate again and screwed down the loop nut with all my strength. It was very dark in the stateroom. I reflected that the port had certainly been opened within an hour after Robert had at first

shut it in my presence, and I determined to watch it and see whether it would open again. Those brass fittings are very heavy and by no means easy to move; I could not believe that the clamp had been turned by the shaking of the screw. I stood peering out through the thick glass at the alternate white and gray streaks of the sea that foamed beneath the ship's side. I must have remained there a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly, as I stood, I distinctly heard something moving behind me in one of the berths, and a moment afterwards, just as I turned instinctively to look—though I could, of course, see nothing in the darkness—I heard a very faint groan. I sprang across the stateroom, and tore the curtains of the upper berth aside, thrusting in my hands to discover if there were any one there. There was some one..

I remember that the sensation as I put my hands forward was as though I were plunging them into the air of a damp cellar, and from behind the curtain came a gust of wind that smelled horribly of stagnant sea water. I laid hold of something that had the shape of a man's arm, but was smooth, and wet, and icy cold. But suddenly, as I pulled, the creature sprang violently forward against me, a clammy, oozy mass, as it seemed to me, heavy and wet, yet endowed with a sort of supernatural strength. I reeled across the stateroom, and in an instant the door opened and the thing rushed out. I had not had time to be frightened, and quickly recovering myself, I sprang through the door and gave chase at the top of my speed, but I was too late. Ten yards before me I could see—I am sure I saw it—a dark shadow moving in the dimly lighted passage, quickly as the shadow of a fast horse thrown before a dogcart by the lamp on a dark night. But in a moment it had disappeared, and I found myself holding on to the polished rail that ran along the bulkhead where the passage turned towards the companion. My hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration rolled down my face. I am not ashamed of it in the least: I was very badly frightened.

Still I doubted my senses, and pulled myself together. It was absurd, I thought. The Welsh rabbit I had eaten had disagreed with me. I had been in a nightmare. I made my way back to my stateroom, and entered it with an effort. The whole place smelled of stagnant sea water, as it had when I had waked on the previous evening. It required my utmost strength to go in and grope among my things for a box of wax

lights. As I lighted a railway reading lantern, which I always carry in case I want to read after the lamps are out, I perceived that the porthole was again open, and a sort of creeping horror began to take possession of me which I never felt before, nor wish to feel again. But I got a light and proceeded to examine the upper berth, expecting to find it drenched with sea water.

But I was disappointed. The bed had been slept in, and the smell of the sea was strong; but the bedding was as dry as a bone. I fancied that Robert had not had the courage to make the bed after the accident of the previous night—it had all been a hideous dream. I drew the curtains back as far as I could and examined the place very carefully. It was perfectly dry. But the porthole was open again. With a sort of dull bewilderment of horror, I closed it and screwed it down, and thrusting my heavy stick through the brass loop, wrenched it with all my might, till the thick metal began to bend under the pressure. Then I hooked my reading lantern into the red velvet at the head of the couch, and sat down to recover my senses if I could. I sat there all night, unable to think of rest—hardly able to think at all. But the porthole remained closed, and I did not believe it would now open again without the application of a considerable force.

The morning dawned at last, and I dressed myself slowly, thinking over all that had happened in the night. It was a beautiful day and I went on deck, glad to get out in the early, pure sunshine, and to smell the breeze from the blue water, so different from the noisome, stagnant odor from my stateroom. Instinctively I turned aft, towards the surgeon's cabin. There he stood, with a pipe in his mouth, taking his morning airing precisely as on the preceding day.

"Good morning," said he, quietly, but looking at me with evident curiosity.

"Doctor, you were quite right," said I. "There is something wrong about that place."

"I thought you would change your mind," he answered rather triumphantly. "You have had a bad night, eh? Shall I make you a pick-me-up? I have a capital recipe."

"No, thanks," I cried. "But I would like to tell you what happened."

I then tried to explain as clearly as possible precisely what had occurred, not omitting to state that I had been scared as I had never been scared in my whole life before. I dwelt par-

ticularly on the phenomenon of the porthole, which was a fact to which I could testify, even if the rest had been an illusion. I had closed it twice in the night, and the second time I had actually bent the brass in wrenching it with my stick. I believe I insisted a good deal on this point.

"You seem to think I am likely to doubt the story," said the doctor, smiling at the detailed account of the state of the porthole. "I do not doubt it in the least. I renew my invitation to you. Bring your traps here, and take half my cabin."

"Come and take half of mine for one night," I said. "Help me to get at the bottom of this thing."

"You will get to the bottom of something else if you try," answered the doctor.

"What?" I asked.

"The bottom of the sea. I am going to leave the ship. It is not canny."

"Then you will not help me to find out——"

"Not I," said the doctor, quickly. "It is my business to keep my wits about me—not to go fiddling about with ghosts and things."

"Do you really believe it is a ghost?" I inquired rather contemptuously. But as I spoke I remembered very well the horrible sensation of the supernatural which had got possession of me during the night. The doctor turned sharply on me—

"Have you any reasonable explanation of these things to offer?" he asked. "No; you have not. Well, you say you will find an explanation. I say that you won't, sir, simply because there is not any."

"But, my dear sir," I retorted, "do you, a man of science, mean to tell me that such things cannot be explained?"

"I do," he answered stoutly. "And, if they could, I would not be concerned in the explanation."

I did not care to spend another night alone in the stateroom, and yet I was obstinately determined to get at the root of the disturbances. I do not believe there are many men who would have slept there alone, after passing two such nights. But I made up my mind to try it, if I could not get any one to share a watch with me. The doctor was evidently not inclined for such an experiment. He said he was a surgeon, and that in case any accident occurred on board he must always

be in readiness. He could not afford to have his nerves unsettled. Perhaps he was quite right, but I am inclined to think that his precaution was prompted by his inclination. On inquiry, he informed me that there was no one on board who would be likely to join me in my investigations, and after a little more conversation I left him. A little later I met the captain, and told him my story. I said that if no one would spend the night with me I would ask leave to have the light burning all night, and would try it alone.

"Look here," said he, "I will tell you what I will do. I will share your watch myself, and we will see what happens. It is my belief that we can find out between us. There may be some fellow skulking on board, who steals a passage by frightening the passengers. It is just possible that there may be something queer in the carpentering of that berth."

I suggested taking the ship's carpenter below and examining the place; but I was overjoyed at the captain's offer to spend the night with me. He accordingly sent for the workman and ordered him to do anything I required. We went below at once. I had all the bedding cleared out of the upper berth, and we examined the place thoroughly to see if there was a board loose anywhere, or a panel which could be opened or pushed aside. We tried the planks everywhere, tapped the flooring, unscrewed the fittings of the lower berth and took it to pieces—in short, there was not a square inch of the stateroom which was not searched and tested. Everything was in perfect order, and we put everything back in its place. As we were finishing our work, Robert came to the door and looked in.

"Well, sir,—find anything, sir?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"You were right about the porthole, Robert," I said, and I gave him the promised sovereign. The carpenter did his work silently and skillfully, following my directions. When he had done he spoke.

"I'm a plain man, sir," he said. "But it's my belief you had better just turn out your things and let me run half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of this cabin. There's no good never came o' this cabin yet, sir, and that's all about it. There's been four lives lost out o' here to my own remembrance, and that in four trips. Better give it up, sir,—better give it up!"

"I will try it for one night more," I said.

"Better give it up, sir, — better give it up! It's a precious bad job," repeated the workman, putting his tools in his bag and leaving the cabin.

But my spirits had risen considerably at the prospect of having the captain's company, and I made up my mind not to be prevented from going to the end of the strange business. I abstained from Welsh rabbits and grog that evening, and did not even join in the customary game of whist. I wanted to be quite sure of my nerves, and my vanity made me anxious to make a good figure in the captain's eyes.

The captain was one of those splendidly tough and cheerful specimens of seafaring humanity whose combined courage, hardihood, and calmness in difficulty leads them naturally into high positions of trust. He was not the man to be led away by an idle tale, and the mere fact that he was willing to join me in the investigation was proof that he thought there was something seriously wrong, which could not be accounted for on ordinary theories, nor laughed down as a common superstition. To some extent, too, his reputation was at stake, as well as the reputation of the ship. It is no light thing to lose passengers overboard, and he knew it.

About ten o'clock that evening, as I was smoking a last cigar, he came up to me and drew me aside from the beat of the other passengers who were patrolling the deck in the warm darkness.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Brisbane," he said. "We must make up our minds either way — to be disappointed or to have a pretty rough time of it. You see, I cannot afford to laugh at the affair, and I will ask you to sign your name to a statement of whatever occurs. If nothing happens to-night, we will try it again to-morrow and next day. Are you ready?"

So we went below, and entered the stateroom. As we went in I could see Robert the steward, who stood a little further down the passage, watching us, with his usual grin, as though certain that something dreadful was about to happen. The captain closed the door behind us and bolted it.

"Supposing we put your portmanteau before the door," he suggested. "One of us can sit on it. Nothing can get out then. Is the port screwed down?"

I found it as I had left it in the morning. Indeed, without using a lever, as I had done, no one could have opened it. I

drew back the curtains of the upper berth so that I could see well into it. By the captain's advice I lighted my reading lantern, and placed it so that it shone upon the white sheets above. He insisted upon sitting on the portmanteau, declaring that he wished to be able to swear that he had sat before the door.

Then he requested me to search the stateroom thoroughly, an operation very soon accomplished, as it consisted merely in looking beneath the lower berth and under the couch below the porthole. The spaces were quite empty.

"It is impossible for any human being to get in," I said, "or for any human being to open the port."

"Very good," said the captain, calmly. "If we see anything now, it must be either imagination or something supernatural."

I sat down on the edge of the lower berth.

"The first time it happened," said the captain, crossing his legs and leaning back against the door, "was in March. The passenger who slept here, in the upper berth, turned out to have been a lunatic—at all events, he was known to have been a little touched, and he had taken his passage without the knowledge of his friends. He rushed out in the middle of the night, and threw himself overboard, before the officer who had the watch could stop him. We stopped and lowered a boat; it was a quiet night, just before that heavy weather came on; but we could not find him. Of course his suicide was afterwards accounted for on the ground of his insanity."

"I suppose that often happens?" I remarked, rather absently.

"Not often—no," said the captain, "never before in my experience, though I have heard of it happening on board of other ships. Well, as I was saying, that occurred in March. On the very next trip— What are you looking at?" he asked, stopping suddenly in his narration.

I believe I gave no answer My eyes were riveted upon the porthole. It seemed to me that the brass loop nut was beginning to turn very slowly upon the screw—so slowly, however, that I was not sure it moved at all. I watched it intently, fixing its position in my mind, and trying to ascertain whether it changed. Seeing where I was looking, the captain looked too.

"It moves!" he exclaimed, in a tone of conviction. "No, it does not," he added after a minute.

"If it were the jarring of the screw," said I, "it would have opened during the day; but I found it this evening jammed tight as I left it this morning."

I rose and tried the nut. It was certainly loosened, for by an effort I could move it with my hands.

"The queer thing," said the captain, "is that the second man who was lost is supposed to have got through that very port. We had a terrible time over it. It was in the middle of the night, and the weather was very heavy; there was an alarm that one of the ports was open and the sea running in. I came below and found everything flooded, the water pouring in every time she rolled, and the whole port swinging from the top bolts — not the porthole in the middle. Well, we managed to shut it, but the water did some damage. Ever since that the place smells of sea water from time to time. We supposed the passenger had thrown himself out, though the Lord only knows how he did it. The steward kept telling me that he could not keep anything shut here. Upon my word — I can smell it now, cannot you?" he inquired, sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Yes — distinctly," I said, and I shuddered as that same odor of stagnant sea water grew stronger in the cabin. "Now, to smell like this, the place must be damp," I continued, "and yet when I examined it with the carpenter this morning everything was perfectly dry. It is most extraordinary — halloo!"

My reading lantern, which had been placed in the upper berth, was suddenly extinguished. There was still a good deal of light from the pane of ground glass near the door, behind which loomed the regulation lamp. The ship rolled heavily, and the curtain of the upper berth swung far out into the stateroom and back again. I rose quickly from my seat on the edge of the bed, and the captain at the same moment started to his feet with a loud cry of surprise. I had turned with the intention of taking down the lantern to examine it, when I heard his exclamation, and immediately afterwards his call for help. I sprang towards him. He was wrestling, with all his might, with the brass loop of the port. It seemed to turn against his hands in spite of all his efforts. I caught up my cane, a heavy oak stick I always used to carry, and thrust it through the ring and bore on it with all my strength. But the strong wood snapped suddenly, and I fell upon the couch. When I rose again the port was wide open, and the captain

was standing with his back against the door, pale to the lips.

"There is something in that berth!" he cried in a strange voice, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Hold the door, while I look — it shall not escape us, whatever it is!"

But instead of taking his place, I sprang upon the lower bed, and seized something which lay in the upper berth.

It was something ghostly, horrible, beyond words, and it moved in my grip. It was like the body of a man long drowned, and yet it moved and had the strength of ten men living; but I gripped it with all my might — the slippery, oozy, horrible thing. The dead white eyes seemed to stare at me out of the dusk; the putrid odor of rank sea water was about it, and its shiny hair hung in foul wet curls over its dead face. I wrestled with the dead thing; it thrust itself upon me and forced me back and nearly broke my arms; it wound its corpse's arms about my neck, the living death, and overpowered me, so that I, at last, cried aloud and fell, and left my hold.

As I fell the thing sprang across me, and seemed to throw itself upon the captain. When I last saw him on his feet his face was white and his lips set. It seemed to me that he struck a violent blow at the dead being, and then he, too, fell forward upon his face, with an inarticulate cry of horror.

The thing paused an instant, seeming to hover over his prostrate body, and I could have screamed again for very fright, but I had no voice left. The thing vanished suddenly, and it seemed to my disturbed senses that it made its exit through the open port, though how that was possible, considering the smallness of the aperture, is more than any one can tell. I lay a long time upon the floor, and the captain lay beside me. At last I partially recovered my senses and moved, and I instantly knew that my arm was broken — the small bone of the left forearm near the wrist.

I got upon my feet somehow, and with my remaining hand I tried to raise the captain. He groaned and moved, and at last came to himself. He was not hurt, but he seemed badly stunned. . . .

I finished the trip in the surgeon's cabin. He doctored my broken arm, and advised me not to "fiddle about with ghosts and things" any more. The captain was very silent, and never sailed again in that ship, though it is still running. And I will not sail in her either.

INSOMNIA [1]

By JAMES THOMSON

[James Thomson, Scotch poet, second of the name, was born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834 He was reared in an orphan asylum, and became a journalist, but was always a nervous sufferer, and died June 3, 1882, from the indirect consequences His "City of Dreadful Night" (1870) is best known; the best of his other poems are "Insomnia," "The Doom of a City," and "Our Ladies of Death" Much of his work was done over the initials "B V."]

I heard the sounding of the midnight hour;
  The others, one by one, had left the room,
In calm assurance that the gracious power
  Of Sleep's fine alchemy would bless the gloom,
Transmuting all its leaden weight to gold,
To treasures of rich virtues manifold,
  New strength, new health, new life;
Just weary enough to nestle softly, sweetly,
Into divine unconsciousness, completely
  Delivered from the world of toil and care and strife.

Just weary enough to feel assured of rest,
  Of Sleep's divine oblivion and repose,
Renewing heart and brain for richer zest,
  Of waking life when golden morning glows,
As young and pure and glad as if the first
That ever on the void of darkness burst
  With ravishing warmth and light,
On dewy grass and flowers and blithe birds singing
And shining waters, all enraptured springing,
  Fragrance and shine and song, out of the womb of night.

But I with infinite weariness outworn,
  Haggard with endless nights unblessed with sleep,
Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
  Plunged in despairs unfathomably deep,
Went cold and pale and trembling with affright
Into the desert vastitude of Night,
  Arid and wild and black;
Foreboding no oasis of sweet slumber,
Counting beforehand all the countless number
  Of sands that are its minutes on my desolate track.

And so I went, the last, to my drear bed
  Aghast as one who should go down to lie

[1] By permission of Reeves & Turner (2 vols. Cr. 8vo Price 12s 6d)

Among the blissfully unconscious dead,
  Assured that as the endless years flowed by
Over the dreadful silence and deep gloom
And dense oppression of the stifling tomb,
  He only of them all,
Nerveless and impotent to madness, never
Could hope oblivion's perfect trance forever:
  An agony of life eternal in death's pall.

But that would be forever, without cure! —
  And yet the agony be not more great;
Supreme fatigue and pain, while they endure,
  Into Eternity their time translate;
Be it of hours and days or countless years,
And boundless eons, it alike appears
  To the crushed victim's soul;
Utter despair foresees no termination,
But feels itself of infinite duration;
  The smallest fragment instant comprehends the whole.

The absolute of torture as of bliss
  Is timeless, each transcending time and space
The one an infinite, obscure abyss,
  The other an eternal Heaven of grace, —
Keeping a little lamp of glimmering light
Companion through the horror of the night.
  I laid me down aghast
As *he* of all who pass death's quiet portal
Malignantly reserved alone immortal,
  In consciousness of bale that must forever last.

I laid me down and closed my heavy eyes,
  As if sleep's mockery might win true sleep;
And grew aware, with awe but not surprise,
  Blindly aware through all the silence deep,
Of some dark Presence watching by my bed,
The awful image of a nameless dread;
  But I lay still fordone,
And felt its Shadow on me dark and solemn,
And steadfast as a monumental column,
  And thought drear thoughts of Doom, and heard the bells chime One.

And then I raised my weary eyes and saw,
  By some slant moonlight on the ceiling thrown

And faint lamp gleam, that Image of my awe,
Still as a pillar of basaltic stone,
But all enveloped in a somber shroud,
Except the wan face drooping heavy browed,
With sad eyes fixed on mine:
Sad, weary, yearning eyes, but fixed remorseless
Upon my eyes yet wearier, that were forceless
To bear the cruel pressure, cruel unmalign.

Wherefore I asked for what I knew too well,
O ominous midnight Presence, What art Thou?
Whereto in tones that sounded like a knell:
"I am the Second Hour, appointed now
To watch beside thy slumberless unrest."
Then I: Thus both, unlike, alike unblest,
For I should sleep, you fly:
Are not those wings beneath your mantle molded?
O Hour! unfold those wings so straitly folded
And urge thy natural flight beneath the moonlit sky.

"My wings shall open when your eyes shall close
In real slumber from this waking drear;
Your wild unrest is my enforced repose;
Ere I move hence you must not know me here."
Could not your wings fan slumber through my brain,
Soothing away its weariness and pain?
"Your sleep must stir my wings:
Sleep, and I bear you gently on my pinions
Athwart my span of hollow night's dominions,
Whence hour on hour shall bear to morning's golden springs."

That which I ask of you, you ask of me,
O weary Hour, thus standing sentinel
Against your nature, as I feel and see
Against my own your form immovable:
Could I bring Sleep to set you on the wing,
What other thing so gladly would I bring?
Truly the Poet saith:
If that is best whose absence we deplore most,
Whose presence in our longings is the foremost,
What blessings equal Sleep save only love and death?

I let my lids fall, sick of thought and sense,
But felt the Shadow heavy on my heart;

And saw the night before me an immense
  Black waste of ridge walls, hour by hour apart,
Dividing deep ravines; from ridge to ridge
Sleep's flying hour was an aerial bridge;
  But I, whose hours stood fast,
Must climb down painfully each step side hither,
And climb more painfully each step side thither,
  And so make one hour's span for years of travail last.

Thus I went down into that first ravine,
  Wearily, slowly, blindly, and alone,
Staggering, stumbling, sinking depths unseen,
  Shaken and bruised and gashed by stub and stone;
And at the bottom paven with slipperiness,
A torrent brook rushed headlong with such stress
  Against my feeble limbs,
Such fury of wave and foam and icy bleakness
Buffeting insupportably my weakness
  That when I would recall, dazed memory swirls and swims.

How I got through I know not, faint as death;
  And then I had to climb the awful scarp,
Creeping with many a pause for panting breath,
  Clinging to tangled root and rock jut sharp;
Perspiring with faint chills instead of heat,
Trembling and bleeding hands and knees and feet;
  Falling, to rise anew;
Until, with lamentable toil and travel
Upon the ridge of arid sand and gravel
  I lay supine half dead and heard the bells chime Two;

And knew a change of Watchers in the room,
  Without a stir or sound beside my bed;
Only the tingling silence of the gloom,
  The muffled pulsing of the night's deep dread;
And felt an image mightier to appall,
And looked; the moonlight on the bed-foot wall
  And corniced ceiling white
Was slanting now; and in the midst stood solemn
And hopeless as a black sepulchral column
  A steadfast shrouded Form, the Third Hour of the night.

The fixed regard implacable, austere,
  Yet none the less ineffably forlorn.
Something transcending all my former fear
  Came jarring through my shattered frame outworn;

I knew that crushing rock could not be stirred;
I had no heart to say a single word,
But closed my eyes again;
And set me shuddering to my task stupendous
Of climbing down and up that gulf tremendous
Unto the next hour ridge beyond Hope's farthest ken.

Men sigh and plain and wail how life is brief:
Ah yes, our bright eternities of bliss
Are transient, rare, minute beyond belief,
Mere star-dust meteors in Time's night abyss;
Ah no, our black eternities intense
Of bale are lasting, dominant, immense,
As Time which is their breath;
The memory of the bliss is yearning sorrow,
The memory of the bale clouds every morrow,
Darkening through nights and days unto the night of Death.

No human words could paint my travail sore
In the thick darkness of the next ravine,
Deeper immeasurably than that before;
When hideous agonies, unheard, unseen,
In overwhelming floods of torture roll,
And horrors of great darkness drown the soul,
To be is not to be
In memory save as ghastliest impression,
And chaos of demoniacal possession. . . .
I shuddered on the ridge and heard the bells chime Three.

And like a pillar of essential gloom,
Most terrible in stature and regard,
Black in the moonlight filling all the room
The image of the Fourth Hour, evil-starred,
Stood over me; but there was Something more,
Something behind It undiscerned before,
More dreadful than Its dread,
Which overshadowed it as with a fateful
Inexorable fascination hateful,—
A wan and formless Shade from regions of the dead.

I shut my eyes against that spectral Shade,
Which yet allured them with a deadly charm,
And that black Image of the Hour, dismayed
By such tremendous menacing of harm;

And so into the gulf as into Hell;
Where that immeasurable depths I fell,
With seizures of the heart
Whose each clutch seemed the end of all pulsation,
And tremors of examinate prostration,
Are horrors in my soul that never can depart.

If I for hope or wish had any force,
It was that I might rush down sharply hurled
From rock to rock until a mangled corpse
Down with the fury of the torrent whirled,
The fury of black waters and white foam,
To where the homeless find their only home,
In the immense void Sea,
Whose isles are worlds, surrounding, unsurrounded,
Whose depths no mortal plummet ever sounded,
Beneath all surface storm calm in Eternity.

Such hope or wish was as a feeble spark,
A little lamp's pale glimmer in a tomb,
To just reveal the hopeless deadly dart
And wordless horrors of my soul's fixed doom:
Yet some mysterious instinct obstinate,
Blindly unconscious as a law of Fate,
Still urged me on and bore
My shattered being through the unfeared peril
Of death less hateful than the life so sterile
I shuddered on the ridge, and heard the bells chime Four.

The Image of that Fifth Hour of the night
Was blacker in the moonlight now aslant
Upon its left than on its shrouded right;
And over and behind It, dominant,
The Shadow not Its shadow cast its spell,
Most vague and dim and wan and terrible,
Death's ghastly aureole,
Pregnant with overpowering fascination,
Commanding by repulsive instigation,
Despair's envenomed anodyne to tempt the Soul.

I closed my eyes, but could no longer keep
Under that Image and most awful Shade,
Supine in mockery of blissful sleep,
Delirious with such fierce thirst unallayed;
Of all worst agonies the most unblest

Is passive agony of wild unrest:
  Trembling and faint I rose,
And dressed with painful efforts, and descended
With furtive footsteps and with breath suspended,
  And left the slumbering house with my slumbering woes.

Constrained to move through the unmoving hours,
  Accurst from rest because the hours stood still;
Feeling the hands of the Infernal Powers
  Heavy upon me for enormous ill,
Inscrutable intolerable pain,
Against which mortal pleas and prayers are vain,
  Gaspings of dying breath,
And human struggles, dying spasms yet vainer:
Renounce defense when Doom is the Arraigner;
  Let impotence of Life subside appeased in Death.

I paced the silent and deserted streets
  In cold dark shade and chillier moonlight gray;
Pondering a dolorous series of defeats
  And black disasters from life's opening day,
Invested with the shadow of a doom
That filled the Spring and Summer with a gloom
  Most wintry bleak and drear;
Gloom from within as from a sulphurous censer
Making the glooms without forever denser,
  To blight the buds and flowers and fruitage of my year.

Against a bridge's stony parapet
  I leaned, and gazed into the waters black;
And marked an angry morning red and wet
  Beneath a livid and enormous rack
Glare out confronting the belated moon,
Huddled and wan and feeble as the swoon
  Of featureless Despair·
When some stray workman, half asleep but lusty,
Passed urgent through the rain pour wild and gusty,
  I felt a ghost already, planted watching there.

As phantom to its grave, or to its den
  Some wild beast of the night when night is sped,
I turned unto my homeless home again
  To front a day only less charged with dread
Than that dread night; and after day, to front
Another night of — what would be the brunt?
  I put the thought aside



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

To be resumed when common life unfolded
In common daylight had my brain remolded;
  Meanwhile the flaws of rain refreshed and fortified.

The day passed, and the night; and other days,
  And other nights; and all of evil doom;
The sun hours in a sick bewildering haze,
  The star hours in a thick enormous gloom,
With rending lightnings and with thunder knells;
The ghastly hours of all the timeless Hells: —
  Bury them with their bane!
I look back on the words already written,
And writhe, by cold rage stung, by self-scorn smitten,
  They are so weak and vain and infinitely inane. . . .

"How from those hideous Malebolges deep
  I ever could win back to upper earth,
Restored to human nights of blessed sleep
  And healthy waking with the new day's birth?" —
How do men climb back from a swoon whose stress,
Crushing far deeper than all consciousness,
  Is deep as deep death seems?
Who can the steps and stages mete and number
By which we reëmerge from nightly slumber? —
  Our poor vast petty life is one dark maze of dreams.



THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.[1]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[EDWARD EVERETT HALL: An American clergyman and author, born in Massachusetts, April 3, 1822 He is pastor of a large Unitarian church in Boston Among the fifty or more stories and papers which he has written alone and in collaboration, "The Man Without a Country" (1879) is probably the most famous. Others are "My Double and How He Undid Me," "The Ingham Papers," "Ten Times One is Ten," "In His Name," "The Kingdom of God, and Twenty Other Sermons." He was the founder and the editor for some time of the periodicals, *Lend a Hand* and *Old and New*.]

I SEE that an old chum of mine is publishing bits of confidential Confederate History in *Harper's Magazine*. It would seem to be time, then, for the pivots to be disclosed on which

[1] Used by permission of the author.

some of the wheelwork of the last six years has been moving. The science of history, as I understand it, depends on the timely disclosure of such pivots, which are apt to be kept out of view while things are moving.

I was in the Civil Service at Richmond. Why I was there, or what I did, is nobody's affair. And I do not in this paper propose to tell how it happened that I was in New York in October, 1864, on confidential business. Enough that I was there, and that it was honest business. That business done, as far as it could be with the resources intrusted to me, I prepared to return home. And thereby hangs this tale, and, as it proved, the fate of the Confederacy.

For, of course, I wanted to take presents home to my family. Very little question was there what these presents should be,—for I had no boys nor brothers. The women of the Confederacy had one want, which overtopped all others. They could make coffee out of beans; pins they had from Columbus; straw hats they braided quite well with their own fair hands; snuff we could get better than you could in "the old concern." But we had no hoop skirts—skeletons, we used to call them. No ingenuity had made them. No bounties had forced them. The "Bat," the "Greyhound," the "Deer," the "Flora," the "J. C. Cobb," the "Varuna," and the "Fore-and-Aft" all took in cargoes of them for us in England. But the "Bat" and the "Deer" and the "Flora" were seized by the blockaders, the "J. C. Cobb" sunk at sea, the "Fore-and-Aft" and the "Greyhound" were set fire to by their own crews, and the "Varuna" (our "Varuna") was never heard of. Then the State of Arkansas offered sixteen townships of swamp land to the first manufacturer who would exhibit five gross of a home-manufactured article. But no one ever competed. The first attempts, indeed, were put to an end, when Schofield crossed the Blue Lick, and destroyed the dams on Yellow Branch. The consequence was that people's crinoline collapsed faster than the Confederacy did, of which that brute of a Grierson said there was never anything of it but the outside.

Of course, then, I put in the bottom of my new large trunk in New York, not a "duplex elliptic," for none were then made, but a "Belmonte," of thirty springs, for my wife. I bought, for her more common wear, a good "Belle-Fontaine." For Sarah and Susy each, I got two "Dumb-Belles." For Aunt Eunice and Aunt Clara, maiden sisters of my wife, who lived

with us after Winchester fell the fourth time, I got the "Scotch Harebell," two of each. For my own mother I got one "Belle of the Prairies" and one "Invisible Combination Gossamer." I did not forget good old Mamma Chloe and Mamma Jane. For them I got substantial cages, without names. With these, tied in the shapes of figure eights in the bottom of my trunk, as I said, I put in an assorted cargo of dry goods above, and, favored by a pass, and Major Mulford's courtesy on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the autumn closed.

I was received at home with rapture. But when, the next morning, I opened my stores, this became rapture doubly enraptured. Words cannot tell the silent delight with which old and young, black and white, surveyed these fairylike structures, yet unbroken and unmended.

Perennial summer reigned that autumn day in that reunited family. It reigned the next day, and the next. It would have reigned till now if the Belmontes and the other things would last as long as the advertisements declare; and, what is more, the Confederacy would have reigned till now, President Davis and General Lee! but for that great misery, which all families understand, which culminated in our great misfortune.

I was up in the cedar closet one day, looking for an old parade cap of mine, which I thought, though it was my third best, might look better than my second best, which I had worn ever since my best was lost at the Seven Pines. I say I was standing on the lower shelf of the cedar closet, when, as I stepped along in the darkness, my right foot caught in a bit of wire, my left did not give way in time, and I fell, with a small wooden hatbox in my hand, full on the floor. The corner of the hatbox struck me just below the second frontal sinus, and I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was in the blue chamber; I had vinegar on a brown paper on my forehead; the room was dark, and I found mother sitting by me, glad enough indeed to hear my voice, and to know that I knew her. It was some time before I fully understood what had happened. Then she brought me a cup of tea, and I, quite refreshed, said I must go to the office.

"Office, my child!" said she. "Your leg is broken above the ankle; you will not move these six weeks. Where do you suppose you are?"

Till then I had no notion that it was five minutes since I went into the closet. When she told me the time, five in the afternoon, I groaned in the lowest depths. For, in my breast pocket in that innocent coat, which I could now see lying on the window seat, were the duplicate dispatches to Mr. Mason, for which, late the night before, I had got the Secretary's signature. They were to go at ten that morning to Wilmington, by the Navy Department's special messenger. I had taken them to insure care and certainty. I had worked on them till midnight, and they had not been signed till near one o'clock. Heavens and earth, and here it was five o'clock! The man must be halfway to Wilmington by this time. I sent the doctor for Lafarge, my clerk. Lafarge did his prettiest in rushing to the telegraph. But no! A freshet on the Chowan River, or a raid by Foster, or something, or nothing, had smashed the telegraph wire for that night. And before that dispatch ever reached Wilmington the navy agent was in the offing in the "Sea Maid."

"But perhaps the duplicate got through?" No, breathless reader, the duplicate did not get through. The duplicate was taken by Faucon, in the "Ino." I saw it last week in Dr. Lieber's hands, in Washington. Well, all I know is that if the duplicate had got through, the Confederate government would have had in March a chance at eighty-three thousand two hundred and eleven muskets, which, as it was, never left Belgium. So much for my treading into that blessed piece of wire on the shelf of the cedar closet, upstairs.

"What was the bit of wire?"

Well, it was not telegraph wire. If it had been, it would have broken when it was not wanted to. Don't you know what it was? Go up in your own cedar closet, and step about in the dark, and see what brings up round your ankles. Julia, poor child, cried her eyes out about it. When I got well enough to sit up, and as soon as I could talk and plan with her, she brought down seven of these old things, antiquated Belmontes and Simplex Elliptics, and horrors without a name, and she made a pile of them in the bedroom, and asked me in the most penitent way what she should do with them.

"You can't burn them," said she; "fire won't touch them. If you bury them in the garden, they come up at the second raking. If you give them to the servants, they say, 'Thank-e, missus,' and throw them in the back passage. If you give them

to the poor, they throw them into the street in front, and do not say, 'Thank-e.' Sarah sent seventeen over to the sword factory, and the foreman swore at the boy, and told him he would flog him within an inch of his life if he brought any more of his sauce there; and so — and so," sobbed the poor child, "I just rolled up these wretched things, and laid them in the cedar closet, hoping, you know, that some day the government would want something, and would advertise for them. You know what a good thing I made out of the bottle corks."

In fact, she had sold our bottle corks for four thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars of the first issue. We afterward bought two umbrellas and a corkscrew with the money.

Well, I did not scold Julia. It was certainly no fault of hers that I was walking on the lower shelf of her cedar closet. I told her to make a parcel of the things, and the first time we went to drive I hove the whole shapeless heap into the river, without saying mass for them.

But let no man think, or no woman, that this was the end of troubles. As I look back on that winter, and on the spring of 1865 (I do not mean the steel spring), it seems to me only the beginning. I got out on crutches at last; I had the office transferred to my house, so that Lafarge and Hepburn could work there nights, and communicate with me when I could not go out; but mornings I hobbled up to the Department, and sat with the Chief, and took his orders. Ah me! shall I soon forget that damp winter morning, when we all had such hope at the office. One or two of the army fellows looked in at the window as they ran by, and we knew that they felt well; and though I would not ask Old Wick, as we had nicknamed the Chief, what was in the wind, I knew the time had come, and that the lion meant to break the net this time. I made an excuse to go home earlier than usual; rode down to the house in the Major's ambulance, I remember; and hopped in, to surprise Julia with the good news, only to find that the whole house was in that quiet uproar which shows that something bad has happened of a sudden.

"What is it, Chloe?" said I, as the old wench rushed by me with a bucket of water.

"Poor Mr. George, I 'fraid he's dead, sah!"

And there he really was, — dear, handsome, bright George Schaff, — the delight of all the nicest girls of Richmond; he lay there on Aunt Eunice's bed on the ground floor, where they

had brought him in. He was not dead,—and he did not die. He is making cotton in Texas now. But he looked mighty near it then. "The deep cut in his head" was the worst I then had ever seen, and the blow confused everything. When McGregor got round, he said it was not hopeless; but we were all turned out of the room, and with one thing and another he got the boy out of the swoon, and somehow it proved his head was not broken.

No, but poor George swears to this day it were better it had been, if it could only have been broken the right way and on the right field. For that evening we heard that everything had gone wrong in the surprise There we had been waiting for one of those early fogs, and at last the fog had come. And Jubal Early had, that morning, pushed out every man he had, that could stand; and they lay hid for three mortal hours, within I don't know how near the picket line at Fort Powhatan, only waiting for the shot which John Streight's party were to fire at Wilson's Wharf, as soon as somebody on our left center advanced in force on the enemy's line above Turkey Island stretching across to Nansemond. I am not in the War Department, and I forget whether he was to advance *en barbette* or by *échelon* of infantry. But he was to advance somehow, and he knew how; and when he advanced, you see, that other man lower down was to rush in, and as soon as Early heard him he was to surprise Powhatan, you see; and then, if you have understood me, Grant and Butler and the whole rig of them would have been cut off from their supplies, would have had to fight a battle for which they were not prepared, with their right made into a new left, and their old left unexpectedly advanced at an oblique angle from their center, and would not that have been the end of them?

Well, that never happened. And the reason it never happened was that poor George Schaff, with the last fatal order for this man whose name I forget (the same who was afterward killed the day before High Bridge), undertook to save time by cutting across behind my house, from Franklin to Green Streets. You know how much time he saved,—they waited all day for that order. George told me afterwards that the last thing he remembered was kissing his hand to Julia, who sat at her bedroom window. He said he thought she might be the last woman he ever saw this side of heaven. Just after that, it must have been, his horse—that white Messenger colt old Williams

bred — went over like a log, and poor George was pitched fifteen feet headforemost against a stake there was in that lot. Julia saw the whole. She rushed out with all the women, and had just brought him in when I got home. And that was the reason that the great promised combination of December, 1864, never came off at all.

I walked out in the lot, after McGregor turned me out of the chamber, to see what they had done with the horse. There he lay, as dead as old Messenger himself. His neck was broken. And do you think, I looked to see what had tripped him. I supposed it was one of the boys' bandy holes. It was no such thing. The poor wretch had tangled his hind legs in one of those infernal hoop wires that Chloe had thrown out in the piece when I gave her her new ones. Though I did not know it then, those fatal scraps of rusty steel had broken the neck that day of Robert Lee's army.

That time I made a row about it. I felt too badly to go into a passion. But before the women went to bed,— they were all in the sitting room together,— I talked to them like a father. I did not swear. I had got over that for a while, in that six weeks on my back. But I did say the old wires were infernal things, and that the house and premises must be made rid of them. The aunts laughed,— though I was so serious,— and tipped a wink to the girls. The girls wanted to laugh, but were afraid to. And then it came out that the aunts had sold their old hoops, tied as tight as they could tie them, in a great mass of rags. They had made a fortune by the sale,— I am sorry to say it was in other rags, but the rags they got were new instead of old,— it was a real Aladdin bargain. The new rags had blue backs, and were numbered, some as high as fifty dollars. The ragman had been in a hurry, and had not known what made the things so heavy. I frowned at the swindle, but they said all was fair with a peddler,— and I own I was glad the things were well out of Richmond. But when I said I thought it was a mean trick, Lizzie and Sarah looked demure, and asked what in the world I would have them do with the old things. Did I expect them to walk down to the bridge themselves with great parcels to throw into the river, as I had done by Julia's? Of course it ended, as such things always do, by my taking the work on my own shoulders. I told them to tie up all they had in as small a parcel as they could, and bring them to me.

Accordingly, the next day, I found a handsome brown paper parcel, not so very large, considering, and strangely square, considering, which the minxes had put together and left on my office table. They had a great frolic over it. They had not spared red tape nor red wax. Very official it looked, indeed, and on the left-hand corner, in Sarah's boldest and most contorted hand, was written, "Secret service." We had a great laugh over their success. And, indeed, I should have taken it with me the next time I went down to the Tredegar, but that I happened to dine one evening with young Norton of our gallant little navy, and a very curious thing he told us.

We were talking about the disappointment of the combined land attack. I did not tell what upset poor Schaff's horse; indeed, I do not think those navy men knew the details of the disappointment. O'Brien had told me, in confidence, what I have written down probably for the first time now. But we were speaking, in a general way, of the disappointment. Norton finished his cigar rather thoughtfully, and then said: "Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put in the newspapers, but what do you suppose upset our grand naval attack, the day the Yankee gunboats skittled down the river so handsomely?"

"Why," said Allen, who is Norton's best-beloved friend, "they say that you ran away from them as fast as they did from you."

"Do they?" said Norton, grimly. "If you say that, I'll break your head for you. Seriously, men," continued he, "that was a most extraordinary thing. You know I was on the ram. But why she stopped when she stopped I knew as little as this wineglass does; and Callender himself knew no more than I. We had not been hit. We were all right as a trivet for all we knew, when, skree! she began blowing off steam, and we stopped dead, and began to drift down under those batteries. Callender had to telegraph to the little "Mosquito," or whatever Walter called his boat, and the spunky little thing ran down and got us out of the scrape. Walter did it right well; if he had had a monitor under him he could not have done better. Of course we all rushed to the engine room. What in thunder were they at there? All they knew was they could get no water into her boiler.

"Now, fellows, this is the end of the story. As soon as the boilers cooled off they worked all right on those supply pumps. May I be hanged if they had not sucked in, somehow,

a long string of yarn, and cloth, and, if you will believe me, a wire of some woman's crinoline. And that French folly of a sham Empress cut short that day the victory of the Confederate navy, and old Davis himself can't tell when we shall have such a chance again!"

Some of the men thought Norton lied. But I never was with him when he did not tell the truth. I did not mention, however, what I had thrown into the water the last time I had gone over to Manchester. And I changed my mind about Sarah's "secret-service" parcel. It remained on my table.

That was the last dinner our old club had at the Spotswood, I believe. The spring came on, and the plot thickened. We did our work in the office as well as we could; I can speak for mine, and if other people — but no matter for that! The 3d of April came, and the fire, and the right wing of Grant's army. I remember I was glad then that I had moved the office down to the house, for we were out of the way there. Everybody had run away from the Department; and so, when the powers that be took possession, my little sub-bureau was unmolested for some days. I improved those days as well as I could, — burning carefully what was to be burned, and hiding carefully what was to be hidden. One thing that happened then belongs to this story. As I was at work on the private bureau, — it was really a bureau, as it happened, one I had made Aunt 'Eunice give up when I broke my leg, — I came, to my horror, on a neat parcel of coast-survey maps of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. They were not the same Maury stole when he left the National Observatory, but they were like them. Now I was perfectly sure that on that fatal Sunday of the flight I had sent Lafarge for these, that the President might use them, if necessary, in his escape. When I found them, I hopped out and called for Julia, and asked her if she did not remember his coming for them. "Certainly," she said, "it was the first I knew of the danger. Lafarge came, asked for the key of the office, told me all was up, walked in, and in a moment was gone."

And here, on the file of April 3d, was Lafarge's line to me: —

"I got the secret-service parcel myself, and have put it in the President's own hands. I marked it 'Gulf coast,' as you bade me."

What could Lafarge have given to the President? Not

the soundings of Hatteras Bar. Not the working drawings of the first monitor. I had all these under my hand. Could it be, — "Julia, what did we do with that stuff of Sarah's that she marked *secret service?*"

As I live, we had sent the girls' old hoops to the President in his flight.

And when the next day we read how he used them, and how Pritchard arrested him, we thought if he had only had the right parcel he would have found the way to Florida.

That is really the end of this memoir. But I should not have written it, but for something that happened just now on the piazza. You must know, some of us wrecks are up here at the Berkeley baths. My uncle has a place near here. Here came to-day John Sisson, whom I have not seen since Memminger ran and took the clerks with him. Here we had before, both the Richards brothers, the great paper men, you know, who started the Edgerly Works in Prince George's County, just after the war began. After dinner, Sisson and they met on the piazza. Queerly enough, they had never seen each other before, though they had used reams of Richards' paper in correspondence with each other, and the treasury had used tons of it in the printing of bonds and bank bills. Of course we all fell to talking of old times, — old they seem now, though it is not a year ago. "Richards," said Sisson at last, "what became of that last order of ours for water-lined, pure linen government-callendered paper of *sûreté?* We never got it, and I never knew why."

"Did you think Kilpatrick got it?" said Richards, rather gruffly.

"None of your chaff, Richards. Just tell where the paper went, for in the loss of that lot of paper, as it proved, the bottom dropped out of the treasury tub. On that paper was to have been printed our new issue of ten per cent, convertible, you know, and secured on that up-country cotton, which Kirby Smith had above the Big Raft. I had the printers ready for near a month waiting for that paper. The plates were really very handsome. I'll show you a proof when we go upstairs. Wholly new they were, made by some Frenchmen we got, who had worked for the Bank of France. I was so anxious to have the thing well done, that I waited three weeks for that paper, and, by Jove, I waited just too long. We never got one of the bonds off, and that was why we had no money in March."

Richards threw his cigar away. I will not say he swore between his teeth, but he twirled his chair round, brought it down on all fours, both his elbows on his knees and his chin in both hands.

"Mr. Sisson," said he, "if the Confederacy had lived, I would have died before I ever told what became of that order of yours. But now I have no secrets, I believe, and I care for nothing. I do not know now how it happened. We knew it was an extra nice job. And we had it on an elegant little new French Fourdrinier, which cost us more than we shall ever pay. The pretty thing ran like oil the day before. That day, I thought all the devils were in it. The more power we put on the more the rollers screamed; and the less we put on the more sulkily the jade stopped. I tried it myself every way; back current, I tried; forward current; high feed; low feed; I tried it on old stock, I tried it on new; and, Mr. Sisson, I would have made better paper in a coffee mill! We drained off every drop of water. We washed the tubs free from size. Then my brother, there, worked all night with the machinists, taking down the frame and the rollers. You would not believe it, sir, but that little bit of wire,"—and he took out of his pocket a piece of this hateful steel, which poor I knew so well by this time,—"that little bit of wire had passed in from some hoop skirt, passed the pickers, passed the screens, through all the troughs, up and down through what we call the lacerators, and had got itself wrought in, where, if you know a Fourdrinier machine, you may have noticed a brass ring riveted to the crossbar, and there this cursed little knife—for you see it was a knife, by that time—had been cutting to pieces the endless wire web every time the machine was started. You lost your bonds, Mr. Sisson, because some Yankee woman cheated one of my ragmen."

On that story I came upstairs. Poor Aunt Eunice! She was the reason I got no salary on the 1st of April. I thought I would warn other women by writing down the story.

That fatal present of mine, in those harmless hourglass parcels, was the ruin of the Confederate navy, army, ordnance, and treasury; and it led to the capture of the poor President too.

But, Heaven be praised, no one shall say that my office did not do its duty.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A Logical Story.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes: An American humorist and poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. He graduated at Harvard in 1829; became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; then at Harvard 1847-1882, when he retired as professor emeritus. His first work to attract general attention was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1858), followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." His other prose works include the novels "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy"; memoirs of Motley and Emerson; "One Hundred Days in Europe"; "Over the Teacups." His poems have been collected in "Songs in Many Keys," "Songs of Many Seasons," "Humorous Poems," "Before the Curfew," etc.]

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —

Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills,
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died
That was the way "he put her through"—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon Earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they call it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*,
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'house on the hill.

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic That's all I say.



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.[1]

BY BRET HARTE

[FRANCIS BRET HARTE An American author; born in Albany, N Y, August 25, 1839. After a common school education he went to California in 1854, where he successively taught school, mined, and worked in a printing office. He did some writing for newspapers, and was for a time associated in the management of *The Californian*, in which he published his "Condensed Novels" He was secretary of the United States branch mint at San Francisco, 1864–1870, and in 1868 organized and became editor of the *Overland Monthly*. He removed to New York city in 1871, was United States consul to Crefeld, Germany, and later at Glasgow, Scotland, and afterwards devoted his time to literary pursuits. His books include · "Condensed Novels" (1867), "Poems" (1871), "Luck of Roaring Camp" (1871), "East and West Poems" (1871), "Mrs Skaggs' Husbands" (1872), "Tales of the Argonauts" (1875), "Thankful Blossom" (1876), "The Story of a Mine" (1877), "Echoes of the Foothills" (1879), "Flip and Found at Blazing Star" (1882), "In the Carquinez Woods" (1883), "On the Frontier" (1884), "By Shore and Sedge" (1885), "Maruja" (1885), "Snowbound at Eagle's" (1886), "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" (1887), and "The Crusade of the Excelsior" (1887)]

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men,

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conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp — an entire stranger — carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the

expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only, when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry, Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar — a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants — lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped

or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune — amounting to some forty dollars — of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not

exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine tree where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It

was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it,—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes, that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words,—"snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to

disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently '*cachéd*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cachéd* his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation.

I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing

to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain: —

> I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
> And I'm bound to die in His army.

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent, by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck, — nigger luck, — he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat, — you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance: —

> "I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
> And I'm bound to die in His army."

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut, — a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason

was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney,—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of

querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days, she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess' waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pil-

lowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:—

†

BENEATH THIS TREE

LIES THE BODY

OF

JOHN OAKHURST,

WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK

ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850,

AND

HANDED IN HIS CHECKS

ON THE 7TH OF DECEMBER, 1850.

†

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

[1816–1887.]

SINGING through the forests,
  Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
  Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
  Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  Riding on the Rail!

Men of different stations
  In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
  Coming to the same.
High and lowly people
  Birds of every feather,
On a common level
  Traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
  Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
  Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
  With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray
  Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old,
  Asking for the news
Gentlemen in black,
  In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
  Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
  Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
  Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
  Something rather funny;

Now the smiles grow thicker,—
  Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
  Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
  Closing up his peepers,—
Now he snores amain,
  Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
  Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
  From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
  Anxiously remarks
That there must be peril
  'Mong so many sparks:
Roguish-looking fellow,
  Turning to a stranger,
Says it's his opinion
  She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
  Sitting vis-à-vis:
Baby keeps a squalling,
  Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
  Says it's tiresome talking
Noises of the cars
  Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
  Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
  Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
  If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
  Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
  Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
  Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!



CHEATING THE GALLOWS.[1]

By I ZANGWILL.

[Israel Zangwill An English author and playwright of Jewish race, was born in London in 1864. He was educated, first at the Jews' Free School, then at London University, where he graduated with triple honors before he was twenty-one years old He wrote, among others, "The Premier and the Painter" (1888), in collaboration; founded *Ariel, or the London Puck* (1890); wrote "The Bachelor's Club" (1891), "Children of the Ghetto" (1892), "Ghetto Tragedies" and "A King of Schnorrers" (1894), "The Master" (1895), "Without Prejudice" (his *Pall Mall Gazette* "Causerie" reprinted) (1896), "Dreamers of the Ghetto" and "A Nineteenth Century Miracle" (1897).]

A Curious Couple.

They say that a union of opposites makes the happiest marriage, and perhaps it is on the same principle that men who chum together are always so oddly assorted. You shall find a man of letters sharing diggings with an auctioneer, and a medical student pigging with a stockbroker's clerk. Perhaps each thus escapes the temptation to talk "shop" in his hours of leisure, while he supplements his own experiences of life by his companion's.

There could not be an odder couple than Tom Peters and Everard G. Roxdal—the contrast began with their names, and ran through the entire chapter. They had a bedroom and a sitting room in common, but it would not be easy to find what else. To his landlady, worthy Mrs. Seacon, Tom Peters' profession was a little vague, but everybody knew that Roxdal was the manager of the City and Suburban Bank, and it puzzled her to think why a bank manager should live with such a seedy-looking person, who smoked clay pipes and sipped whisky and water all the evening when he was at home. For Roxdal was as spruce and erect as his fellow-lodger was round-shouldered and shabby; he never smoked, and he confined himself to a small glass of claret at dinner.

[1] From "King of the Schnorrers" By permission of Author and Mr. Wm. Heinemann. (Price 6s)

It is possible to live with a man and see very little of him. Where each of the partners lives his own life in his own way, with his own circle of friends and external amusements, days may go by without the men having five minutes together. Perhaps this explains why these partnerships jog along so much more peaceably than marriages, where the chain is drawn so much tighter, and galls the partners rather than links them. Diverse, however, as were the hours and habits of the chums, they often breakfasted together, and they agreed in one thing —they never stayed out at night. For the rest Peters sought his diversions in the company of journalists, and frequented debating rooms, where he propounded the most iconoclastic views; while Roxdal had highly respectable houses open to him in the suburbs, and was, in fact, engaged to be married to Clara Newell, the charming daughter of a retired corn merchant, a widower with no other child.

Clara naturally took up a good deal of Roxdal's time, and he often dressed to go to the play with her, while Peters stayed at home in a faded dressing gown and loose slippers. Mrs. Seacon liked to see gentlemen about the house in evening dress, and made comparisons not favorable to Peters. And this in spite of the fact that he gave her infinitely less trouble than the younger man. It was Peters who first took the apartments, and it was characteristic of his easy-going temperament that he was so openly and naïvely delighted with the view of the Thames obtainable from the bedroom window, that Mrs. Seacon was emboldened to ask twenty-five per cent more than she had intended. She soon returned to her normal terms, however, when his friend Roxdal called the next day to inspect the rooms, and overwhelmed her with a demonstration of their numerous shortcomings. He pointed out that their being on the ground floor was not an advantage, but a disadvantage, since they were nearer the noises of the street—in fact, the house being a corner one, the noises of two streets. Roxdal continued to exhibit the same finicking temperament in the petty details of the *ménage*. His shirt fronts were never sufficiently starched, nor his boots sufficiently polished. Tom Peters, having no regard for rigid linen, was always good-tempered and satisfied, and never acquired the respect of his landlady. He wore blue check shirts and loose ties even on Sundays. It is true he did not go to church, but slept on till Roxdal returned from morning service, and even then it was difficult to

get him out of bed, or to make him hurry up his toilet operations. Often the midday meal would be smoking on the table while Peters would smoke in the bed, and Roxdal, with his head thrust through the folding doors that separated the bedroom from the sitting room, would be adjuring the sluggard to arise and shake off his slumbers, and threatening to sit down without him, lest the dinner be spoilt. In revenge, Tom was usually up first on week days, sometimes at such unearthly hours that Polly had not yet removed the boots from outside the bedroom door, and would bawl down to the kitchen for his shaving water. For Tom, lazy and indolent as he was, shaved with the unfailing regularity of a man to whom shaving has become an instinct. If he had not kept fairly regular hours, Mrs. Seacon would have set him down as an actor, so clean shaven was he. Roxdal did not shave. He wore a full beard, and, being a fine figure of a man to boot, no uneasy investor could look upon him without being reassured as to the stability of the bank he managed so successfully. And thus the two men lived in an economical comradeship, all the firmer, perhaps, for their mutual incongruities.

A Woman's Instinct.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in the middle of October, ten days after Roxdal had settled in his new rooms, that Clara Newell paid her first visit to him there. She enjoyed a good deal of liberty, and did not mind accepting his invitation to tea. The corn merchant, himself indifferently educated, had an exaggerated sense of the value of culture, and so Clara, who had artistic tastes without much actual talent, had gone in for painting, and might be seen, in pretty toilets, copying pictures in the Museum. At one time it looked as if she might be reduced to working seriously at her art, for Satan, who finds mischief still for idle hands to do, had persuaded her father to embark the fruits of years of toil in bubble companies. However, things turned out not so bad as they might have been, a little was saved from the wreck, and the appearance of a suitor, in the person of Everard G. Roxdal, insured her a future of competence, if not of the luxury she had been entitled to expect. She had a good deal of affection for Everard, who was unmistakably a clever man, as well as a good-looking one. The prospect seemed fair and cloudless. Nothing presaged

the terrible storm that was about to break over these two lives. Nothing had ever for a moment come to vex their mutual contentment, till this Sunday afternoon. The October sky, blue and sunny, with an Indian-summer sultriness, seemed an exact image of her life, with its aftermath of a happiness that had once seemed blighted.

Everard had always been so attentive, so solicitous, that she was as much surprised as chagrined to find that he had apparently forgotten the appointment. Hearing her astonished interrogation of Polly in the passage, Tom shambled from the sitting room in his loose slippers and his blue check shirt, with his eternal clay pipe in his mouth, and informed her that Roxdal had gone out suddenly earlier in the afternoon.

"G-g-one out," stammered poor Clara, all confused. "But he asked me to come to tea."

"Oh, you're Miss Newell, I suppose," said Tom.

"Yes, I am Miss Newell."

"He has told me a great deal about you, but I wasn't able honestly to congratulate him on his choice till now."

Clara blushed uneasily under the compliment, and under the ardor of his admiring gaze. Instinctively she distrusted the man. The very first tones of his deep bass voice gave her a peculiar shudder. And then his impoliteness in smoking that vile clay was so gratuitous.

"Oh, then you must be Mr. Peters," she said in return. "He has often spoken to me of you."

"Ah!" said Tom, laughingly, "I suppose he's told you all my vices. That accounts for your not being surprised at my Sunday attire."

She smiled a little, showing a row of pearly teeth. "Everard ascribes to you all the virtues," she said.

"Now that's what I call a friend!" he cried ecstatically. "But won't you come in? He must be back in a moment. He surely would not break an appointment with *you*." The admiration latent in the accentuation of the last pronoun was almost offensive.

She shook her head. She had a just grievance against Everard, and would punish him by going away indignantly.

"Do let *me* give you a cup of tea," Tom pleaded. "You must be awfully thirsty this sultry weather. There! I will make a bargain with you! If you will come in now, I promise to clear out the moment Everard returns, and not spoil your

tête-à-tête." But Clara was obstinate; she did not at all relish this man's society, and besides, she was not going to throw away her grievance against Everard. "I know Everard will slang me dreadfully when he comes in if I let you go," Tom urged. "Tell me at least where he can find you."

"I am going to take the 'bus at Charing Cross, and I'm going straight home," Clara announced determinedly. She put up her parasol in a pet, and went up the street into the Strand. A cold shadow seemed to have fallen over all things. But just as she was getting into the 'bus, a hansom dashed down Trafalgar Square, and a well-known voice hailed her. The hansom stopped, and Everard got out and held out his hand.

"I'm so glad you're a bit late," he said. "I was called out unexpectedly, and have been trying to rush back in time. You wouldn't have found me if you had been punctual. But I thought," he added, laughing, "I could rely on you as a woman."

"I *was* punctual," Clara said angrily. "I was not getting out of this 'bus, as you seem to imagine, but into it, and was going home."

"My darling!" he cried remorsefully. "A thousand apologies." The regret on his handsome face soothed her. He took the rose he was wearing in the buttonhole of his fashionably cut coat and gave it to her.

"Why were you so cruel?" he murmured, as she nestled against him in the hansom. "Think of my despair if I had come home to hear you had come and gone. Why didn't you wait a moment?"

A shudder traversed her frame. "Not with that man Peters!" she murmured.

"Not with that man Peters!" he echoed sharply. "What is the matter with Peters?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't like him."

"Clara," he said, half sternly, half cajolingly, "I thought you were above these feminine weaknesses; you are punctual, strive also to be reasonable. Tom is my best friend. From boyhood we have been always together. There is nothing Tom would not do for me, or I for Tom. You must like him, Clara; you must, if only for my sake."

"I'll try," Clara promised, and then he kissed her in gratitude and broad daylight.

"You'll be very nice to him at tea, won't you?" he said anxiously. "I shouldn't like you two to be bad friends."

"I don't want to be bad friends," Clara protested; "only the moment I saw him a strange repulsion and mistrust came over me."

"You are quite wrong about him—quite wrong," he assured her earnestly. "When you know him better, you'll find him the best of fellows. Oh, I know," he said suddenly, "I suppose he was very untidy, and you women go so much by appearances!"

"Not at all," Clara retorted. "'Tis you men who go by appearances."

"Yes, you do. That's why you care for me," he said, smiling.

She assured him it wasn't, and she didn't care for him so much as he plumed himself, but he smiled on. His smile died away, however, when he entered his rooms and found Tom nowhere.

"I dare say you've made him run about hunting for me," he grumbled.

"Perhaps he knew I'd come back, and went away to leave us together," she answered. "He said he would when you came."

"And yet you say you don't like him!"

She smiled reassuringly. Inwardly, however, she felt pleased at the man's absence.

Polly receives a Proposal.

If Clara Newell could have seen Tom Peters carrying on with Polly in the passage, she might have felt justified in her prejudice against him. It must be confessed, though, that Everard also carried on with Polly. Alas! it is to be feared that men are much of a muchness where women are concerned; shabby men and smart men, bank managers and journalists, bachelors and semidetached bachelors. Perhaps it was a mistake after all to say the chums had nothing patently in common. Everard, I am afraid, kissed Polly rather more often than Clara, and although it was because he respected her less, the reason would perhaps not have been sufficiently consoling to his affianced wife. For Polly was pretty, especially on alternate Sunday afternoons, and when at ten P.M. she

returned from her outings, she was generally met in the passage by one or other of the men. Polly liked to receive the homage of real gentlemen, and set her white cap at all indifferently. Thus, just before Clara knocked on that memorable Sunday afternoon, Polly, being confined to the house by the unwritten code regulating the lives of servants, was amusing herself by flirting with Peters.

"You *are* fond of me a little bit," the graceless Tom whispered, "aren't you?"

"You know I am, sir," Polly replied.

"You don't care for any one else in the house?"

"Oh no, sir, and never let any one kiss me but you. I wonder how it is, sir?" Polly replied ingenuously.

"Give me another," Tom answered.

She gave him another, and tripped to the door to answer Clara's knock.

And that very evening, when Clara was gone and Tom still out, Polly turned without the faintest atom of scrupulosity, or even jealousy, to the more fascinating Roxdal, and accepted his amorous advances. If it would seem at first sight that Everard had less excuse for such frivolity than his friend, perhaps the seriousness he showed in this interview may throw a different light upon the complex character of the man.

"You're quite sure you don't care for any one but me?" he asked earnestly.

"Of course not, sir!" Polly replied indignantly. "How could I?"

"But you care for that soldier I saw you out with last Sunday?"

"Oh no, sir, he's only my young man," she said apologetically.

"Would you give him up?" he hissed suddenly.

Polly's pretty face took a look of terror. "I couldn't, sir! He'd kill me. He's such a jealous brute, you've no idea."

"Yes, but suppose I took you away from here?" he whispered eagerly. "Somewhere where he couldn't find you — South America, Africa, somewhere thousands of miles across the seas."

"Oh, sir, you frighten me!" whispered Polly, cowering before his ardent eyes, which shone in the dimly lit passage.

"Would you come with me?" he hissed. She did not answer; she shook herself free and ran into the kitchen, trembling with a vague fear.

The Crash.

One morning, earlier than his earliest hour of demanding his shaving water, Tom rang the bell violently and asked the alarmed Polly what had become of Mr. Roxdal.

"How should I know, sir?" she gasped. "Ain't he been in, sir?"

"Apparently not," Tom answered anxiously. "He never remains out. We have been here three weeks now, and I can't recall a single night he hasn't been home before twelve. I can't make it out." All inquiries proved futile. Mrs. Seacon reminded him of the thick fog that had come on suddenly the night before.

"What fog?" asked Tom.

"Lord! didn't you notice it, sir?"

"No, I came in early, smoked, read, and went to bed about eleven. I never thought of looking out of the window."

"It began about ten," said Mrs. Seacon, "and got thicker and thicker. I couldn't see the lights of the river from my bedroom. The poor gentleman has been and gone and walked into the water." She began to whimper.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Tom, though his expression belied his words. "At the worst, I should think he couldn't find his way home, and couldn't get a cab, so put up for the night at some hotel. I dare say it will be all right." He began to whistle as if in restored cheerfulness. At eight o'clock there came a letter for Roxdal, marked "Immediate," but as he did not turn up for breakfast, Tom went round personally to the City and Suburban Bank. He waited half an hour there, but the manager did not make his appearance. Then he left the letter with the cashier and went away with anxious countenance.

That afternoon it was all over London that the manager of the City and Suburban had disappeared, and that many thousand pounds of gold and notes and disappeared with him.

Scotland Yard opened the letter marked "Immediate," and noted that there had been a delay in its delivery, for the address had been obscure, and an official alteration had been made.

It was written in a feminine hand and said, "On second thoughts I cannot accompany you. Do not try to see me again. Forget me. I shall never forget you."

There was no signature.

Clara Newell, distracted, disclaimed all knowledge of this letter. Polly deposed that the fugitive had proposed flight to her, and the routes to Africa and South America were especially watched. Some months passed without result. Tom Peters went about overwhelmed with grief and astonishment. The police took possession of all the missing man's effects. Gradually the hue and cry dwindled, died.

Faith and Unfaith.

"At last we meet!" cried Tom Peters, while his face lit up in joy. "How *are* you, dear Miss Newell?" Clara greeted him coldly. Her face had an abiding pallor now. Her lover's flight and shame had prostrated her for weeks. Her soul was the arena of contending instincts. Alone of all the world she still believed in Everard's innocence, felt that there was something more than met the eye, divined some devilish mystery behind it all. And yet that damning letter from the anonymous lady shook her sadly. Then, too, there was the deposition of Polly. When she heard Peters' voice accosting her, all her old repugnance resurged. It flashed upon her that this man — Roxdal's boon companion — must know far more than he had told to the police. She remembered how Everard had spoken of him, with what affection and confidence! Was it likely he was utterly ignorant of Everard's movements? Mastering her repugnance, she held out her hand. It might be well to keep in touch with him; he was possibly the clew to the mystery. She noticed he was dressed a shade more trimly, and was smoking a meerschaum. He walked along at her side, making no offer to put his pipe out.

"You have not heard from Everard?" he asked. She flushed. "Do you think I'm an accessory after the fact?" she cried.

"No, no," he said soothingly. "Pardon me, I was thinking he might have written — giving no exact address, of course. Men do sometimes dare to write thus to women. But, of course, he knows you too well — you would have put the police on his track."

"Certainly," she exclaimed indignantly. "Even if he is innocent he must face the charge."

"Do you still entertain the possibility of his innocence?"

"I do," she said boldly, and looked him full in the face. His eyelids drooped with a quiver. "Don't you?"

"I have hoped against hope," he replied, in a voice faltering with emotion. "Poor old Everard! But I am afraid there is no room for doubt. Oh, this wicked curse of money — tempting the noblest and best of us."

The weeks rolled on. Gradually she found herself seeing more and more of Tom Peters, and gradually, strange to say, he grew less repulsive. From the talks they had together, she began to see that there was really no reason to put faith in Everard; his criminality, his faithlessness, were too flagrant. Gradually she grew ashamed of her early mistrust of Peters; remorse bred esteem, and esteem ultimately ripened into feelings so warm, that when Tom gave freer vent to the love that had been visible to Clara from the first, she did not repulse him.

It is only in books that love lives forever. Clara, so her father thought, showed herself a sensible girl in plucking out an unworthy affection and casting it from her heart. He invited the new lover to his house, and took to him at once. Roxdal's somewhat supercilious manner had always jarred upon the unsophisticated corn merchant. With Tom the old man got on much better. While evidently quite as well informed and cultured as his whilom friend, Tom knew how to impart his superior knowledge with the accent on the knowledge rather than on the superiority, while he had the air of gaining much information in return. Those who are most conscious of defects of early education are most resentful of other people sharing their consciousness. Moreover, Tom's *bonhomie* was far more to the old fellow's liking than the studied politeness of his predecessor, so that on the whole Tom made more of a conquest of the father than of the daughter. Nevertheless, Clara was by no means unresponsive to Tom's affection, and when, after one of his visits to the house, the old man kissed her fondly and spoke of the happy turn things had taken, and how, for the second time in their lives, things had mended when they seemed at their blackest, her heart swelled with a gush of gratitude and joy and tenderness, and she fell sobbing into her father's arms.

Tom calculated that he made a clear five hundred a year by

occasional journalism, besides possessing some profitable investments which he had inherited from his mother, so that there was no reason for delaying the marriage. It was fixed for May Day, and the honeymoon was to be spent in Italy.

THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING.

But Clara was not destined to happiness. From the moment she had promised herself to her first love's friend, old memories began to rise up and reproach her. Strange thoughts stirred in the depths of her soul, and in the silent watches of the night she seemed to hear Everard's accents, charged with grief and upbraiding. Her uneasiness increased as her wedding day drew near. One night, after a pleasant afternoon spent in being rowed by Tom among the upper reaches of the Thames, she retired to rest full of vague forebodings. And she dreamt a terrible dream. The dripping form of Everard stood by her bedside, staring at her with ghastly eyes. Had he been drowned on the passage to his land of exile! Frozen with horror, she put the question.

"I have never left England!" the vision answered.

Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Never left England?" she repeated, in tones which did not seem to be hers.

The wraith's stony eyes stared on, but there was silence.

"Where have you been, then?" she asked in her dream.

"Very near you," came the answer.

"There has been foul play, then!" she shrieked.

The phantom shook its head in doleful assent.

"I knew it!" she shrieked. "Tom Peters — Tom Peters has done away with you. Is it not he? Speak!"

"Yes, it is he — Tom Peters — whom I loved more than all the world."

Even in the terrible oppression of the dream she could not resist saying, womanlike: —

"Did I not warn you against him?"

The phantom stared on silently and made no reply.

"But what was his motive?" she asked at length.

"Love of gold — and you. And you are giving yourself to him," it said sternly.

"No, no, Everard! I will not! I will not! I swear it! Forgive me!"

The spirit shook its head skeptically.

"You love him. Women are false — as false as men."

She strove to protest again, but her tongue refused its office.

"If you marry him, I shall always be with you! Beware!"

The dripping figure vanished as suddenly as it came, and Clara awoke in a cold perspiration. Oh, it was horrible! The man she had learnt to love, the murderer of the man she had learnt to forget! How her original prejudice had been justified! Distracted, shaken to her depths, she would not take counsel even of her father, but informed the police of her suspicions. A raid was made on Tom's rooms, and lo! the stolen notes were discovered in a huge bundle. It was found that he had several banking accounts, with a large recently paid amount in each bank. Tom was arrested. Attention was now concentrated on the corpses washed up by the river. It was not long before the body of Roxdal came to shore, the face distorted almost beyond recognition by long immersion, but the clothes patently his, and a pocketbook in the breast pocket removing the last doubt. Mrs. Seacon and Polly and Clara Newell all identified the body. Both juries returned a verdict of murder against Tom Peters, the recital of Clara's dream producing a unique impression in the court and throughout the country. The theory of the prosecution was that Roxdal had brought home the money, — whether to fly alone or to divide it, or whether even for some innocent purpose, as Clara believed, was immaterial. That Peters determined to have it all, that he had gone out for a walk with the deceased, and, taking advantage of the fog, had pushed him into the river, and that he was further impelled to the crime by love for Clara Newell, as was evident from his subsequent relations with her. The judge put on the black cap. Tom Peters was duly hung by the neck till he was dead.

Brief Résumé of the Culprit's Confession.

When you all read this I shall be dead and laughing at you. I have been hung for my own murder. I am Everard G. Roxdal. I am also Tom Peters. We two were one. When I was a young man my mustache and beard wouldn't come. I bought false ones to improve my appearance. One day, after I had

become manager of the City and Suburban Bank, I took off my beard and mustache at home, and then the thought crossed my mind that nobody would know me without them. I was another man. Instantly it flashed upon me that if I ran away from the Bank, that other man could be left in London, while the police were scouring the world for a non-existent fugitive. But this was only the crude germ of the idea. Slowly I matured my plan. The man who was going to be left in London must be known to a circle of acquaintance beforehand. It would be easy enough to masquerade in the evenings in my beardless condition, with other disguises of dress and voice. But this was not brilliant enough. I conceived the idea of living with him. It was Box and Cox reversed. We shared rooms at Mrs. Seacon's. It was a great strain, but it was only for a few weeks. I had trick clothes in my bedroom like those of quick-change artistes; in a moment I could pass from Roxdal to Peters and from Peters to Roxdal. Polly had to clean two pairs of boots a morning, cook two dinners, etc., etc. She and Mrs. Seacon saw one or the other of us every moment; it never dawned upon them they never saw us *both together*. At meals I would not be interrupted, ate off two plates, and conversed with my friend in loud tones. At other times we dined at different hours. On Sundays he was supposed to be asleep when I was in church. There is no landlady in the world to whom the idea would have occurred that one man was troubling himself to be two (and to pay for two, including washing). I worked up the idea of Roxdal's flight, asked Polly to go with me, manufactured that feminine letter that arrived on the morning of my disappearance. As Tom Peters I mixed with a journalistic set. I had another room where I kept the gold and notes till I mistakenly thought the thing had blown over. Unfortunately, returning from here on the night of my disappearance, with Roxdal's clothes in a bundle I intended to drop into the river, it was stolen from me in the fog, and the man into whose possession it ultimately came appears to have committed suicide. What, perhaps, ruined me was my desire to keep Clara's love, and to transfer it to the survivor. Everard told her I was the best of fellows. Once married to her, I would not have had much fear. Even if she had discovered the trick, a wife cannot give evidence against her husband, and often does not want to. I made none of the usual slips, but no man can guard against a girl's nightmare after a day up the river and a supper at the

Star and Garter. I might have told the judge he was an ass, but then I should have had penal servitude for bank robbery, and that is worse than death. The only thing that puzzles me, though, is whether the law has committed murder or I suicide.



A HOLIDAY.[1]

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[1824-1889]

Out of the city, far away
With Spring to-day!
Where copses tufted with primrose
Give me repose,
Wood sorrel and wild violet
Soothe my soul's fret,
The pure delicious vernal air
Blows away care,
The birds' reiterated songs
Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
Drifts like a leaf,
And on its gently murmuring flow
Doth glide and go;
The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
The sprouting sedges
Waving beside the water's brink,
Come like cool drink
To fevered lips, like fresh soft mead
To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I fed
My dreaming head
In grass; I see far mountains blue,
Like heaven in view,
Green world and sunny sky above
Alive with love;
All, all, however came they there,
Divinely fair.

[1] From "Songs, Ballads and Stories." By permission of Geo Bell & Sons.

THE SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN DESICCATION.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

(From "The Man with the Broken Ear.")

[EDMOND ABOUT, French novelist, was born in Lorraine, February 14, 1828. He became a journalist, war correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War, and editor of *Le XIXme Siècle* of Paris, and in 1884 a member of the Academy. He wrote, among other books: "Tolla Feraldi" (1855), "The King of the Mountains" (1856), "The Man with the Broken Ear" (1861), "The Nose of a Notary" (1862), "Madelon" (1863), "The Infamous One" (1869), and "The Romance of a Good Man" (1880). He died January 17, 1885.]

ON this 20th day of January, 1824, being worn down by a cruel malady and feeling the approach of the time when my person shall be absorbed in the Great All;

I have written with my own hand this testament, which is the expression of my last will.

I appoint as executor my nephew Nicholas Meiser, a wealthy brewer in the city of Dantzic.

I bequeath my books, papers, and scientific collections of all kinds, except item 3712, to my very estimable and learned friend, Herr Von Humboldt.

I bequeath all the rest of my effects, real and personal, valued at 100,000 Prussian thalers or 375,000 francs, to Colonel Pierre Victor Fougas, at present desiccated, but living, and entered in my catalogue opposite No. 3712 (Zoölogy).

I trust that he will accept this feeble compensation for the ordeals he has undergone in my laboratory, and the service he has rendered to science.

Finally, in order that my nephew Nicholas Meiser may exactly understand the duties I leave him to perform, I have resolved to inscribe here a detailed account of the desiccation of Colonel Fougas, my sole heir.

It was on the 11th of November in that unhappy year 1813, that my relations with this brave young man began. I had long since quitted Dantzic, where the noise of cannon and the danger from bombs had rendered all labor impossible, and retired with my instruments and books under the protection of the Allied Armies in the fortified town of Liebenfeld. The French garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Hamburg, and several other German towns could not communicate



EDMOND ABOUT

with each other or with their native land; meanwhile General Rapp was obstinately defending himself against the English fleet and the Russian army. Colonel Fougas was taken by a detachment of the Barclay de Tolly corps, as he was trying to pass the Vistula on the ice, on the way to Dantzic. They brought him prisoner to Liebenfeld on the 11th of November, just at my supper time, and Sergeant Garok, who commanded in the village, forced me to be present at the examination and act as interpreter.

The open countenance, manly voice, proud firmness, and fine carriage of the unfortunate young man won my heart. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His only regret, he said, was having stranded so near port, after passing through four armies; and being unable to carry out the Emperor's orders. He appeared animated by that French fanaticism which has done so much harm to our beloved Germany. Nevertheless, I could not help defending him; and I translated his words less as an interpreter than as an advocate. Unhappily, they found upon him a letter from Napoleon to General Rapp, of which I preserved a copy: —

> Abandon Dantzic, break the blockade, unite with the garrisons of Stettin, Custrin, and Glogau, march along the Elbe, arrange with St Cyr and Davoust to concentrate the forces scattered at Dresden, Forgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg; roll up an army like a snowball; cross Westphalia, which is open, and come to defend the line of the Rhine with an army of 170,000 Frenchmen which you will have saved!
>
> NAPOLEON.

This letter was sent to the headquarters of the Russian army, whilst a half-dozen illiterate soldiers, drunk with joy and bad brandy, condemned the brave Colonel of the 23d of the line to the death of a spy and a traitor. The execution was fixed for the next day, the 12th, and M. Pierre Victor Fougas, after having thanked and embraced me with the most touching sensibility (he is a husband and a father), was shut up in the little battlemented tower of Liebenfeld, where the wind whistles terribly through all the loopholes.

The night of the 11th and 12th of November was one of the severest of that terrible winter. My self-registering thermometer, which hung outside my window with a southeast exposure, marked nineteen degrees below zero, centigrade. I went early

in the morning to bid the Colonel a last farewell, and met Sergeant Garok, who said to me in bad German: —

"We won't have to kill the Frantzouski, he is frozen to death."

I ran to the prison. The Colonel was lying on his back, rigid. But I found after a few minutes' examination that the rigidity of the body was not that of death. The joints, though they had not their ordinary suppleness, could be bent and extended without any great effort. The limbs, the face, and the chest gave my hands a sensation of cold, but very different from that which I had often experienced from contact with corpses.

Knowing that he had passed several nights without sleep, and endured extraordinary fatigues, I did not doubt that he had fallen into that profound and lethargic sleep which is superinduced by intense cold, and which if too far prolonged slackens respiration and circulation to a point where the most delicate physiological tests are necessary to discover the continuance of life. The pulse was insensible; at least my fingers, benumbed with cold, could not feel it. My hardness of hearing (I was then in my sixty-ninth year) prevented my determining by auscultation whether the beats of the heart still aroused those feeble though prolonged vibrations which the ear continues to hear some time after the hand fails to detect them.

The Colonel had reached that point of torpor produced by cold, where to revive a man without causing him to die requires numerous and delicate attentions. Some hours after, congelation would supervene, and with it, impossibility of restoration to life.

I was in the greatest perplexity. On the one hand I knew that he was dying on my hands by congelation; on the other, I could not, by myself, bestow upon him the attentions that were indispensable. If I were to administer stimulants without having him, at the same time, rubbed on the trunk and limbs by three or four vigorous assistants, I would revive him only to see him die.

And even if I should succeed in bringing him back to health and strength, was not he condemned by court-martial? Did not humanity forbid my rousing him from this repose akin to death, to deliver him to the horrors of execution?

I must confess that in the presence of this organism where life was suspended, my ideas on reanimation took, as it were, fresh hold upon me. I had so often desiccated and revived

beings quite elevated in the animal scale, that I did not doubt the success of the operation, even on a man. By myself alone I could not revive and save the Colonel; but I had in my laboratory all the instruments necessary to desiccate him without assistance.

To sum up, three alternatives offered themselves to me. I. To leave the Colonel in the crenellated tower, where he would have died the same day of congelation. II. To revive him by stimulants, at the risk of killing him. And for what? To give him up, in case of success, to inevitable execution. III. To desiccate him in my laboratory with the quasi certainty of resuscitating him after the restoration of peace. All friends of humanity will doubtless comprehend that I could not hesitate long.

I had Sergeant Garok called, and I begged him to sell me the body of the Colonel. It was not the first time that I had bought a corpse for dissection, so my request excited no suspicion. The bargain concluded, I gave him four bottles of kirschwasser, and soon two Russian soldiers brought me Colonel Fougas on a stretcher.

As soon as I was alone with him, I pricked one of his fingers: pressure forced out a drop of blood. To place it under a microscope between two plates of glass was the work of a minute. Oh, joy! The fibrin was not coagulated. I was not deceived then, it was a torpid man that I had under my eyes, and not a dead one!

I placed him on a pair of scales. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds, clothing included. I did not care to undress him, for I had noticed that animals desiccated directly in contact with the air died oftener than those which remained covered with moss and other soft materials, during the ordeal of desiccation.

My great air pump, with its immense platform, its enormous oval wrought-iron receiver, which a rope running on a pulley firmly fixed in the ceiling easily raised and lowered by means of a windlass — all these thousand and one contrivances which I had so laboriously prepared in spite of the railleries of those who envied me, and which I felt desolate at seeing unemployed, were going to find their use! Unexpected circumstances had arisen at last to procure me such a subject for experiment, as I had in vain endeavored to procure, while I was attempting to reduce to torpidity dogs, rabbits, sheep, and other mammals by

the aid of freezing mixtures. Long ago, without doubt, would these results have been attained if I had been aided by those who surrounded me, instead of being made the butt of their railleries — if our authorities had sustained me with their influence instead of treating me as a subversive spirit.

I shut myself up *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel, and took care that even old Gretchen, my housekeeper, now deceased, should not trouble me during my work. I had substituted for the wearisome lever of the old-fashioned air pumps a wheel arranged with an eccentric, which transformed the circular movement of the axis into the rectilinear movement required by the pistons: the wheel, the eccentric, the connecting rod, and the joints of the apparatus all worked admirably, and enabled me to do everything by myself. The cold did not impede the play of the machine, and the lubricating oil was not gummed: I had refined it myself by a new process founded on the then recent discoveries of the French *savant*, M. Chevreul.

Having extended the body on the platform of the air pump, lowered the receiver and luted the rim, I undertook to submit it gradually to the influence of a dry vacuum and cold. Capsules filled with chloride of calcium were placed around the Colonel to absorb the water which should evaporate from the body, and to promote the desiccation.

I certainly found myself in the best possible situation for subjecting the human body to a process of gradual desiccation without sudden interruption of the functions, or disorganization of the tissues or fluids. Seldom had my experiments on rotifers and tardigrades been surrounded with equal chances of success, yet they had always succeeded. But the particular nature of the subject, and the special scruples imposed upon my conscience, obliged me to employ a certain number of new conditions, which I had long since, in other connections, foreseen the expediency of. I had taken the pains to arrange an opening at each end of my oval receiver, and fit into it a heavy glass, which enabled me to follow with my eye the effects of the vacuum on the Colonel. I was entirely prevented from shutting the windows of my laboratory, from fear that a too elevated temperature might put an end to the lethargy of the subject, or induce some change in the fluids. If a thaw had come on, all would have been over with my experiment. But the thermometer kept for several days between six and eight

degrees below zero, and I was very happy in seeing the lethargic sleep continue, without having to fear congelation of the tissues.

I commenced to produce the vacuum with extreme slowness, for fear that the gases distributed through the blood, becoming free on account of the difference of their tension from that of rarefied air, might escape in the vessels and so bring on immediate death. Moreover, I watched, every moment, the effects of the vacuum on the intestinal gases, for by expanding inside in proportion as the pressure of the air diminished outside of the body, they could have caused serious disorders. The tissues might not have been entirely ruptured by them, but an internal lesion would have been enough to occasion death in a few hours after reanimation. One observes this quite frequently in animals carelessly desiccated.

Several times, too rapid a protrusion of the abdomen put me on my guard against the danger which I feared, and I was obliged to let in a little air under the receiver. At last, the cessation of all phenomena of this kind satisfied me that the gases had disappeared by exosmose or had been expelled by the spontaneous contraction of the viscera. It was not until the end of the first day that I could give up these minute precautions, and carry the vacuum a little further.

The next day, the 13th, I pushed the vacuum to a point where the barometer fell to five millimeters. As no change had taken place in the position of the body or limbs, I was sure that no convulsion had been produced. The Colonel had been desiccated, had become immobile, had lost the power of performing the functions of life, without death having supervened, and without the possibility of returning to activity having departed. His life was suspended, not extinguished.

Each time that a surplus of watery vapor caused the barometer to ascend, I pumped. On the 14th, the door of my laboratory was literally broken in by the Russian General, Count Trollohub, who had been sent from headquarters. This distinguished officer had run in all haste to prevent the execution of the Colonel and to conduct him into the presence of the Commander in Chief. I loyally confessed to him what I had done under the inspiration of my conscience; I showed him the body through one of the bull's-eyes of the air pump; I told him that I was happy to have preserved a man who could furnish useful information to the liberators of my country; and I offered to resuscitate him at my own expense if they would promise me to

respect his life and liberty. The General, Count Trollohub, unquestionably a distinguished man, but one of an exclusively military education, thought that I was not speaking seriously. He went out slamming the door in my face, and treating me like an old fool.

I set myself to pumping again, and kept the vacuum at a pressure of from three to five millimeters for the space of three months. I knew by experience that animals can revive after being submitted to a dry vacuum and cold for eighty days.

On the 12th of February, 1814, having observed that for a month no modification had taken place in the shrinking of the flesh, I resolved to submit the Colonel to another series of operations, in order to insure more perfect preservation by complete desiccation. I let the air reënter by the stopcock arranged for the purpose, and, after raising the receiver, proceeded at once to my experiment.

The body did not weigh more than forty-six pounds; I had then reduced it nearly to a third of its original weight. It should be borne in mind that the clothing had not lost as much water as the other parts. Now the human body contains nearly four fifths of its own weight of water, as is proved by a desiccation thoroughly made in a chemical drying furnace.

I accordingly placed the Colonel on a tray, and, after sliding it into my great furnace, gradually raised the temperature to seventy-five degrees, centigrade. I did not dare to go beyond this heat, from fear of altering the albumen and rendering it insoluble, and also of taking away from the tissues the capacity of reabsorbing the water necessary to a return to their functions.

I had taken care to arrange a convenient apparatus so that the furnace was constantly traversed by a current of dry air. This air was dried in traversing a series of jars filled with sulphuric acid, quicklime, and chloride of calcium.

After a week passed in the furnace, the general appearance of the body had not changed, but its weight was reduced to forty pounds, clothing included. Eight days more brought no new decrease of weight. From this, I concluded that the desiccation was sufficient. I knew very well that corpses mummified in church vaults for a century or more end by weighing no more than a half-score of pounds, but they do not become so light without a material alteration in their tissues.

On the 27th of February, I myself placed the Colonel in the

boxes which I had had made for his occupancy. Since that time, that is to say during a space of nine years and eleven months, we have never been separated. I carried him with me to Dantzic. He stays in my house. I have never placed him, according to his number, in my zoological collection; he remains by himself, in the chamber of honor. I do not grant any one the pleasure of re-using his chloride of calcium. I will take care of you till my dying day, O Colonel Fougas, dear and unfortunate friend! But I shall not have the joy of witnessing your resurrection. I shall not share the delightful emotions of the warrior returning to life. Your lachrymal glands, inert to-day, but some day to be reanimated, will not pour upon the bosom of your old benefactor the sweet dew of recognition. For you will not recover your life until a day when mine will have long since departed! Perhaps you will be astonished that I, loving you as I do, should have so long delayed to draw you out of this profound slumber. Who knows but that some bitter reproach may come to taint the tenderness of the first offices of gratitude that you will perform over my tomb! Yes! I have prolonged, without any benefit to you, an experiment of general interest to others. I ought to have remained faithful to my first intention, and restored your life, immediately after the signature of peace. But what! Was it well to send you back to France when the sun of your fatherland was obscured by our soldiers and allies? I have spared you that spectacle — one so grievous to such a soul as yours. Without doubt you would have had, in March, 1815, the consolation of again seeing that fatal man to whom you had consecrated your devotion; but are you entirely sure that you would not have been swallowed up with his fortune, in the shipwreck of Waterloo?

For five or six years past, it has not been your welfare, nor even the welfare of science, that prevented me from reanimating you: it has been . . . Forgive me, Colonel, it has been a cowardly attachment to life. The disorder from which I am suffering, and which will soon carry me off, is an aneurism of the heart; violent emotions are interdicted to me. If I were myself to undertake the grand operation whose process I have traced in a memorandum annexed to this instrument, I would without any doubt succumb before finishing it; my death would be an untoward accident which might trouble my assistants and cause your resuscitation to fail.

Rest content! You will not have long to wait, and moreover, what do you lose by waiting? You do not grow old, you are always twenty-four years of age; your children are growing up, you will be almost their contemporary when you come to life again. You came to Liebenfeld poor, you are now in my house poor, and my will makes you rich. That you may be happy also, is my dearest wish.

I direct that, the day after my death, my nephew, Nicholas Meiser, shall call together, by letter, the ten physicians most illustrious in the kingdom of Prussia, that he shall read to them my will and the annexed memorandum, and that he shall cause them to proceed without delay, in my own laboratory, to the resuscitation of Colonel Fougas. The expenses of travel, maintenance, etc., etc., shall be deducted from the assets of my estate. The sum of two thousand thalers shall be devoted to the publication of the glorious results of the experiment, in German, French, and Latin. A copy of this pamphlet shall be sent to each of the learned societies then existing in Europe.

In the entirely unexpected event of the efforts of science being unable to reanimate the Colonel, all my effects shall revert to Nicholas Meiser, my sole surviving relative.

JOHN MEISER, M.D.

It did not take long to get spread about the town that M. Martout and the Messieurs Renault, intended, in conjunction with several Paris *savants*, to resuscitate a dead man.

M. Martout had sent a detailed account of the case to the celebrated Karl Nibor, who had hastened to lay it before the Biological Society. A committee was forthwith appointed to accompany M. Nibor to Fontainebleau. The six commissioners and the reporter agreed to leave Paris the 15th of August, being glad to escape the din of the public rejoicings. M. Martout was notified to get things ready for the experiment, which would probably last not less than three days.

Some of the Paris papers announced this great event among their "Miscellaneous Items," but the public paid little attention to it. The grand reception of the army returning from Italy engrossed everybody's interest, and, moreover, the French do not put more than moderate faith in miracles promised in the newspapers. . . .

On the morning of the 15th of August, M. Karl Nibor pre-

sented himself at M. Renault's with Doctor Martout and the committee appointed by the Biological Society of Paris.

M. Nibor and his colleagues, after the usual compliments, requested to see the subject. They had no time to lose, as the experiment could hardly last less than three days. Leon hastened to conduct them to the laboratory and to open the three boxes containing the Colonel.

They found that the patient presented quite a favorable appearance. M. Nibor took off his clothes, which tore like tinder from having been too much dried in Father Meiser's furnace. The body, when naked, was pronounced entirely free from blemish and in a perfectly healthy condition. No one would yet have guaranteed success, but every one was full of hope.

After this preliminary examination, M. Renault put his laboratory at the service of his guests. He offered them all that he possessed, with a munificence which was not entirely free from vanity. In case the employment of electricity should appear necessary, he had a powerful battery of Leyden jars and forty of Bunsen's elements, which were entirely new. M. Nibor thanked him smilingly.

"Save your riches," said he. "With a bath tub and caldron of boiling water, we will have everything we need. The Colonel needs nothing but humidity. The thing is to give him the quantity of water necessary to the play of the organs. If you have a small room where one can introduce a jet of vapor, we will be more than content."

M. Audret, the architect, had very wisely built a little bathroom near the laboratory, which was convenient and well lighted. The celebrated steam engine was not far off, and its boiler had not, up to this time, answered any other purpose than that of warming the baths of M. and Mme. Renault.

The Colonel was carried into this room, with all the care necessitated by his fragility. It was not intended to break his second ear in the hurry of moving. Leon ran to light the fire under the boiler, and M. Nibor created him Fireman, on the field of battle.

Soon a jet of tepid vapor streamed into the bathroom, creating round the Colonel a humid atmosphere which was elevated by degrees, and without any sudden increase, to the temperature of the human body. These conditions of heat and humidity were maintained with the greatest care for

twenty-four hours. No one in the house went to sleep. The members of the Parisian Committee encamped in the laboratory. Leon kept up the fire; M. Nibor, M. Renault, and M. Martout took turns in watching the thermometer. Mme. Renault was making tea and coffee, and punch too. Gothon, who had taken communion in the morning, kept praying to God, in the corner of her kitchen, that this impious miracle might not succeed. A certain excitement already prevailed throughout the town, but one did not know whether it should be attributed to the *fête* of the 15th, or the famous undertaking of the seven wise men of Paris.

By two o'clock on the 16th, encouraging results were obtained. The skin and muscles had recovered nearly all their suppleness, but the joints were still hard to bend. The collapsed condition of the walls of the abdomen and the interval between the ribs, still indicated that the viscera were far from having reabsorbed the quantity of water which they had previously lost with Herr Meiser. A bath was prepared and kept at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees and a half. They left the Colonel in it two hours and a half, taking care to frequently pass over his head a fine sponge soaked with water.

M. Nibor removed him from the bath as soon as the skin, which was filled out sooner than the other tissues, began to assume a whitish tinge and wrinkle slightly. They kept him until the evening of the 16th in this humid room, where they arranged an apparatus which, from time to time, occasioned a fine rain of a temperature of thirty-seven and a half degrees. A new bath was given in the evening. During the night, the body was enveloped in flannel, but kept constantly in the same steaming atmosphere.

On the morning of the 17th, after a third bath of an hour and a half, the general characteristics of the figure and the proportions of the body presented their natural aspect: one would have called it a sleeping man. Five or six curious persons were admitted to see it, among others the colonel of the 23d. In the presence of these witnesses, M. Nibor moved successively all the joints, and demonstrated that they had recovered their flexibility. He gently kneaded the limbs, trunk, and abdomen. He partly opened the lips, and separated the jaws, which were quite firmly closed, and saw that the tongue had returned to its ordinary size and consistency. He also partly opened the eyelids: the eyeballs were firm and bright.

"Gentlemen," said the philosopher, "these are indications which do not deceive; I prophesy success. In a few hours you shall witness the first manifestations of life."

"But," interrupted one of the bystanders, "why not immediately?"

"Because the *conjunctivæ* are still a little paler than they ought to be. But the little veins traversing the whites of the eyes have already assumed a very encouraging appearance. The blood is almost entirely restored. What is the blood? Red globules floating in serum, or a sort of whey. The serum in poor Fougas was dried up in his veins; the water which we have gradually introduced by a slow endosmose has saturated the albumen and fibrin of the serum, which is returned to the liquid state. The red globules which desiccation had agglutinated, had become motionless like ships stranded in shoal water. Now behold them afloat again: they thicken, swell, round out their edges, detach themselves from each other, and prepare to circulate in their proper channels at the first impulse which shall be given them by the contractions of the heart."

"It remains to see," said M. Renault, "whether the heart will put itself in motion. In a living man, the heart moves under the impulse of the brain, transmitted by the nerves. The brain acts under the impulse of the heart, transmitted by the arteries. The whole forms a perfectly exact circle, without which there is no wellbeing. And when neither heart nor brain acts, as in the Colonel's case, I don't see which of the two can set the other in motion. You remember the scene in the 'École des Femmes,' where Arnolphe knocks at his door? The valet and the maid, Alain and Georgette, are both in the house. 'Georgette!' cries Alain.—'Well?' replies Georgette. 'Open the door down there!'—'Go yourself! Go yourself!'—'Gracious me! I shan't go!'—'I shan't go either!'—'Open it right away!'—'Open it yourself!' And nobody opens it. I am inclined to think, Monsieur, that we are attending a performance of this comedy. The house is the body of the Colonel; Arnolphe, who wants to get in, is the Vital Principle. The heart and brain act the parts of Alain and Georgette. 'Open the door!' says one.—'Open it yourself!' says the other. And the Vital Principle waits outside."

"Monsieur," replied M. Nibor, smiling, "you forget the ending of the scene. Arnolphe gets angry, and cries out:

'Whichever of you two doesn't open the door, shan't have anything to eat for four days!' And forthwith Alain hurries himself, Georgette runs and the door is opened. Now bear in mind that I speak in this way only in order to conform to your own course of reasoning, for the term 'Vital Principle' is at variance with the actual assertions of science. Life will manifest itself as soon as the brain, or the heart, or any one of the organs which have the capacity of working spontaneously, shall have absorbed the quantity of water it needs. Organized matter has inherent properties which manifest themselves without the assistance of any foreign principle, whenever they are surrounded by certain conditions. Why do not M. Fougas' muscles contract yet? Why does not the tissue of the brain enter into action? Because they have not yet the amount of moisture necessary to them. In the fountain of life there is lacking, perhaps, a pint of water. But I shall be in no hurry to refill it: I am too much afraid of breaking it. Before giving this gallant fellow a final bath, it will be necessary to knead all his organs again, to subject his abdomen to regular compressions, in order that the serous membranes of the stomach, chest, and heart may be perfectly disagglutinated and capable of slipping on each other. You are aware that the slightest tear in these parts, or the least resistance, would be enough to kill our subject at the moment of his revival."

While speaking, he united example to precept and kept kneading the trunk of the Colonel. . . .

Never had the little Rue de la Faisanderie seen such a crowd. An astonished passer-by stopped and inquired:—

"What's the matter here? Is it a funeral?"

"Quite the reverse, Sir."

"A christening, then?"

"With warm water!"

"A birth?"

"A being born again!" . . .

At noon, the commissioner of police and the lieutenant of *gens d'armes* made way through the crowd and entered the house. These gentlemen hastened to declare to M. Renault that their visit had nothing of an official character, but that they had come merely from curiosity. In the corridor they met the Sub-prefect, the Mayor, and Gothon, who was lamenting in loud tones that she should see the government lend its hand to such sorceries.

About one o'clock, M. Nibor caused a new and prolonged bath to be given the Colonel, on coming out of which the body was subjected to a kneading harder and more complete than before.

"Now," said the Doctor, "we can carry M. Fougas into the laboratory, in order to give his resuscitation all the publicity desirable. But it will be well to dress him, and his uniform is in tatters."

"I think," answered good M. Renault, "that the Colonel is about my size; so I can lend him some of my clothes. Heaven grant that he may use them! But, between us, I don't hope for it."

Gothon brought in, grumbling, all that was necessary to dress an entirely naked man. But her bad humor did not hold out before the beauty of the Colonel: —

"Poor gentleman!" she exclaimed, "he is young, fresh, and fair as a little chicken. If he doesn't revive, it will be a great pity!"

There were about forty people in the laboratory when Fougas was carried thither. M. Nibor, assisted by M. Martout, placed him on a sofa, and begged a few moments of attentive silence. During these proceedings, Mme. Renault sent to inquire if she could come in. She was admitted.

"Madame and gentlemen," said M. Nibor, "life will manifest itself in a few minutes. It is possible that the muscles will act first, and that their action may be convulsive, on account of not yet being regulated by the influence of the nervous system. I ought to apprise you of this fact, in order that you may not be frightened if such a thing transpires." . . .

He again began making systematic compressions of the lower part of the chest, rubbing the skin with his hands, half opening the eyelids, examining the pulse, and auscultating the region of the heart.

The attention of the spectators was diverted an instant by a hubbub outside. A battalion of the 23d was passing, with music at the head, through the Rue de la Faisanderie. While the saxhorns were shaking the windows, a sudden flush mantled on the cheeks of the Colonel. His eyes, which had stood half open, lit up with a brighter sparkle. At the same instant, M. Nibor, who had his ear applied to the chest, cried: —

"I hear the beatings of the heart!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the chest rose with a violent inspiration, the limbs contracted, the body straightened up, and out came a cry: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

RELIGION AND LOVE.[1]

BY B. P GALDOS.

(From "Gloria.")

[BENITO PEREZ GALDOS: A Spanish novelist; born in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, May 10, 1845. Among his works are: "Gloria," "Doña Perfecta," "The Fountain of Gold," and "Halma."]

MORTON decided to walk back to X.; in order to avoid passing through Ficóbriga, he made a circuit which took him behind the Abbey. Just as he reached the narrow passage which runs past the eastern porch, he heard the rusty hinges of the door groan, and looking round, his eyes beheld Gloria de Lantigua. Morton could not have been more startled and agitated if a vision from heaven had dawned upon him. His first instinct was to fly to her, but he controlled the impulse, and shrinking into a niche in the old Abbey wall, he stood as still as if he had been part of it. Gloria turned homewards, and passed him like some bright flash of thought across the darkness of his despair. He saw her disappear round the corner of the lane and mechanically came out of his nook to follow her.

"I am condemned never to see her again," thought he. "Then this once at least ——" But he kept at some distance, stopping when he had gained upon her, but hurrying after her when she had got far ahead; and at last, when Gloria entered the garden gate, he stopped short.

"It is all over —— " he said. "Now I will go." And yet, before he could make up his mind to start, he sat for half an hour on a stone in the side street, which led from the little Abbey plaza down to the grass slope that led to the shore.

A large tepid drop of water, falling on his hand, roused him from his dream, and, looking up at the sky, he saw a dense yellow cloud with shadows of the gloomiest gray, and felt that the atmosphere was chokingly oppressive. Then a gust of wind rushed down upon him, sweeping whirling pillars of dust before it, and great drops began to fall which splashed up the dust, making black pits in it, as if it were raining penny pieces. Daniel, seeking shelter from the storm, which was now upon

him, went out of that alley into another, and at last found a large empty shed where he was perfectly sheltered. By this time the rain was falling in a deluge that was positively terrifying, inundating the streets and seeming very capable of washing the miserable little town bodily away.

"This is just how it rained on the wretched Plantagenet, the day it was wrecked. It seems to be a fate that pursues me; I came in a tempest, and I am leaving in a tempest. The way of the Lord is past finding out." And then looking up at the clouds, which were rent by the lightning and pouring out rivers, he said softly to himself: "The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee and were afraid, the depths also were troubled, the clouds poured out water, the air thundered and Thine arrows went abroad: The voice of Thy thunder was heard round about. . . . Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters and Thy footsteps are not known."

It was now quite dark, for the storm had anticipated the night, the day was already declining. Morton looked up at the west front of the Lantiguas' house, which was on the opposite side of the street, and saw lights in the upper windows.

"They are all in there," thought he, "by this time, and Gloria is soothing the hours of the two old men with songs that are like angels' songs — O God! how happy are they!"

Time went on, the streets were now rivers; cataracts poured from the roofs as if the flood gates of a reservoir had burst above them; the rain lashed the walls as with a thousand whips, the few passers-by hurried along in dismay. At last, after about half an hour of this deluge, the skies seemed to have emptied themselves; the torrent thinned out, the clouds passed over, and Nature seemed ready to smile again, with a revulsion as prompt as her rage had been, as though she had been indulging in a mere practical joke.

"It seems to me I can get on now," thought Morton, "but how am I to navigate these streets? It would seem that I am to suffer shipwreck not once, but twice, in Ficóbriga."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he heard voices and shouts in the little plaza and also inside Lantigua's garden. A number of persons hurried to the spot, and Daniel also went forward, slowly, at first, but as quickly as possible when he distinguished Gloria's voice amid the cries of alarm.

"What has happened?" he asked the first man he met.

"The sudden flood has broken down the bridge, and Señorita Gloria is dreadfully alarmed, for Don Juan and his Reverence the Bishop had not returned from Brijan."

Morton found the garden open and went in; the first thing he saw was Gloria rushing across the garden. She was wrapped in a red cloak, and on her head and face sparkled a few drops of the rain, which had not yet quite ceased. She was tremulous with the chill and with alarm, and her pretty face was very pale.

"Daniel!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You here! what do you want?" And she fled back to the house.

Morton followed her.

"Good God!" she exclaimed. "Do you not know what is happening? The rain has carried away the bridge; my father and my uncle must have started from the Copse — oh! I cannot live in this suspense — I must go there at once."

"But you cannot cross," said one.

"Yes, you can just get across," said another. "Francisquin has this moment come from the curé's house. There is a gap in the middle, but by clinging and jumping he could get across."

"Is Francisquin here, did you say?" asked Gloria.

"Yes, Señorita, he is here with a message from the master."

"Francisquin, here, come here!" Gloria shouted across the garden. A lean, dark boy came forward, drenched from head to foot like a water god.

"And my father, my uncle?" asked the girl.

"Nothing has happened to them," said the boy; "but no one can cross in a coach, and only with great danger on foot. The river has risen tremendously."

"Did they give you no message for me?"

"Yes, Señorita; that you are not to be uneasy, as all the gentlemen will stay at the Copse to-night, but will return to-morrow; they will have to go up to Villamojada to cross the bridge at San Mateo, though I think they would do better to cross in boats."

"Thank God! I am easy now," said Gloria.

At the same moment she fixed her eyes on Daniel Morton; her terrors being relieved, her mind was wholly absorbed in gazing at this ominous apparition.

"Good-by," said the foreigner, "since I can be of no use here —— "

Gloria hesitated for a moment, agitated and confused.

"Good-by," she repeated. "I thought you were already on your way to England. Has the ship again been wrecked? Good Heavens! you always come with a storm. Why have you come again? Why did you come before?—For God's sake, Daniel, what does it all mean?"

Her eager face betrayed anxious curiosity and the love which mastered her and which had not been wholly beaten out.

"Will you not show me so much favor as to give me your hand?"

The servants, one after another, had left them.

"But I want to know," said Gloria, "why you are here and not on your way to England. I never thought of seeing you again. Why have you come back?—But no, I do not want to know—I want to know nothing."

"It was the direct will of God that I should see you this night. Give me your hand."

"Take it—and farewell." Morton kissed it with devotion. "Farewell, in earnest."

"In earnest," said Daniel.

"Where is your horse?" asked Gloria.

"I have lost it."

"Lost it! But then ——"

"I am going on foot."

"Where to, if there is no bridge?" Morton reflected seriously—strange! that the bridge should just now be broken down.

"It is a long way round," added the girl, probing her friend's very soul, as it seemed, with her gaze.

"I will go to the inn here, in Ficóbriga."

"To be sure. Good night."

Still Morton stood rooted to the ground

"Good night," he repeated in a tone of anguish. "But are you going already? Oh! this is horrible and wicked!" Gloria herself could not move from the spot.

"Yes, I am going; I must"—she said sadly. "This unexpected meeting is a trick of the devil. My friend, go. Good-by."

"You turn me out? Oh! this is too horrible. But I will not obey, I call God to witness ——" and Morton took a step towards the house.

"I turn you from the house, only because I must, because

God demands the sacrifice," cried Gloria, vainly endeavoring to choke down the torrent of her passion.

"It is false! it is false!" cried Morton, in a fever of excitement. "You do not love me, you have mocked at me, at me — a miserable stranger flung here by the waves, and who cannot escape though he desires to fly."

"You are not reasonable and kind, as you were last time we met. My friend, if you care for me and respect me, go. I implore you."

The poor child was almost choked with the words.

"And never see you again! — If I fly, God will drag me back to you. Never see you again! I will tear my eyes out before I obey you."

"You can see me better in your memory than with your eyes. It was you who advised that we should each make some sacrifice. Why do you now oppose it?"

"Because God himself has led me to you, and said to me: 'Go and take that which is thine to all eternity.'"

"Who is your God?"

"The same as yours. There is but one God."

Gloria felt her passion seething in her soul; it was becoming uncontrollable.

"Morton, my friend," she said wildly, "I implore and beseech you to go. Go at once, if you care to remain enshrined in my heart."

"I do not care, I cannot care!" he exclaimed, with such vehemence that she quailed.

A fearful turmoil confused her senses and clouded her discernment, as the rising of noxious vapors clouds the sun.

"My friend," she said once more in desperation that was almost a delirium, "if you care for my love — and I love you more than my life — go, leave me in peace. Will you believe what I say? I love you more than ever, most of all when we are parted."

"It is false!" he said, "false, false!"

"You are mean!" cried the girl, with a desperate appeal to his better mind. "This is unworthy of you, Daniel; you are not what I thought you."

"I am — as I am," muttered Morton. "I can be nothing else."

"I shall hate you."

"Then hate me. Oh, I would rather you should, a thousand times rather!"

"All ties and bonds between us are broken," said Gloria, in an agonized tone. "Leave me — ah! why do you not leave me?"

"I did leave you — but fate, or God, or I know not what, brought me again to your side."

"God?" she exclaimed. "God?"

"I cannot believe in chance."

"But I believe in Satan!" she cried.

A furious blast suddenly swept down upon them; they could hardly hear each other speak.

"Gloria," said Morton, with the solemnity of passion, "in the name of God, who is our creator, I appeal to you — darling of my heart, love of my life — come, fly with me; come, follow me."

"Merciful Savior!" cried the girl, in helpless terror.

"You do not hear the mysterious call of destiny — of God; I do; the sky, the earth, all, everything says to me: 'She is for you.'"

"Oh! go, good-by, farewell!" exclaimed Gloria, clasping her hands over her ears, and tearing herself away, she rushed into the house; but Daniel followed her. She was in, and tried to shut the door, but Morton opposed it, with all his strength, and entered behind her.

"What dreadful weather!" muttered Francisca. "It seems as though the end of the world were come! Mercy! the wind has blown out the light on the stairs — and how the doors are slamming! Roque, Roque!"

At the worthy housekeeper's call, Roque made his appearance, half asleep, and met her as she came along the low passage.

"Come, man, bestir yourself," said Francisca, feeling her way along the corridor. "Holy Savior! Blessed Virgin and Joseph! how frightened I am! I thought I saw a figure, a shape, a dark object, flying up the back stairs."

"Ah! you see visions, dame Francisca."

"It is bad enough to see you, you ugly lout. Lock the garden door, as the gentlemen are not coming home. What a fearful gale. After the storm, the hurricane; this is the way St. James treats us. It is just as if the demons were let loose,

and wanted to lift the house up bodily into the air. Tell me, stupid head, have you seen the Señorita go upstairs?"

"Yes, some time since."

"How could you have seen her then, when you were fast asleep? Can she be in the dining room? No, it is all dark. Go and lock the door and light the lantern, and we will search the house."

"Search it?"

"Yes, man; I am not easy in my mind. I fancied I saw! —Holy Saint Anthony preserve us ——"

"A ghost, a spirit?"

"There, that will do; lock the door, come upstairs, and hold your tongue," and they went upstairs together.

"Ah!" said Francisca, as they reached the top passage.

"Señorita Gloria is shut up in her room. I see the light through her door," and going up to it she called out: —

"Good night, Señorita."

Then they went over the whole house, but they found no one. The wind did not cease; it stormed the house, on all sides, as if to fling it to the ground and to tear it from its strong foundations and whirl it away in fragments. It seemed as though all Ficóbriga, with the Abbey and the tower, might be swept away by the tornado, like a boat that has lost its rudder. The trees in the garden leaned from the gale, their branches waving like wild disheveled hair, and the squalls of rain rattled like hoofs upon the windows. When the mad fury of the gale abated, the sound was like that of violent weeping, mingled with bitter sighs and piercing groans, which rose and fell, and echoed through the house — a monologue of grief, with imprecations, sobs, and tears.

Then the blast rose again as furious as ever; the boughs, in their giddy writhing, lashed each other, and amid the turmoil of noises that filled the vault of heaven, it was not difficult to fancy that one heard the beating of the crushed wings of an angel expelled from Paradise.

Gloria felt as if her body and soul both had been frozen to numbness, and she only very slowly recovered her ordinary frame of mind. When she first dared to cast a glance into her conscience, she was horrified at herself. All was dark and hideous there, and when she remembered her family, her name, her honor — she felt abandoned alike by God and man.

"Daniel, Daniel!" she cried, covering her eyes with one

hand and stretching out the other, as though she saw an abyss before her and was craving help. "Where are you?" Morton clasped her in his arms.

"Here," he said. "At your side, and I will never leave you."

"How madly you talk! — you must go — you ought to fly; but ah! for God's sake do not leave me now. I am dying."

"Now?" said Daniel, resolutely. "Never; nothing shall tear me from you."

"My father!" she murmured.

"I do not care for him."

"My religion!"

Her lover was silent, and his head sank on his breast.

"Daniel!" cried the girl, in tones of anguish. "What is the matter?"

He did not answer, and laying her hand under his beard, she gently forced him to raise his head.

"You have said the fatal word. I can never accept that," said he. "You have frozen the blood in my veins, and wrung my heart as if you had lashed it with a whip."

"Why are you so agitated?" said the girl, herself terrified at his terrors. "Daniel, friend of my soul, do not widen the gulf that parts us; on the contrary, let us try to fill it up."

"But how?"

"Let us make an effort, let us amalgamate our beliefs in one creed, and bring our consciences to meet halfway. Have we not sinned together? Then let us be one in something good — in truth. Let us honestly examine what it is that divides us, and we shall find that it cannot be such an insuperable distance."

"In the eyes of heaven and earth, no — but in the eyes of men — immense."

"O God!" cried Gloria, bursting into tears: "Hast Thou no mercy in store for us?"

"My love, my darling," cried Morton, kissing her passionately. "The moment has in truth come when all must be clear between us."

"And when we must boldly face this hideous question."

"Yes — it is inevitable."

"Remorse stands before us and threatens us with its terrors; still it cries out to us: 'Ye are one now and forever!'"

"Forever!" he murmured.

"We can never part now."

"Never!—and the hour for truth has struck."

"Ah! Daniel!" cried Gloria, with a sudden and fervid surging up of religious emotion. "Love of my life, companion of my soul, husband of my choice, let us kneel together, before that image of our crucified Redeemer, and make a solemn vow this night to agree upon our religious differences, making every possible concession, I as much as you. We are both the children of the Savior Christ, let us fix our eyes on Him—Daniel, Daniel, why do you turn away?"

Gloria had fallen on her knees in front of the crucifix, and clung to Morton's arm that he might do the same; but he only stood upright, with his head sunk upon his breast. Never had his face seemed to her so beautiful or so pathetic. Pale and grave, his blue eyes looked down with a gaze of infinite sadness, and seen in profile, the line of his features, his smooth brow and soft, pointed beard, made his resemblance to the image of the incarnate Son quite perfect.

"Why do you not even look at me?" asked Gloria, in despair.

"I can do no more——" cried Morton, with a sudden flash of resolve. "Gloria, I am not a Christian."

"What?—Daniel. O Mary, Virgin Mother!"

"I must at last tell you all," said her lover, with the deepest emotion. "I am not a Christian; I am a Jew."

"Holy Savior!—Father, Redeemer!" The words broke from Gloria in a cry of horror and anguish, like the dying breath of a man who falls stabbed through and again, or who sees a gulf yawn at his feet revealing the flames of hell. Her voice died on her lips, and she sank senseless on the floor.



VESTA.

By EDGAR FAWCETT

[1847–.]

When skies are starless yet when day is done,
  When odors of the freshened sward are sweeter,
When light is dreamy round the sunken sun,
  At limit of the grassy lane I meet her.

She steals a gracious hand across the gate;
My own its timid touch an instant flatters;
Below the glooming leaves we linger late,
And gossip of a thousand airy matters.

I gladden that the hay is stored with luck;
I smile to hear the pumpkin bed is turning;
I mourn the lameness of her speckled duck;
I marvel at the triumphs of her churning.

From cow to cabbage, and from horse to hen,
I treat bucolics with my rustic charmer,
At heart the most unpastoral of men,
Converted by this dainty little farmer.

And yet if one soft syllable I chance,
As late below the glooming leaves we linger,
The pretty veto sparkles in her glance,
And cautions in her brown uplifted finger.

O happy trysts at blossom time of stars!
O moments when the glad blood thrills and quickens!
O all-inviolable gateway bars!
O Vesta of the milking pails and chickens!



HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.

By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

[Henry Thomas Buckle, philosophical historian, was born at Lee, Kent, November 24, 1821, and on account of his delicate health was educated at home, chiefly by his mother. In 1840, on the death of his father, a wealthy London shipowner, he inherited an ample fortune, which enabled him to indulge his fondness for books and to give himself up to literary pursuits. In 1857 he published the first volume of his famous "History of Civilization in England," which produced a sensation in Europe and America. The special doctrine that it sought to uphold was that climate, soil, food, and the aspects of nature are the determining factors in intellectual progress. After the publication of the second volume (1861), Buckle set out on an Eastern tour, and died of typhoid fever at Damascus, Syria, May 29, 1862. For twenty years he was reckoned one of the finest chess players in the world.]

Those readers who are acquainted with the manner in which in the physical world the operations of the laws of nature are constantly disturbed, will expect to find in the

moral world disturbances equally active. Such aberrations proceed, in both instances, from minor laws, which at particular points meet the larger laws, and thus alter their normal action. Of this, the science of mechanics affords a good example in the instance of that beautiful theory called the parallelogram of forces—according to which the forces are to each other in the same proportion as is the diagonal of their respective parallelograms. This is a law pregnant with great results; it is connected with those important mechanical resources, the composition and resolution of forces; and no one acquainted with the evidence on which it stands ever thought of questioning its truth. But the moment we avail ourselves of it for practical purposes, we find that in its action it is warped by other laws, such as those concerning the friction of air, and the different density of the bodies on which we operate, arising from the chemical composition, or, as some suppose, from their atomic arrangement. Perturbations being thus let in, the pure and simple action of the mechanical law disappears. Still, and although the results of the law are incessantly disturbed, the law itself remains intact. Just in the same way, the great social law that the moral actions of men are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents, is itself liable to disturbances which trouble its operation without affecting its truth. And this is quite sufficient to explain those slight variations which we find from year to year in the total amount of crime produced by the same country. Indeed, looking at the fact that the moral world is far more abundant in materials than the physical world, the only ground for astonishment is that these variations should not be greater; and from the circumstances that the discrepancies are so trifling, we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation.

Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that,

instead of having any connection with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people: so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and by the rate of wages. In other cases, uniformity has been detected, though the causes of the uniformity are still unknown. Thus, to give a curious instance, we are now able to prove that the aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order. The post offices of London and of Paris have latterly published returns of the number of letters which the writers, through forgetfulness, omitted to direct; and, making allowance for the difference of circumstances, the returns are year after year copies of each other. Year after year the same proportion of letter writers forget this simple act; so that for each successive period we can actually foretell the number of persons whose memory will fail them in regard to this trifling and, as it might appear, accidental occurrence.

To those who have steady conception of the regularity of events, and have firmly seized the great truth that the actions of men, being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but, however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we in the present state of knowledge can barely see the outline,—to those who understand this, which is at once the key and the basis of history, the facts just adduced, so far from being strange, will be precisely what would have been expected, and ought long since to have been known. Indeed, the progress of inquiry is becoming so rapid and so earnest, that I entertain little doubt that before another century has elapsed, the chain of evidence will be complete, and it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world.

It will be observed that the preceding proofs of our actions, being regulated by law, have been derived from statistics—a branch of knowledge which, though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together. But although the statisticians have been the first to investigate this great subject by treating it according to those methods of reasoning which in other fields have been found successful; and although they have, by the

application of numbers, brought to bear upon it a very powerful engine for eliciting truth,—we must not, on that account, suppose that there are no other resources remaining by which it may likewise be cultivated; nor should we infer that because the physical sciences have not yet been applied to history, they are therefore inapplicable to it. Indeed, when we consider the incessant contact between man and the external world, it is certain that there must be an intimate connection between human actions and physical laws; so that if physical science has not hitherto been brought to bear upon history, the reason is, either that historians have not perceived the connection, or else that, having perceived it, they have been destitute of the knowledge by which its workings can be traced. Hence there has arisen an unnatural separation of the two great departments of inquiry, the study of the internal, and that of the external: and although, in the present state of European literature, there are some unmistakable symptoms of a desire to break down this artificial barrier, still it must be admitted that as yet nothing has been actually accomplished towards effecting so great an end. The moralists, the theologians, and the metaphysicians continue to prosecute their studies without much respect for what they deem the inferior labors of scientific men; whose inquiries, indeed, they frequently attack, as dangerous to the interests of religion, and as inspiring us with an undue confidence in the resources of the human understanding. On the other hand, the cultivators of physical science, conscious that they are an advancing body, are naturally proud of their own success; and, contrasting their discoveries with the more stationary position of their opponents, are led to despise pursuits the barrenness of which has now become notorious.

It is the business of the historian to mediate between these two parties, and reconcile their hostile pretensions by showing the point at which their respective studies ought to coalesce. To settle the terms of this coalition will be to fix the basis of all history. For since history deals with the actions of men, and since their actions are merely the product of a collision between internal and external phenomena, it becomes necessary to examine the relative importance of those phenomena; to inquire into the extent to which their laws are known; and to ascertain the resources for future discovery possessed by these two great classes, the students of the mind and the students of nature.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

ETHICS OF THE HEROIC AGE.[1]

BY WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

(From "Juventus Mundi.")

[WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE: An English statesman and writer; born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died May 19, 1898. He was sent to Eton and then to Oxford, taking the highest honors at the university. He then studied law, entered Parliament; became president of the Board of Trade, chancellor of the exchequer; succeeded Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons; in 1868 succeeded Disraeli as first lord of the treasury, and held many other high offices. He was the greatest statesman in England, and also took a high rank among men of letters His writings are many and varied, including essays, translations, and works on theology and philology Among the more notable are "The State in its Relations with the Church" (1838), "Church Principles considered in their Results" (1840), "Manual of Prayers from the Liturgy" (1845), "On the Place of Homer in Classical Education" (1857), "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (3 vols., 1858), "'Ecce Homo'" (1868), "A Chapter of Autobiography" (1868), "Juventus Mundi" (1869), "The Vatican Decrees" (1874), "Homeric Synchronism" (1876), "Homer" (1878), "Gleanings of Past Years" (7 vols., 1879), "Landmarks of Homeric Study" (1890), "An Introduction to the People's Bible History" (1895), "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler" (1896), and "On the Condition of Man in a Future Life" (1896)]

THE point in which the ethical tone of the heroic age stands highest of all is, perhaps, the strength of the domestic affections. They are prevalent in Olympus; and they constitute an amiable feature in the portraiture even of deities who have nothing else to recommend them. Not only does Poseidon care for the brutal Polyphemus, and Zeus for the noble and gallant Sarpedon, but Ares for Ascalaphus, and Aphrodite for Æneas. In the Trojan royal family there is little of the higher morality; but parental affection is vehement in the characters, somewhat relaxed as they are in fiber, both of Priam and of Hecuba. Odysseus chooses for the title, by which he would be known, that of the Father of Telemachus. The single portraiture of Penelope, ever yearning through twenty years for her absent husband, and then praying to be removed from life, that she may never gladden the spirit of a meaner man, could not have been designed or drawn, except in a country where the standard, in this great branch of morality, was a high one. This is the palmary and all-sufficient instance. Others might be mentioned to follow, though none can equal it.

Perhaps even beyond other cases of domestic relation, the

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natural sentiment, as between parents and children, was profoundly ingrained in the morality of the heroic age. The feeling of Achilles for Peleus, of Odysseus for his father Laertes and his mother Anticlea, exhibits an affection alike deep and tender. Those who die young, like Simoisius by the hand of Ajax, die before they have had time to repay to their parents their threptra, the pains and care of rearing them. Phœnix, in the height of wrath with his father, and in a country where homicide was thought a calamity far more than a crime, is restrained from offering him any violence, lest he should be branded, among the Achaians, with the stamp of Parricide. All this was reciprocated on the side of parents: even in Troy, as we may judge from the conduct and words of Hector, of Andromache, of Priam. While the father of Odysseus pined on earth for his return, his mother died of a broken heart for his absence. And the Shade of Achilles in the Underworld only craves to know whether Peleus is still held in honor; and a momentary streak of light and joy gilds his dreary and gloomy existence, when he learns that his son Neoptolemus has proved himself worthy of his sire, and has attained to fame in war. The very selfish nature of Agamemnon does not prevent his feeling a watchful anxiety for his brother Menelaus. Where human interests spread and ramify by this tenacity of domestic affections, there the generations of men are firmly knit together; concern for the future becomes a spring of noble action; affection for the past engenders an emulation of its greatness; and as it is in history that these sentiments find their means of subsistence, the primitive poet of such a country scarcely can but be an historian.

We do not find, indeed, that relationships are traced in Homer by name beyond the degree of first cousins. But that the tie of blood was much more widely recognized, we may judge from the passage in the Second Iliad, which shows that the divisions of the army were subdivided into tribes and clans. Guestship likewise descended through generations: Diomed and Glaucus exchange arms, and agree to avoid one another in fight, because their grandfathers had been xenoi.

The intensity of the Poet's admiration for beautiful form is exhibited alike with reference to men, women, and animals. Achilles, his greatest warrior, is also his most beautiful man: Ajax, the second soldier, has also the second place in beauty, according to Odysseus. Nireus, his rival for that place, is

commemorated for his beauty, though in other respects he is declared to have been an insignificant personage. Odysseus, elderly, if not old, is carried into rapture by the beauty of Nausicaa. Not Helen alone, but his principal women in general, short of positive old age (for Penelope is included), are beautiful. He felt intensely, as appears from many passages, the beauty of the horse. But this admiring sentiment towards all beauty of form appears to have been an entirely pure one. His only licentious episode, that of the Net of Hephæstus, he draws from an Eastern mythology. He recounts it as sung before men only, not women; and not in Greece, but in Scheria, to an audience of Phœnician extraction and associations. It is in Troy that the gloating eyes of the old men follow Helen as she walks. The only Greeks to whom the like is imputed are the dissolute and hateful Suitors of the Odyssey. The proceedings of Here in the Fourteenth Iliad are strictly subordinated to policy. They are scarcely decent; and a single sentiment of Thetis may be criticised. But the observations I would offer are, first that all the questionable incidents of sentiments are in the sphere of the mythology, which in several important respects tended to corrupt, and not to elevate, mankind. Secondly, how trifling an item do they contribute to the great Encyclopedia of human life, which is presented to us in the Poems. Thirdly, even among the great writers of the Christian ages, how few will abide the application of a rigid test in this respect so well as Homer. And lastly, let us observe the thorough rectitude of purpose which governs the Poems: where Artemis, the severely pure, is commonly represented as an object of veneration, but Aphrodite is as commonly represented in such a manner as to attract aversion or contempt, and when, among human characters, no licentious act is ever so exhibited as to confuse or pervert the sense of right and wrong. The Poet's treatment on Paris on earth, whom he has made his only contemptible prince or warrior, is in strict keeping with his treatment of Aphrodite among Immortals.

With regard to anything which is unbecoming in the human person, the delicacy of Homer is uniform and perhaps unrivaled. In the case of women, there is not a single allusion to it. In the case of men, the only allusions we find are grave and admirably handled. When Odysseus threatens to strip Thersites, it is only to make him an object of general and unmitigated

disgust. When Priam foretells the mangling of his own naked corpse by animals, the insult to natural decency thus anticipated serves only to express the intense agony of his mind. The scene in which Odysseus emerges from the sea on the coast of Scheria, is perhaps among the most careful, and yet the most simple and unaffected, exhibitions of true modesty in all literature. And the mode in which all this is presented to us suggests that it forms a true picture of the general manners of the nation at the time. That this delicacy long subsisted in Greece, we learn from Thucydides. The morality of the Homeric period is that of the childhood of a race: the morality of the classic times belongs to its manhood. On the side of the latter, it may be urged that two causes in particular tend to raise its level. With regular forms of political and civil organization, there grows up in written law a public testimonial on behalf, in the main, of truth, honesty, and justice. For, while private conduct represents the human mind under the bias of every temptation, the law, as a general rule, speaks that which our perceptions would affirm were there no such bias. But further, with law and order comes the clearer idea and fuller enjoyment of the fruits of labor; and for the sake of security each man adopts, and in general acts upon, a recognition of the rights of property. These are powerful agencies for good in a great department of morals. Besides these, with a more imposing beauty, but probably with less of practical efficacy, the speculative intellect of man goes to work, and establishes abstract theories of virtue, vice, and their consequences, which by their comprehensiveness and method put out of countenance the indeterminate ethics of remote antiquity. All this is to be laid in one scale. But the other would, I think, predominate, if it were only from the single consideration that the creed of the Homeric age brought both the sense and the dread of the divine justice to bear in restraint of vice and passion. And upon the whole, after the survey which has been taken, it would in my opinion be somewhat rash to assert that either the duties of men to the deity, or the larger claims of man upon man, were better understood in the age of Pericles or Alexander, of Sylla or Augustus, than in the age of Homer.

Perhaps the following sketch of Greek life in the heroic age may not be far wide of the truth.

The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence of his

parents, and in desire to emulate their fame; he shares in manly and in graceful sports; acquires the use of arms; hardens himself in the pursuit, then of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plow firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.

And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction and by practice how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand. Human life is cheap; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakes within him, and he loses his humanity for the time, until reason has reestablished her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbor, yet he might be not unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbors will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it; and it is abhorred.

But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood, and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleaming from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden, some Nausicaa, or some Hermione of a neighboring district, in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people, in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them, and advises with them, on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the scepter to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

Such was, probably, the state of society amidst the concluding phase of which Homer's youth, at least, was passed. But a dark and deep social revolution seems to have followed the Trojan war; we have its workings already become visible in the Odyssey. Scarcely could even Odysseus cope with it, contracted though it was for him within the narrow bounds of Ithaca. On the mainland, the bands of the elder society are soon wholly broken. The Pelopid, Neleid, Œnid houses are a wreck: disorganization invites the entry of new forces to control it; the Dorian lances bristle on the Ætolian beach, and the primitive Greece, the patriarchal Greece, the Greece of Homer, is no more.



GEN LEW WALLACE

THE CHARIOT RACE AT ANTIOCH.[1]

BY LEW WALLACE.

(From "Ben-Hur. A Tale of the Christ")

[LEWIS WALLACE: generally known as Lew Wallace, American general, lawyer, diplomatist, and novelist, was born at Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827. He served as lieutenant in the Mexican War, attained the rank of major general of volunteers during the Civil War, and from 1881 to 1885 was United States minister to Turkey. When not engaged in public service he has practiced law and devoted himself to literature. He is chiefly celebrated as the author of the historical novel, "Ben-Hur" (1880), which has had a phenomenal sale. He has written two other historical novels, "The Fair God" and "The Prince of India"; "The Boyhood of Christ"; and a life of Benjamin Harrison.]

AT length the recess came to an end.

The trumpeters blew a call, at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time some attendants appeared in the arena, and, climbing upon the division wall, went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

"What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O sheik?" asked Balthasar.

"Hast thou never attended a race?"

"Never before; and hardly know I why I am here."

"Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down."

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The unusual flush upon his face gave proof that even Simonides had caught the universal excitement. Ilderim pulled his beard fast and furious.

"Look now for the Roman," said the fair Egyptian to Esther, who did not hear her, for, with close-drawn veil and beating heart, she sat watching for Ben-Hur.

The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall consequently was equally distant from the starting line or chalked rope above mentioned.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp, whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the four proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gatekeepers threw the stalls open

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again.

They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the tramping of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gatekeepers called their men, instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had waited! this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come — look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully. The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended;

on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for — the position next the division wall on the inner side of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true —

> It is not strength but art obtained the prize,
> And to be swift is less than to be wise —

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable, nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance, — just one, — in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the late result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them, Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the

motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths — in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought — in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked or hoped from them — their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted — limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn — limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers, every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly, and with such distinctness as the picture comes he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable: a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yokefellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousand held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tailpiece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting. "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench on which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on, the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

* * * * * * *

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased;

but more — it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which they were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass darkly, cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined — a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve. In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor — everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon fortune; he did not believe in fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed to glow with renewed transparency.

When not halfway across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there were no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flashlike insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant the competitors were prudentially checking their fours.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time. The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making

the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then it would seem Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand.—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; upon the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was the spring

of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled around the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face — a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time. In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared. And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the latter Cæsarean period — Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside of Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened — gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators

bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quit combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent — or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best. How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home stretch — sixth round — Messala leading, and next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story: —

First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.

Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them. As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim the moment the rivals turned into the course: "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered: "Saw you how clean they were, and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with the like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! Loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again! Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for halfway round the course, and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change.

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse — oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women — singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! — and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent — home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! — steady! The work is done — soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple, seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction, that is on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given — the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car — all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong. To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted, and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which by look, word, and gesture he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and the Corinthian were halfway down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

The consul arose, the people shouted themselves hoarse, the editor came down from his seat and crowned the victors.

The procession was then formed, and, 'midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over.



THE WOUNDED SENTINEL.

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

[EDMONDO DE AMICIS: An Italian writer; born at Oneglia in Liguria, October 21, 1846. After serving several years in the Italian army, he made his home in Turin and gave his time wholly to literary work. His writings are strong, sympathetic, at times humorous, and always graceful in style. Their titles include "Army Life" (1869), "Recollections of 1870-1871" (1872), "The College Friends," "The Paternal Home" (1872), "A Great Day," "Hearts," and several works of travel, including, "Spain," "Recollections of London," "Constantinople," and "Morocco."]

IT was growing dark. The streets of the city were full of people. Those shops which are generally open during the evening were in great part closed, and the remainder were being shut one by one. Here and there, at the corners, on the squares, in front of the cafés, on the steps of the churches, were groups of men and boys, who were talking in low and excited voices, turning from time to time to look around them in order to see that no suspicious person was listening. There was a continuous descent of people from the houses to the street; they stopped a moment on the doorway, looked to the right and left as if uncertain which way to go, and then mingled in the crowd. In the whispering of the crowd, although it was much denser and more noisy than usual, there was perceptible a suppressed and almost timid tone. Now and then a knot of people crossed the street hurriedly, and behind them a long train of gamins who made way for themselves between the legs of the people with their elbows and shoulders, whistling and shrieking as they did so. At the sound of any voice which made itself heard above the general murmur, many stopped and turned back to ask what was the matter. It was only some one who had made use of an expression a little stronger than the others — that was all. After the people had

looked at him a moment and he at the people, every one went on his way. A moment later a great blow was heard on one side of the street; every one turned in the direction of the sound. Who is it? What is it? What's happened? It was a shopkeeper who had closed and barred his door. The carriages passed slowly, and the coachmen begged the crowd to make way, with an unusually polite smile, and a motion of the whip that was excessively courteous. On the corners, by the light of the lamps, were seen those poor newspaper venders assailed by ten people at a time, who, holding out the sou with one hand, seized the desired sheet with the other, drew to one side, then unfolded it in haste, and searched with avidity for some important news. Some of the passers-by stopped, formed a circle round the possessor of the journal, and the latter read in a low voice while the others listened attentively.

Suddenly all the people are seen running toward the end of a street; there is instantly a great press, a loud shout, a tremendous confusion; above the heads can be seen four or five muskets knocked here and there; a clapping of hands is heard; the crowd vacillates, falls back, opens on one side; four or five dark figures appear with muskets in their hands, give a glance about them with an air of triumph, turn into an alley, and off they dash; a troop of boys, howling and whistling, follow them. What was it? What's happened? Nothing, nothing. A patrol of the national guard has been disarmed. A moment later, the crowd opens on another side and four or five unfortunate fellows appear, with pale faces, bare heads, disheveled hair, and clothes torn and disordered. Round about them there rises a murmur of compassion; some sympathetic person takes them by the arm, leads them out of the throng, and accompanies them home, exhorting them by word and gesture to be courageous.

Meanwhile confusion, great excitement, and deafening noises have sprung up in the multitude. "Give way there! Make way there!" is suddenly shouted on one side of the street. All turn in that direction. Who is it? What is it? What's happened? "Make way there! Make way there!" The crowd divides, falls back rapidly, forms a hedge on the sides of the street, and a company of sharpshooters traverse it on a run. A dirty, noisy troop of gamins follow them. The crowd closes up again.

Suddenly a confused sound of angry, menacing voices breaks out on another side; the crowd gathers and forms at this point; above the heads two or three carabineers' hats appear and disappear, then a burst of applause, the crowd opens, a man breathless and disfigured runs out and disappears. "They wanted to put handcuffs on him," some one remarks in a tone of satisfaction, "but they did not succeed in doing so; there were some strong people who took his part. We should like to see them!"

The crowd proceeds slowly in one direction, and reaches the corner of a street. Suddenly the people in front stop and those behind press on to them; the former recede a few steps, the latter are violently forced back, then begin to push forward again, and then recede once more; all of which gives rise to indescribable disorder. "What is the matter? Who is preventing our going on? Forward, forward!" "Oh, yes, it is very fine to say forward! There is a company of soldiers with bayonets fixed who are barring the passage." Then follow shouts, hisses, oaths, and imprecations. "Down with the oppressors! We don't want oppression, down with those muskets, give us a free passage—out of the way!" All at once the crowd turn their backs on the soldiers and take flight, leaving the pavement strewn with the fallen and invade in less than a moment the side streets, cafés, vestibules, and courts of the neighboring houses. The soldiers have lowered their bayonets.

"Make way there! Make way there!" they shriek, on one side. From one of the side alleys comes the sound of horses' tramp and the clinking of swords; it is a squad of cavalry that is advancing; the gleam of the first helmets is seen; a troop of horses break through the crowd, which spring to the right and left against the walls of the houses; the squad passes in the midst of profound silence; when it is almost by, a voice or a hiss is heard here and there; it has passed—then follow shouts, whistles, reproaches, and a shower of cabbage heads and lemon peel on to the last horses. The squad stops, the last horses back a few paces, the crowd turns and clears the street for a hundred steps.

In the nearest group is heard from time to time a furious outburst of oaths, a beating of sticks, a sharp cry, a feeble moan, and then a long whisper followed by a timid silence. "What has happened? What was it? Nothing, nothing:

they have driven a few inches of steel into the back of a public guard." The crowds draw back on the right and left, and a carabineer, with bare head and both hands buried in his hair, crosses the street tottering and staggering like a drunken man. "What is the matter? What have they done?" "They have given him a blow on the head." "To the square! To the square!" suddenly shouts a powerful voice. "To the square!" comes the unanimous response from all sides. And the multitude burst tumultuously into the nearest street and start toward the square.

All this occurred not many years since in one of the principal cities of Italy, while in a neighboring street, in the midst of the tumult, a band of eight soldiers passed with a corporal and sergeant, to relieve another body standing guard at a public building in a little square near by. The squad moved slowly, and the soldiers looked curiously on this side and that. Just in this street the excitement seemed greatest and the conduct of the people most resolute.

The patrol passed near a large group of those people who are only seen on certain evenings, and who with surly and heated faces hold forth loudly in the midst of roughs, around whom there is always a group of gamins. One of the group sees the patrol, turns, and pointing his finger at the soldiers, exclaims, *sotto voce:* "Look at them!" The whole circle turns in that direction, and one after the other, gradually raising his voice, begins to say: "Yes, look at the men who never fail to come out when the people wish to make their rights felt. They reason with the butt end of their muskets; the bayonets are made to drive holes in the bodies of those who are hungry. They don't lack bread, you understand, but others starve; what does it matter to them? Powder and lead for those who are hungry!"

The soldiers went on without turning back. The group moved forward, and, preceded by an advance guard of gamins, followed them. In a moment they caught up with them and accompanied them for a few paces. The soldiers continued to march without turning their heads. One of the group begins to cough; another sneezes; a third coughs harder; a fourth makes ready to expectorate, and, turning toward the band, spits with a rattling sound, which ends in a burst of uncontrollable laughter; all the others clap their hands. The small boys whistle, scream, and, instigated by the larger ones, slowly

approach the soldiers. The latter continue to march without giving any sign of having noticed anything. The former approach nearer and walk beside the soldiers, looking them in the face with an expression intended to say: "I defy you." One of them begins to imitate quite grotesquely their regular step, crying in a nasal tone, as he does: "One, two! one, two!" Another mimics the gait of the soldiers bent and limping under the weight of the knapsacks. A third, urged on by one of those at the rear, seizes the hem of the corporal's cloak, gives a tug, and runs off. The corporal turns and raises his hand as if to give him a box on the ear.

"Eh! eh!" they shout all around. "Now we'll see. Give a blow to a boy! Shame! The time of the Croats has passed! You must try other methods now! A blow to a boy! Try again!"

One of the soldiers, on hearing these words, bites his finger, planting his teeth well in, and uttering a groan of rage. At that point he feels his canteen struck a hard blow; the blood rushes to his head; he turns and gives a hit on the shoulder of the gamin who had struck him, throwing him back several paces.

"Here! Here!" breaks out menacingly from the crowd. "Here are the ruffians! Worse than the Croats! Worse than the bailiffs. Now we'll give them a lesson; we'll make you pay, you dog! Oppressors! Worse than Croats! For shame to beat an unarmed boy!"

The boys, emboldened by the anger of the mob and the surety of impunity, went and stuck their heads between the soldiers, whispering in a hoarse and aggravating voice: "Ugly soldier! Ugly hangman! Traitorous bread eater! Convict officer! Burst, you face of a dog!"

And the throng all around: "Shame! To beat an unarmed boy!"

"You cowards!" said the poor soldier to himself, biting, meanwhile, his lips until he drew blood. "Cowards! An unarmed boy! Don't you know that there are words which kill? Hangman! Croat! To me! To me! Oh!"—And he bit his hand again, shaking his head in a desperate way.

After a few moments, followed always by the people, the squad arrived at the square and entered the guardhouse, which was a little, low, squalid room, lighted by one lantern. The sentinel at the door of the palace was instantly changed twenty or thirty feet from the guard, the squad who had been there

first went off, and those newly arrived began arranging their knapsacks on the racks, and hanging their haversacks and canteens on the hooks.

On arriving within fifty paces of the guardroom, the people who had followed the squad stopped, and from there began provoking the soldiers by words and deeds, but the latter paid no attention to them. Seeing that there was no way of exciting a riot, they were on the point of moving off, when one of them observed that the soldier in the sentinel box was the one who a short time before had given the boy a blow on the shoulder. "Is it really he?" "Yes." "Really?" "Yes, I tell you it is that rascal." "You wretch. Now we'll fix you. Just wait!"

And they all moved toward the sentinel. At the distance of about thirty paces they stopped, drew up in line, and began to look at him out of the corner of their eyes. The soldier stood there, near his box, motionless and firmly, with his head erect and his eyes fixed on those provoking faces which were ranged before him. Suddenly, out of the group steps a ragged youth, with a hat crushed over one ear, the stump of a cigar in his mouth, moves forward with his hands in his pockets, humming in a mocking way, and comes and plants himself within fifteen paces of the sentinel, looking insolently into his face, crossing his arms and assuming an attitude of defiant impertinence.

The soldier looked at him.

Then the man whirled suddenly on his heel, turned his back, bursting into a concerted laugh with the others, who stood watching him and urging him on by signs.

The soldier shook his head two or three times, bit his lips, uttered a sigh, tapping the ground impatiently with his foot as if to say: "Ah, patience! patience! it is hard to bear!"

The rough turned, facing the soldier once more, and, after a moment's hesitation, took from his mouth the cigar stump and threw it at his feet, retreating eight or ten paces to place himself beyond the reach of a sudden assault.

The soldier turned pale, raised his eyes to heaven, clinched his fists, and ground his teeth; his mind was growing confused. "Why do you do this to me?" he then said sadly to himself, turning his eyes and face toward those people as if he were really speaking to them. "What have you against me? Have I done anything to you? I have done nothing. Why

did I give that boy a blow? But why did he come and insult me? Who had provoked him? Who was annoying you? What do you wish of me? I have offended no one, I do not know you even; I am a poor soldier and am doing my duty, and stand here because I am ordered to do so. Yes, ridicule and hiss at me, you do yourselves honor to treat your soldiers in such a way . . . just as if they were brigands!"

At that point, a stump of cabbage thrown with great force grazed the ground, and bouncing and whistling fell at his feet. "God! God!" he murmured in a desperate tone of voice, covering his face with one hand and resting his forehead on the other, which was leaning on the mouth of his gun. "I shall lose my head! I cannot control myself much longer. The blood is rushing to my head! . . .

"But it is quite useless," he added a moment later in a trembling and stifled voice; "it is useless to make us wear these" . . . and he gave a hard blow on the two medals that he wore on his breast, making them hit each other and resound; "it is useless for them to give us medals because we have fought for our country, if afterward they are to throw cigar stumps and cabbage heads in our faces! Oh, you wish to make me abandon my post, do you? You wish me to betray my trust. If you were fifty or even a hundred, you could not force me to move from here; if you should all spring upon me at once, I would sooner be torn to pieces like a dog. Come on, you cowards! Don't insult me from a distance. Yes, yes, I understand, it is useless for you to make signs at me; I know that you have knives in your pockets; but you won't quite dare to plant them in my stomach in broad daylight. You would prefer sticking them into my back at night . . . when . . ."

Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry, let his musket fall, covered his face with his hands, tottered, and fell at the foot of his sentry box: a stone had hit him on the forehead.

All the soldiers rushed forward, the crowd dispersed and disappeared; the wounded man was carried into the guard-room with his face and chest bleeding; the wound was instantly washed, his head bound up, he was given something to drink, and a bed was prepared for him on the table with the camp blankets of the other soldiers. While they were all gathering around him, and overwhelming him with questions and words of comfort, and the sergeant was scolding him for not having asked assistance at the first insult of those people, an officer

suddenly entered, and behind him the first file of a squad of soldiers. At the same moment, plunged forward by a vigorous push, there dashed into the middle of the room a man with distorted face, hair hanging over his forehead, and clothes in rags. He had been arrested on that same little square by the soldiers of a squad who were passing, and to whom he had offered a violent resistance.

At the first appearance of the prisoner the wounded soldier sprang up from the table, made a dash at him, placed himself face to face with him, looked at him a moment with flashing eyes, uttered a cry, which came broken and hoarse from between his clinched teeth, took a step backward, and resting proudly on his right foot, and raising his left hand, with the first finger pointing to the face of the man, who was watching him with fear: "Ah, you are the one!" he shrieked in a tone that froze one's blood; "I recognize you! You called me hangman in the street and have broken my head with a stone on the square; now it's your turn!" Saying which, he sprang at him, seized him by the collar of his jacket and shirt, pinned him with one dash against the wall, raised his clinched and trembling fist, and aimed at his head with angry, bloodshot eyes. . . . All this took place in an instant; those present interfered, separated them, held the wounded man by the arm, a corporal supported the other, who was ready to drop, and both stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, panting and gasping; the one white from fear, his arms hanging and his head bowed; the other with his face flaming and haughty, his fists clinched, and his whole body shaken by a violent tremor. Meanwhile a crowd of inquisitive people had gathered before the guardroom door.

The officer looked from one to the other, and asked the sergeant the cause of the trouble. The latter related all that he knew. The officer then turned toward the prisoner, who held his chin down on his chest, and in the midst of a profound silence, said in an extraordinarily quiet tone: —

"I can understand that, from a barricade, a man may cast things at a battalion, with some end or aim in view, but this useless and stupid insult to an inoffensive soldier, who has neither the responsibility or right to defend himself, is one of the most disgusting pieces of cowardice that can stain a citizen."

A murmur of approbation was heard among the crowd at the door.

"Take that man away!" added the officer, lighting the end of a cigar in the flame of the lantern.

"And you," he said, turning toward the wounded soldier, while the patrol led the prisoner off, "forgive . . . and forget."

The soldier gave a nod in the affirmative.

"And keep up your spirits," concluded the officer, putting the cigar in his mouth.

"As for me," replied the soldier, closing his teeth on the cigar and taking it between his forefinger and thumb, "I am always in good spirits; but you must understand, lieutenant, that these are things that try one."

So the drama ended with a laugh.



THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

[1825–1878]

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow"

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
  Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
  Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
  But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
  Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
  The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
  How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
  Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
  And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
  For a singer, dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
  The loving are the daring.



THE DEMORALIZATION AFTER WATERLOO.

By MARIE-HENRI BEYLE.

(From "La Chartreuse de Parme": translated by E. P. Robins.)

[Marie-Henri Beyle, "Stendhal:" A French novelist, biographer, and art critic; born at Grenoble in 1783 A considerable portion of his life was spent in Italy, from which country he was finally banished for political intrigue. He died in Paris in 1842 He wrote the lives of Haydn, Mozart, Napoleon, and Rossini, and his fiction includes "La Chartreuse de Parmé" and "The Red and the Black." He also wrote a "History of Painting in Italy"]

Nothing had power to wake him—neither the sound of the firing that surrounded them on every side nor the trot of

the little horse, to whom the cantinière applied the lash with vigor. The regiment, which, after firmly believing all day that it was participating in a glorious victory, had been suddenly attacked by swarms of Prussian cavalry, was retiring in disorder toward the French frontier.

The lieutenant colonel, a handsome young man, something of a coxcomb, who had succeeded to the command on Macon's death, had been ridden down and sabered in the charge; the old white-headed major who took his place had halted the regiment. "Hell and fury!" he screamed to his men, "in the time of the Republic we waited to retreat until the enemy forced us to it. Stand your ground, defend every inch, as long as there's a man of you left!" he cried, with many an oath. "It's French soil those bloody Prussians will be invading next!"

The little cart came to a sudden stop, and Fabrice awoke. The sun had set; he was surprised to see that it was nearly dark. The soldiers were running to and fro in a confusion at which our hero wondered. They seemed to have lost all their martial air.

"What is it?" he said to the vivandière.

"Nothing—oh, nothing. We are licked, my poor boy; the Prussian cavalry is sabering us—that's all. The old numskull of a general supposed it was ours. Come, lend a hand here; Cocotte's trace is broken; help me to mend it."

There were reports of musketry not far away. Our hero, feeling bright and well after his nap, said to himself, "Come now, I haven't done a stroke of fighting all day long; all I have done was to scour about the fields in the suite of a general.—I must go and fight," he said to the cantinière.

"Don't worry on that score; you'll have fighting—more than you desire! We are dished, I tell you.—Aubry, my lad," she shouted to a passing corporal, "keep an eye to the little cart when you have a chance."

"Are you going to fight?" said Fabrice, addressing Aubry.

"No; I am going to put on my dancing pumps to be ready for the ball."

"I am with you."

"Look out for the little hussar, Aubry!" cried the cantinière; "the young bourgeois is a good one." The Corporal stalked away without answering. Eight or ten soldiers came up on a run; he conducted them behind a great oak surrounded

by an undergrowth of brambles, where he posted them in open order, each man at least ten paces from his neighbor.

"Now, you fellows," said the Corporal — and it was the first time he opened his mouth — "mind that you don't fire without orders; remember you've but three cartridges left."

"I wonder what he is going to do?" Fabrice asked himself. At last, when he and the Corporal were alone together, he said to him: —

"I have no musket."

"Silence! Out yonder in the plain, fifty paces to the front, you will find plenty of our poor lads who fell under the sabers of the enemy. Take from one of them his musket and cartridge box — but first be certain that he is quite dead — and make haste back, so as not to receive the fire of our party." Fabrice departed running, and quickly returned with a musket and cartridge box.

"Now load your musket and take your post behind this tree, and remember that you are not to fire until I give the order. Mother of God!" said the Corporal, interrupting himself, "he doesn't even know enough to load his gun!" He helped Fabrice, meanwhile continuing his admonitions: "If you see a Prussian cavalryman bearing down on you with his saber, keep the tree between you and him, and when he is within three feet let him have the contents of your barrel; you shouldn't fire until you can almost touch him with your bayonet.

"Throw away that great clumsy saber!" cried the Corporal; "*nom de Dieu*, do you want it to trip you up? Oh, the apologies for soldiers they send us nowadays!" And so saying, he took the saber and hurled it wrathfully into the bushes.

"Now wipe off the flint with your handkerchief. But did you ever fire a gun?"

"I am a hunter."

"The Lord be praised for that!" replied the Corporal, with a sigh of relief. "Bear in mind that you are not to fire until you get the word." And away he went.

Fabrice was glad at heart. "At last I am going to fight in earnest," he said to himself; "I am going to shoot to kill! This morning they were peppering away at us, and all I did was to expose my precious person to be shot — which is a one-sided sort of game." He looked about him on every side with great curiosity. Presently he heard seven or eight shots fired quite near him, but as he had received no order, he remained

tranquil behind his tree. The darkness was descending rapidly; he could almost have believed he was ambushed on la Tramezzina Mountain, over Grianta, hunting bears. An expedient occurred to him that he had often employed in his hunting excursions: he took a cartridge from his box and separated the ball from the charge. "If I see him, I mustn't miss him," he said, and rammed the second ball into the barrel of his gun. He heard two more shots, this time close beside his tree; at the same time he saw a cavalryman in blue uniform gallop past his front from right to left. "He is not within three feet," he said to himself, "but at that distance I can't miss him." He kept him covered for an instant and finally pulled the trigger; horse and rider went down together. Our hero imagined he was at the chase; he dashed forward from his concealment to inspect the game he had brought down. He was bending over the man, who seemed to be at his last gasp, when all at once two Prussian dragoons bore down on him at full tilt, brandishing their sabers. Fabrice ran for the wood with all the speed he was capable of; to assist his flight he threw away his musket. The Prussians were close at his heels, when he dodged into a plantation of young oaks, thick as a man's arm, which adjoined the wood. The cavalrymen's pursuit was delayed for a moment, but they pushed their way through the plantation and resumed the chase in a clearing on the other side. Again our hero was in imminent danger of being overtaken, when he took refuge in a clump of trees. At this juncture his hair was almost singed by the fire of half a dozen muskets discharged directly in front of him. He stooped; as he rose he found himself confronted by the Corporal.

"Did you kill your man?" asked Aubry.

"Yes, but I have lost my musket."

"Muskets are plenty enough around here. You are a good b——, for all your simple air; you have earned your day's pay, and these fellows here have just missed the two dragoons who were pursuing you and coming straight for them; I did not see them. It is time for us to be making tracks; the regiment must be half a mile away, and we are liable to be surrounded and cut off."

While speaking thus the Corporal was advancing swiftly at the head of his little party of ten. At a distance of two hundred paces, as they were entering a small field, they met a wounded general, sustained by his aid-de-camp and a servant.

"You will lend me four of your men," said he to the Corporal, "to carry me to the ambulance; my leg is fractured."

"To h—— with you and your broken leg," replied the Corporal, "you and all the other generals! You have betrayed the Emperor to-day among you."

"What!" said the general, in a fury, "do you refuse to obey my orders? I would have you know that I am General B——, commanding your division." He went on in a violent strain. The aid-de-camp drew his sword and threw himself on the soldiers, whereon the Corporal prodded him in the arm with his bayonet and drew off his men at the double-quick.

"May the scoundrels all share his fate and meet with broken legs and arms as well!" shouted the Corporal, seasoning his words with numerous expletives. "A pack of nincompoops! Sold to the Bourbons, body and soul, every mother's son of them, and traitors to the Emperor!"

Fabrice listened with amazement to this frightful accusation.

About ten o'clock at night the little band came up with the regiment at the entrance of a considerable village composed of several narrow streets; but Fabrice noticed that Corporal Aubry seemed to avoid the officers. "We can go no farther," said the Corporal. The streets were blocked with infantry, cavalry, baggage wagons, guns, and caissons. The Corporal presented himself at the issues of three of the streets, but found it impossible to advance more than a dozen paces. Every one was swearing and storming.

"Another traitor in command here!" exclaimed the Corporal. "If the enemy has sense enough to turn the village, we shall all be caught like so many rats in a trap. Follow me, you fellows." Fabrice gave a look; there were but six soldiers remaining with the Corporal. They made their way through a wide gate into a large farmyard; from the farmyard they gained access to a stable, whose back door let them out into a garden. There they were lost for a time, wandering aimlessly from one side to the other; but at last, squeezing through a hedge, they found themselves in a great field of rye. In less than half an hour, guided by the shouts and confused sounds that reached their ears, they were once more on the highroad, beyond the village. The ditches were filled with muskets that had been thrown away; Fabrice was enabled to provide himself with a weapon. But the road, although it was a wide one,

was so crowded with fugitives and vehicles that in a half-hour's time Fabrice and his party had barely advanced five hundred yards. They were told the road led to Charleroi. As eleven was striking from the village clock —

"We'll try it across fields once more," said the Corporal. The band now comprised only Fabrice, the Corporal, and three soldiers. When they had left the road a mile or so behind them —

"I'm knocked up; I can go no farther," said one of the men.

"That's my case, too," said another.

"That's no news — we're all in the same boat," replied the Corporal; "but follow my directions and you'll be all right." He saw five or six trees beside a shallow ditch in the middle of a great field of wheat. "To the trees!" he said to his men. "Lie down there," he added when they had reached them, "and make no noise. But before sleeping, who among you has some bread?"

"I have," said one of the men.

"Give it here," said the Corporal, authoritatively. He divided it in five portions and kept the smallest.

"Before it is daylight," he said, eating his bread the while, "you will have the enemy's cavalry upon you. We mustn't let ourselves be sabered. One man has no show against cavalry in these broad plains, but five can protect themselves. Remain with me, stick close together, don't fire until you can see the white of your man's eyes, and to-morrow night I promise you shall be safe in Charleroi." The Corporal awoke them an hour before dawn and bade them reload their arms. The uproar on the highway went on uninterruptedly; it had lasted all night. It was like the muffled sound of a distant cataract.

"It reminds one of a herd of cattle that has been stampeded," Fabrice innocently remarked to the Corporal.

"Hold your tongue, greenhorn!" the other indignantly replied. And the three soldiers who, together with Fabrice, composed his army looked at the young man angrily, as if he had blasphemed. He had insulted the nation.

"That's queer!" our hero reflected. "I have noticed the same thing at Milan, among the Viceroy's troops; they never run from the enemy, of course not! One is not to speak the truth to these Frenchmen lest he wound their tender suscepti-

bilities. But as for their cross looks, I don't value them a farthing, and I'll let them see I don't." Their route was still parallel to and some five hundred yards distant from the highroad along which the torrent of fugitives was streaming. A league farther the little band came to a path which ran into the main road and was filled with recumbent and sleeping soldiers. Fabrice bought a fairly good horse, for which he paid forty francs, and selected a long, straight, heavy sword from among the piles of weapons with which the ground was strewn. "This will be best," he said to himself, "since I am told to use the point." Thus equipped, he put spurs to his mount and soon rejoined the Corporal, who had pursued his way. He settled himself in his stirrups, laid his hand on the hilt of his good sword, and said to the four Frenchmen: —

"Those fugitives on the highway resemble a herd of cattle — a herd of — stampeded — cattle."

It was in vain that Fabrice emphasized the word "cattle"; his comrades had quite forgotten that the word had proved offensive to them only an hour before. And therein lies one of the contrasts between the French and Italian temperaments: the Frenchman is quick to forget and does not bear malice, and doubtless is the happier for it.

We shall not attempt to deny that Fabrice thought very well of himself after his discussion on *cattle*. The men whiled away the time on the march with light conversation. When they had covered a couple of leagues, the Corporal, astonished to see nothing of the hostile cavalry, said to Fabrice: —

"You are our cavalry corps — ride over to that farmhouse yonder on the hill and ask the farmer if he will sell us something to eat; tell him that we are five. If he hesitates, give him five francs on account from your pocket — but you won't be a loser; we will recover the money after we have breakfasted."

Fabrice looked the Corporal in the face. What he beheld there was an imperturbable gravity and an air of truly moral superiority; he obeyed. Everything occurred as the commander in chief had predicted, only Fabrice would not allow the rustic to be plundered of the five-franc piece that he had given him.

"The money is mine," he said to his comrades. "I am not paying for you; I am paying the man for the oats he fed to my horse."

They had been pressing on in silence for two hours, when

the Corporal, looking over at the highway, joyfully exclaimed, "There is the regiment!" They quickly gained the road; but alas! around the eagle there were not two hundred men. Presently Fabrice caught sight of the vivandière. She was on foot; her eyes were red and swollen, and tears fell from them every now and then. Fabrice looked for Cocotte and the little cart in vain.

"Lost, gone, plundered, stolen!" cried the vivandière, in response to our hero's glance. He, without further words, jumped down from his horse, took him by the bridle, and said to the vivandière, "Get up." He had not to tell her twice.

"Shorten the stirrups," she said. . . .

Our hero turned his eyes upon the highway; but now it was crowded with three or four thousand persons, closely packed as peasants at a religious ceremony. Hardly had the cry "Cossacks!" been raised when it was utterly deserted; the ground was strewn with shakoes, muskets, and swords discarded by the fugitives. Fabrice, greatly puzzled, ascended a slight eminence, thirty or forty feet higher than the surrounding country, to the right of the road; he looked to right and left up and down the highway and across the plain in front, but could see no sign of the Cossacks. "Queer people, these Frenchmen!" he said to himself. "Since I am to retreat by the right, I may as well be moving," he reflected; "those folks may have more reasons for running than I know of." He picked up a musket, looked to see that it was loaded, freshened the priming, cleaned the flint, then selected a well-filled cartridge box, and again cast a searching look about him in every direction. There was not a soul save him in the plain but recently so densely populated. In the extreme distance he saw the last of the fugitives disappearing among the trees, still running as if their lives were at stake. "That is mighty strange!" he said to himself. And remembering the Corporal's maneuver of the day before, he went and seated himself in the middle of a wheat field. He did not go away, because he wished to see his friends the cantinière and the Corporal once more.

There he ascertained that he had only eighteen napoleons instead of thirty, as he had supposed; but he still had some small diamonds that he had hidden in the lining of his hussar boots that morning at B——, in the chamber of the jailer's wife. He stowed away his napoleons in the safest place he could think of, puzzling his brains to account for their sudden shrink-

age. "I wonder if that is a portent of evil?" he asked himself. His chief concern was that he had forgotten to ask Corporal Aubry this question: "Have I witnessed a real battle?" It seemed to him that he had, and could he have but been absolutely certain of it he would have been as happy as a lark.

"However," he said to himself, "I was there under the name of a prisoner, I had that prisoner's papers in my pocket, and, what's worse, his coat upon my back. That looks very bad for my future; what would Abbé Blanès have said of it? And that ill-starred Boulot died in prison! The business bodes no good; I fear me I am fated to know more of jails than I desire." Fabrice would have given a great deal to know whether or not Boulot was really guilty; in recalling the circumstances of the case it seemed to him that the jailer's wife had told him that the hussar had been arrested not only for stealing silver spoons, but also for robbing a peasant of his cow and then beating the poor man within an inch of his life. Fabrice did not doubt that he was to be incarcerated some day for a crime bearing some resemblance to that of the hussar Boulot. He thought of his old friend Curé Blanès; what would he not have given for ten minutes' conversation with him! Then he remembered that he had not written to his aunt since he left Paris. "Poor Gina!" he said to himself. And tears stood in his eyes, when all at once he heard a faint rustling sound quite near him. It was a soldier, who had removed the headstalls from three half-starved horses and was treating them to a feed of wheat. He held them by the halter. Fabrice flew up like a partridge from his form; the soldier was half scared to death. Our hero perceived it and yielded to the temptation of playing the bold hussar.

"One of those horses belongs to me, you ——!" he cried; "but I am willing to pay you five francs for your trouble in bringing him here."

"What are you giving me?" said the man. Fabrice immediately covered him with his musket at a distance of six paces.

"Let go the horse or I'll blow your brains out!"

The soldier's musket was flung across his back; he gave a twist to get it in his hands.

"Stir an inch and you are a dead man!" shouted Fabrice, running in on him.

"Give me the five francs, then, and take one of the horses," the man sulkily replied, after he had cast a wistful look up and

down the deserted road. Fabrice, transferring his weapon to his left hand, with the right threw him three five-franc pieces.

"Now dismount. Put the bridle on the black, and move farther off with the other two. Lift a hand and I'll blow a hole in you."

The soldier reluctantly obeyed. Fabrice walked up to the horse and passed the bridle over his left arm, never taking his eyes off the soldier, who moved slowly away. When he was at a safe distance, Fabrice sprang lightly into the saddle. His new acquisition was a splendid animal, but seemed to be weak from want of food. Our hero returned to the highway, where there was still no one to be seen; he crossed it and directed his course toward a little hollow on his left, where he hoped to find the cantinière; but on reaching the summit of a gentle rise all he could see for more than a league's distance was a few straggling soldiers. "It is written that I am never to see her more," he said with a sigh — "the brave, good woman!" Coming to a farmhouse on the right of the road, without stopping to unsaddle he purchased a feed of oats for his poor steed, who was so famished that he endeavored to devour the manger. An hour later Fabrice was trotting along the highway in the vague hope of meeting with the cantinière, or at all events with Aubry. Thus pressing on continually, and peering into every bush, behind every rock, he came at last to a sullen stream over which was a narrow bridge of wood. Before it and on the right of the road was an isolated house, displaying the sign of the White Horse. "There's where I'll eat my dinner," Fabrice mentally observed. A cavalry officer, with his arm in a sling, stood at the end of the bridge; he was mounted and bore a sorrowful countenance; near him were three dismounted cavalrymen, engaged in filling their pipes.

"There are some folks," said Fabrice to himself, "who look to me as if they would like to buy my horse for even less than he cost me." The wounded officer and the three dismounted men eyed him as he approached, and seemed to be waiting for him. "I ought to keep to the right bank of the stream instead of crossing the bridge; that is what the cantinière advised me to do. Yes, but if I run away to-day I shall be ashamed of myself to-morrow; besides, my horse has good legs, while the officer's probably is tired; if he tries any of his tricks on me, I'll cut and run." Reasoning thus, Fabrice picked up his horse and came forward at as deliberate a pace as possible.

"Advance, hussar!" exclaimed the officer, in a tone of command.

Fabrice went forward a few steps and stopped.

"Are you thinking of relieving me of my horse?" he said.

"We have not the slightest idea of such a thing; advance."

Fabrice looked at the officer; he had white mustaches, and the most honest, straightforward air conceivable. The handkerchief that sustained his arm was stained with blood, and his right hand also was wrapped in a bloody bandage. "It's the footmen, then, who will grab my horse's bridle," Fabrice muttered to himself; but on looking at them more closely he saw that they too were wounded.

"I charge you on your duty as a soldier," said the officer, who wore a colonel's shoulder straps, "to mount guard at this post and tell every mounted man you see, hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs, that Colonel le Baron is within the inn yonder, where he requires all to join him." The old Colonel seemed utterly heartbroken; the first words he spoke had effected the conquest of our hero, who modestly and sensibly replied: —

"I am so young, sir, perhaps they would not listen to me; would it not be better to give me your instructions in writing?"

"He is right," said the Colonel, looking at him attentively. "You have a right hand, la Rose; write out the order."

Without a word la Rose drew from his pocket a small memorandum book, wrote a few lines, tore out the leaf and handed it to Fabrice. The Colonel repeated his instructions, adding that at the end of two hours the sentry should be relieved by one of the three wounded cavalrymen of his party; with which words he entered the inn with his men. Fabrice looked after them as they retired, standing motionless at his post on the bridge, deeply impressed by their dejection and silent sorrow. "They make one think of enchanted genii," he said to himself. At last he opened the folded paper and read the order, conceived in the following terms: —

Colonel le Baron, Sixth Dragoons, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of Cavalry of the Fourteenth Corps, hereby directs all mounted men, dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars, not to pass the bridge, and to join him at the Inn of the White Horse, near the bridge, where his headquarters are established.

For and by order of Colonel le Baron, wounded in the right arm.

LA ROSE, *Sergeant Major.*

HEADQUARTERS NEAR THE BRIDGE LA SAINTE,
July 19, 1815

Fabrice had occupied his post barely a half-hour when he saw coming toward him nine chasseurs, six mounted and three on foot; he communicated to them the Colonel's instructions. "We will come back again," said four of the mounted men, and away they went across the bridge at a sharp trot. Then Fabrice addressed himself to the two others. Taking advantage of the warm discussion that ensued, the three footmen slipped across the bridge. One of the two mounted chasseurs who remained asked to see the order, and rode off with it, saying:—

"I want to show it to my comrades, who will certainly return; stand fast and wait for them." And off he went at a gallop, his comrade following him. It had all happened in a twinkling.

Fabrice, greatly exasperated, called aloud, and one of the wounded soldiers appeared at a window of the White Horse. The man, who wore a sergeant's chevrons, came down, and as he approached Fabrice, shouted:—

"Draw your sword! you are on sentry." Fabrice obeyed, then said, "They have carried away the order."

"They are sore over the affair of yesterday," the other gloomily replied. "I will give you one of my pistols; if another attempt is made to run the guard, fire it in the air; either the Colonel or I will come to your assistance."

Fabrice had noticed an expression of surprise on the sergeant's face when he told of the theft of the order; he saw that a personal indignity had been offered him, and resolved to submit to no such trifling in the future.

Armed with the sergeant's pistol, Fabrice had proudly resumed his post, when he saw seven mounted hussars bearing down on him. He had placed himself so as to command the entrance of the bridge; he repeated to the new arrivals the Colonel's orders, which did not seem to please them; the most enterprising tried to force a passage. Fabrice, remembering his friend the vivandière's advice to use the point and not the edge, leveled his long, straight sword and made as if he would have transfixed his too impetuous adversary.

"Oh, the villain, he wants to murder us!" cried the hussars. "As if we were not murdered enough yesterday!" All drew and fell in a body on Fabrice; he thought he was a dead man, but he remembered the sergeant's contempt, and resolved not to be the object of it a second time. Falling back slowly upon

the bridge, he kept thrusting with the point. He cut such a queer figure struggling with his long, straight cavalry saber, far too heavy for his strength, that the hussars soon saw the kind of enemy they had to deal with: after that they endeavored not to wound him, but to cut the coat off his back. Thus it happened that Fabrice received three or four trifling cuts upon his arms. He, faithful to the precepts of the cantinière, still kept lunging with the point. As luck would have it, one of these thrusts wounded a hussar in the hand; infuriated at being touched by such a tyro, the man responded with such vigor that Fabrice received the point of the weapon in the upper thigh. The accident was in part attributable to the martial ardor of our hero's charger, who manifested no caution at all, but insisted on carrying the rider into the thickest of the fray. The assailants, when they saw Fabrice's blood flowing, began to think they had carried their sport too far, and crowding their victim up against the rail of the bridge, rode off at a gallop. As soon as Fabrice was at liberty, he discharged his pistol in the air to attract the attention of the Colonel.

Four mounted and two unmounted hussars, of the same regiment as the others, were approaching the bridge, and were two hundred paces distant from it when the pistol shot was fired. They had been close observers of the events upon the bridge, and supposing that Fabrice had fired at their comrades, the four mounted men swooped down on him at a gallop, yelling and brandishing their swords. It was a realistic representation of a charge. Colonel le Baron, notified by the pistol shot that something was amiss, threw open the door of the inn, darted out upon the bridge just as the hussars were coming up, and commanded them to halt.

"Colonels don't go with us any longer!" said one of them, urging his mount forward. The irate Colonel suspended the admonition that was at his tongue's end, and with his bandaged right hand seized the horse by the bridle on the off side.

"You mutinous rascal!" he said to the hussar; "I know you! You belong to Captain Henriet's troop."

"Very well; then I'll take my orders from Captain Henriet. Captain Henriet was killed yesterday," he added with an ugly sneer, "and be d——d to you!"

So saying, he attempted to force a passage and crowded his mount up against the old Colonel, who fell in a sitting posture on the floor of the bridge. Fabrice, who was a few feet away,

but facing the inn, spurred forward and made a vicious drive at the fellow with the point of his saber. Fortunately the Colonel in falling had retained his hold on the off rein of the hussar's horse; the animal, responding to the pull on his bridle, made a movement to one side, so that Fabrice's long blade, instead of spitting the fellow like a barnyard fowl, only grazed his skin and tore his cavalry jacket. Like a fury the hussar turned and with all his strength delivered a backhanded blow which cut through Fabrice's sleeve and wounded him severely in the arm. Our hero fell to the ground.

One of the dismounted hussars, seeing the two defenders of the bridge disabled, thought it a favorable opportunity to possess himself of Fabrice's horse; he accordingly leaped to the animal's back and started to cross the bridge.

But the sergeant major had come running from the inn; he had seen his colonel fall, and believed him to be sorely hurt. He ran after Fabrice's horse and drove the point of his sword into the back of the would-be robber, who dropped like lead. The hussars, having now no one to oppose them save the dismounted non-commissioned officer, clapped spurs to their steeds and were quickly lost to sight.

The sergeant major approached the wounded. Fabrice had already risen to his feet; he was suffering little pain, but was weak from loss of blood. The Colonel was slower in getting on his legs; he was stunned by his fall, but had received no hurt.

"The old wound in my hand is all that troubles me," he said to the sergeant.

The hussar that the sergeant had wounded was breathing his last.

"He got his deserts, the devil take him!" said the Colonel. "But look to the little young man whom I exposed so inconsiderately," he said to the sergeant and the two others of his party, who now came running up. "I will remain on the bridge and see what I can do myself to stop those lunatics. Take the little young man into the inn and bind up his arm — use one of my shirts."

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By RICHARD WHATELY.

[A rejoinder to Hume's "Essay on Miracles."]

[RICHARD WHATELY. An English clergyman and author and Archbishop of Dublin; born in London, February 1, 1787; died in Dublin, October 8, 1863. He prepared for college at Bristol, was graduated from Oriel College, Oxford, B.A. in 1808, and M.A. in 1812; was a Fellow of Oriel, 1811-1812; was ordained a deacon in 1814, and a priest in 1815. He was Bampton lecturer at Oxford in 1822; rector of Halesworth, Suffolk, 1822-1825, principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford, 1825-1831; professor of political economy, 1830-1832, and was created Archbishop of Dublin in 1831. He founded a professorship of political economy in the University of Dublin in 1832; was bishop of Kildare in 1846, and commissioner of national education, Ireland, 1830-1853. His very numerous works include the following: "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion" (1822), "Elements of Logic" (1826), "Elements of Rhetoric" (1828), "The Errors of Romanism" (1830), "Encyclopedia of Mental Science" (1851), "The Origin of Civilization" (1855), "The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments" (1857), and "The Rise, Progress, and Customs of Christianity" (1860).]

LONG as the public attention has been occupied by the extraordinary personage from whose ambition we are supposed to have so narrowly escaped, the subject seems to have lost scarcely anything of its interest. We are still occupied in recounting the exploits, discussing the character, inquiring into the present situation, and even conjecturing as to the future prospects of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Nor is this at all to be wondered at, if we consider the very extraordinary nature of those exploits and of that character, their greatness and extensive importance, as well as the unexampled strangeness of the events, and also that strong additional stimulant, the mysterious uncertainty that hangs over the character of the man. If it be doubtful whether any history (exclusive of such as is avowedly fabulous) ever attributed to its hero such a series of wonderful achievements compressed into so small a space of time, it is certain that to no one were ever assigned so many dissimilar characters. . . .

What would the great Hume, or any of the philosophers of his school, have said, if they had found in the antique records of any nation such a passage as this: "There was a certain man of Corsica, whose name was Napoleon, and he was one of the



NAPOLEON I IN IMPERIAL ROBES

From a painting by François Gérard

chief captains of the host of the French; and he gathered together an army, and went and fought against Egypt; but when the King of Britain heard thereof, he sent ships of war and valiant men to fight against the French in Egypt. So they warred against them, and prevailed, and strengthened the hands of the rulers of the land against the French, and drave away Napoleon from before the city of Acre. Then Napoleon left the captains and the army that were in Egypt, and fled, and returned back to France. So the French people took Napoleon, and made him ruler over them, and he became exceeding great, insomuch that there was none like him of all that had ruled over France before."

What, I say, would Hume have thought of this, especially if he had been told that it was at this day generally credited? Would he not have confessed that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a peculiarly blind credulity and prejudice in favor of everything that is accounted *sacred;* for that, since even professed skeptics swallow implicitly such a story as this, it appears there must be a still blinder prejudice in favor of everything that is *not* accounted sacred?

Suppose again we found in this history such passages as the following: "And it came to pass after these things that Napoleon strengthened himself, and gathered together another host instead of that which he had lost, and went and warred against the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Austrians, and all the rulers of the north country, which were confederate against him. And the ruler of Sweden also, which was a Frenchman, warred against Napoleon. So they went forth, and fought against the French in the plain of Leipsic. And the French were discomfited before their enemies, and fled, and came to the rivers which are behind Leipsic, and essayed to pass over, that they might escape out of the hand of their enemies; but they could not, for Napoleon had broken down the bridges; so the people of the north countries came upon them, and smote them with a very grievous slaughter." . . .

"Then the ruler of Austria and all the rulers of the north countries sent messengers unto Napoleon to speak peaceably unto him, saying, Why should there be war between us any more? Now Napoleon had put away his wife, and taken the daughter of the ruler of Austria to wife. So all the counselors of Napoleon came and stood before him, and said, Behold now these kings are merciful kings; do even as they say unto thee;

knowest thou not yet that France is destroyed? But he spake roughly unto his counselors, and drave them out from his presence, neither would he hearken unto their voice. And when all the kings saw that, they warred against France, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and came near to Paris, which is the royal city, to take it: so the men of Paris went out, and delivered up the city to them. Then those kings spake kindly unto the men of Paris, saying, Be of good cheer, there shall no harm happen unto you. Then were the men of Paris glad, and said, Napoleon is a tyrant; he shall no more rule over us. Also all the princes, the judges, the counselors, and the captains, whom Napoleon had raised up, even from the lowest of the people, sent unto Louis, the brother of King Louis whom they had slain, and made him king over France." . . .

"And when Napoleon saw that the kingdom was departed from him, he said unto the rulers which came against him, Let me, I pray you, give the kingdom unto my son; but they would not hearken unto him. Then he spake yet again, saying, Let me, I pray you, go and live in the island of Elba, which is over against Italy, nigh unto the coast of France; and ye shall give me an allowance for me and my household, and the land of Elba also for a possession. So they made him ruler of Elba." . . .

"In those days the Pope returned unto his own land. Now the French, and divers other nations of Europe, are servants of the Pope, and hold him in reverence; but he is an abomination unto the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederate against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the Pope at liberty, and to restore all his goods that they had taken; likewise, they gave him back all his possessions; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past." . . .

"And it came to pass when Napoleon had not yet been a full year in Elba, that he said unto his men of war which clave unto him, Go to, let us go back to France, and fight against King Louis, and thrust him out from being king. So he departed, he and 600 men with him that drew the sword, and warred against King Louis. Then all the men of Belial gath-

ered themselves together, and said, God save Napoleon. And when Louis saw that, he fled, and gat him into the land of Batavia; and Napoleon ruled over France," etc., etc., etc.

Now if a freethinking philosopher — one of those who advocate the cause of unbiased reason, and despise pretended revelations — were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible then of the civilized Europeans now which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews 3000 years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that "there is nothing *supernatural* in all this"? Why is it, then, that you object to what is *supernatural* — that you reject every account of *miracles* — if not *because* they are *improbable?* Surely, then, a story equally or still more improbable is not to be implicitly received, merely on the ground that it is *not* miraculous: though in fact, as I have already shown from Hume's authority, it really *is* miraculous. The opposition to experience has been proved to be as complete in this case as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety by the defenders of *them* cannot be pleaded in the present instance. If, then, philosophers, who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else*, however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion.

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvelous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, *except England;* in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England;* his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national to be sure!

that it is necessary for the skeptic to impeach the evidence of *all* of them, separately and collectively: whereas *here*, each single point requires to be *established* separately, since no one of them authenticates the rest. Supposing there be a State prisoner at St. Helena (which, by the way, it is acknowledged many of the French disbelieve), how do we know who he is, or why he is confined there? There have been State prisoners before now, who were never guilty of subjugating half Europe, and whose offenses have been very imperfectly ascertained. Admitting that there have been bloody wars going on for several years past, which is highly probable, it does not follow that the events of those wars were such as we have been told — that Buonaparte was the author and conductor of them, or that such a person ever existed. What disturbances may have taken place in the government of the French people, we, and even nineteen twentieths of *them*, have no means of learning but from imperfect hearsay evidence; but that there have been numerous bloody wars with France under the dominion of the *Bourbons* we are well assured: and we are now told that France is governed by a Bourbon king of the name of Louis, who professes to be in the twenty-third year of his reign. Let every one conjecture for himself. I am far from pretending to decide who may have been the governor or governors of the French nation, and the leaders of their armies, for several years past. Certain it is that when men are indulging their inclination for the marvelous, they always show a strong propensity to accumulate upon one individual (real or imaginary) the exploits of many, besides multiplying and exaggerating these exploits a thousandfold. Thus, the expounders of the ancient mythology tell us there were several persons of the name of Hercules (either originally bearing that appellation, or having it applied to them as an honor), whose collective feats, after being dressed up in a sufficiently marvelous garb, were attributed to a single hero. Is it not just possible that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of "Napoleon" (Ναπολεων), which signifies "Lion of the Forest," may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favorite general, distinguished for irresistible valor? Is it not also possible that "Buona parte" may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the "good (*i.e.* the bravest or most patriotic) part" of the French army collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess

It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the Iliad and Æneid, in which Achilles and the Greeks, Æneas and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Buonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendor to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment, till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced?

Is it then too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "life and adventures of Napoleon Buonaparte"? I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry. Far less would I undertake to decide what is, or has been, the real state of affairs: he who points out the improbability of the current story is not bound to suggest an hypothesis of his own—though it may safely be affirmed that it would be hard to invent any more improbable than the received one. One may surely be allowed to hesitate in admitting the stories which the ancient poets tell, of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by imprisoned giants, without being called upon satisfactorily to account for those phenomena.

Amidst the defect of valid evidence under which, as I have already shown, we labor in the present instance, it is hardly possible to offer more than here and there a probable conjecture, or to pronounce how much may be true, and how much fictitious, in the accounts presented to us; for it is to be observed that this case is much *more* open to skeptical doubts even than some miraculous histories, for some of them are of such a nature that you cannot consistently admit a part and reject the rest, but are bound, if you are satisfied as to the reality of any one miracle, to embrace the whole system, so

that it is necessary for the skeptic to impeach the evidence of *all* of them, separately and collectively: whereas *here*, each single point requires to be *established* separately, since no one of them authenticates the rest. Supposing there be a State prisoner at St. Helena (which, by the way, it is acknowledged many of the French disbelieve), how do we know who he is, or why he is confined there? There have been State prisoners before now, who were never guilty of subjugating half Europe, and whose offenses have been very imperfectly ascertained. Admitting that there have been bloody wars going on for several years past, which is highly probable, it does not follow that the events of those wars were such as we have been told— that Buonaparte was the author and conductor of them, or that such a person ever existed. What disturbances may have taken place in the government of the French people, we, and even nineteen twentieths of *them*, have no means of learning but from imperfect hearsay evidence; but that there have been numerous bloody wars with France under the dominion of the *Bourbons* we are well assured: and we are now told that France is governed by a Bourbon king of the name of Louis, who professes to be in the twenty-third year of his reign. Let every one conjecture for himself. I am far from pretending to decide who may have been the governor or governors of the French nation, and the leaders of their armies, for several years past. Certain it is that when men are indulging their inclination for the marvelous, they always show a strong propensity to accumulate upon one individual (real or imaginary) the exploits of many, besides multiplying and exaggerating these exploits a thousandfold. Thus, the expounders of the ancient mythology tell us there were several persons of the name of Hercules (either originally bearing that appellation, or having it applied to them as an honor), whose collective feats, after being dressed up in a sufficiently marvelous garb, were attributed to a single hero. Is it not just possible that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of "Napoleon" (Ναπολεων), which signifies "Lion of the Forest," may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favorite general, distinguished for irresistible valor? Is it not also possible that "Buona parte" may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the "good (*i.e.* the bravest or most patriotic) part" of the French army collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess

to support this conjecture; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. Some critics have supposed that the Athenians imagined Anastasis ("Resurrection") to be a new goddess, in whose cause Paul was preaching. Would it have been thought anything incredible if we had been told that the ancient Persians, who had no idea of any but a monarchical government, had supposed Aristocratia to be a Queen of Sparta? But we need not confine ourselves to hypothetical cases: it is positively stated that the Hindus at this day believe "the Honorable East India Company" to be a venerable old lady of high dignity, residing in this country. The Germans of the present day derive their name from a similar mistake. The first tribe of them who invaded Gaul assumed the honorable title of "*Ger-man*," which signifies "warrior" (the words "war" and "guerre," as well as "man," which remains in our language unaltered, are evidently derived from the Teutonic) — and the Gauls applied this as a *name* to the whole *race*.

However, I merely throw out these conjectures without by any means contending that more plausible ones might not be suggested. But whatever supposition we adopt, or whether we adopt any, the objections to the commonly received accounts will remain in their full force, and imperiously demand the attention of the candid skeptic.

I call upon those, therefore, who profess themselves advocates of free inquiry — who disdain to be carried along with the stream of popular opinion, and who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience — to follow up their own principles fairly and consistently. Let the same mode of argument be adopted in all cases alike; and then it can no longer be attributed to hostile prejudice, but to enlarged and philosophical views. If they have already rejected some histories, on the ground of their being strange and marvelous — of their relating facts unprecedented and at variance with the established course of nature — let them not give credit to another history which lies open to the very same objections, the extraordinary and romantic tale we have been just considering. If they have discredited the testimony of witnesses, who are *said* at least to have been disinterested, and to have braved persecutions and death in support of their assertions, can these philosophers consistently listen to and believe the testimony of those who avowedly *get money* by the tales they publish, and who do not even pretend that they incur any serious risk in

case of being detected in a falsehood? If in other cases they have refused to listen to an account which has passed through many intermediate hands before it reaches them, and which is defended by those who have an interest in maintaining it, let them consider through how many and what very suspicious hands *this* story has arrived to them, without the possibility (as I have shown) of tracing it back to any decidedly authentic source, after all; and likewise how strong an interest, in every way, those who have hitherto imposed on them have in keeping up the imposture: let them, in short, show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians as of priests. But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases which they yield to in *this*. If, after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.



THE STORY OF CLÉMENTINE.

By ANATOLE FRANCE

(From "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard". translated by Arabella Ward by permission of T. Y Crowell & Co.)

[JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT, better known by his pen name, Anatole France. A French poet and novelist, born at Paris, April 16, 1844. His father a bookseller, the son was reared in an atmosphere of books, and from his early boyhood read eagerly and intelligently. He was an attaché of the Senate Library from 1876, and in 1896 succeeded Ferdinand de Lesseps as a member of the French Academy. His works, which are remarkable for their perfection of style, include the following "Poems" (1873), "Corinthian Revels" (1876), "Jocaste and the Lean Cat" (1879), "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" (crowned by the Academy) (1881), "The Yule Log" (1881), "The Wishes of Jean Servien" (1881), "Our Children Scenes in Town and in the Fields" (1886), "Queen Pédanque's Cookshop," "The Garden of Epicures" (1895), "My Friend's Book," "Balthazar," "Thaïs," "Literary Life," and "Poems" (1896)]

April 17.

"THÉRÈSE, give me my new hat, my best coat, and my silver-headed cane."

But Thérèse is as deaf as a coal sack and as slow as justice. Age is the cause of it. The worst of it is that she thinks her hearing good and her steps agile; moreover, she is proud of her sixty years of honest housekeeping, and she serves her old master with the most watchful despotism.

What did I say — ? . . . Here she is unwilling to give me my silver-headed cane, for fear of my losing it. It is true that I quite frequently leave umbrellas and sticks in the 'buses and bookshops. But I have a good reason to-day for carrying my old cane, the carved silver head of which represents Don Quixote galloping with poised lance against the windmills, while Sancho Panza, his arms raised to heaven, begs him in vain to stop.

This cane is all that I inherited from my uncle, Captain Victor, who in his lifetime resembled Don Quixote rather than Sancho Panza, and who loved blows as naturally as one usually fears them. For thirty years I have carried this cane on every memorable or solemn walk I have taken, and the two figures of the knight and the squire inspire and console me. I can almost hear them. Don Quixote says to me: —

"Think deeply of serious things, and know that thought is the only reality in the world. Lift nature up to your own height, and let the whole world be for you but the reflection of your heroic spirit. Fight for honor — this alone is worthy of a man; and if you are wounded, spill your blood like generous dew, and smile."

And Sancho Panza says in turn: —

"Remain what Heaven made you, brother! Prefer the crust of bread drying in your wallet to the ortolans that are roasting in the duke's kitchen. Obey your master, whether he be wise or foolish, and do not load your brain with too many useless facts. Fear blows; 'tis tempting God to seek danger."

But if the incomparable knight and his unparalleled squire exist as merely figures on the head of my cane, they themselves are in my innermost conscience. All of us have a Don Quixote and a Sancho within us, to whom we listen; and even while Sancho persuades us, it is Don Quixote whom we must admire.

But a truce to this nonsense! Let us go to Madame de Gabry about a matter which is of more importance than the ordinary affairs of life.

The same day.

I found Madame de Gabry dressed in black, and just buttoning her gloves.

"I am ready," said she.

Ready! I have always found her so, on every occasion for doing good.

After a few pleasant words regarding the good health of her husband, who had gone for a walk, we went downstairs, and stepped into the carriage. I know not what secret spell I feared to break by speaking; but we drove without a word along the wide, deserted boulevard, studying the shops where crosses, gravestones, and funeral wreaths were waiting for their purchaser. The cab stopped at the final bourn of the land of the living, before the gate on which are graven words of hope.

"Follow me," said Madame de Gabry, whose height I now noticed for the first time. We went down a walk bordered by cypress trees, then followed a narrow path between the tombs. Finally we stopped in front of a flat stone.

"It is here," said she; and she knelt down.

In spite of myself I could not help noticing the unconsciously graceful way in which this Christian woman fell on her knees, letting the folds of her gown spread about her as they chanced. With the exception of two Polish exiles one evening in a deserted church of Paris, never had I seen any woman kneel so unaffectedly, and in such utter lack of self-consciousness.

The picture flashed through my mind like lightning; and then I saw nothing but the low slab on which was cut the name —CLÉMENTINE. What I felt was something profound and intangible and inexpressible, unless by the sound of exquisite music.

I heard instruments of a celestial sweetness making melody in my old heart. With the solemn tones of a funeral hymn were mingled the muted notes of a love song, for into the same feeling my soul mingled the solemn sadness of the present and the well-known graces of the past.

I cannot say whether or not we had been before the tomb of Clémentine for long, when Madame de Gabry rose. We crossed the cemetery without speaking, but when we were once more among living men my tongue became unfettered.

"As I followed you," I said to Madame de Gabry, "I was thinking of those legendary angels whom one meets on the

mysterious borders of life and death. The grave to which you have taken me — and I was as ignorant of it as of almost all else concerning her whom it covers — recalled certain unparalleled emotions of existence, comparable in the dullness of this life to a light on a dark road. The farther one goes, the farther away is the gleam. I am almost at the foot of the last slope, and yet I see the light as distinctly as ever every time I look back.

"You, madame, who knew Clémentine as she was, with white hair, a wife and mother, you cannot imagine her as she was when I saw her, a fair-haired young girl, with cheeks like roses and skin so white! Since you have been good enough to be my guide, I think I should tell you, dear madame, what feelings this grave aroused. Recollections are crowding into my heart. I am like an old, gnarled, and moss-grown oak, which sways its branches, and awakens nests of singing birds. Unfortunately the song of my birds is as old as the world, and can amuse no one but myself."

"Tell me your recollections," said Madame de Gabry. "I cannot read your books, for they are written for scholars; but I like to listen when you talk, because you make the most ordinary things in life interesting. Speak to me as if I were an old woman. This morning I found three white hairs on my head."

"Behold them come without regret, madame," said I. "Time deals gently only with those who take it gently. And when, in a few years, a light silver foam will float on the ripples of your dark hair, you will be clothed in a new beauty, less vivid but more touching than the first, and you will see that your husband will love your white hair just as much as he did the black curl which you gave him when he married you, and which he wears in a locket, as if it were something sacred. These boulevards are wide and but little frequented. We can talk at our ease as we drive along. I will tell you first how I became acquainted with Clémentine's father. But pray expect nothing extraordinary, nothing remarkable; for if you do you will be greatly disappointed.

"Monsieur de Lessay occupied the second story of an old house on the Avenue de l'Observatoire. The plaster façade, ornamented with antique busts, and the great rambling garden near it, were the first images that stamped themselves on my childish eyes, and in all probability they will be the last which,

when the inevitable day arrives, will fade from under my heavy lids. For in this house I was born. In this garden I played, and learned to feel and know some fragments of this old universe. Happy hours! sacred hours! when the pure soul discovers the world revealing itself by a kindly light and with a mysterious charm. For, madame, the universe is but the reflection of our own soul.

"My mother was a being happily endowed. She rose with the sun, like the birds; and she resembled them by her domestic industry, by her maternal instinct, by the necessity which she felt to be always singing, and by a sort of graceful abruptness, all of which I thoroughly appreciated, though I was only a child. She was the soul of the house, filling it with her well-regulated and happy energy. My father was as slow as she was sprightly. I well recall his placid face, over which now and then would pass an ironical smile. He was weary, and he loved his weariness. Seated near the window in his deep armchair, he used to read from morning till night. From him I inherited my love of books. I have in my library a Mably and a Raynal which he annotated with his own hand from beginning to end. But it was not to be expected that he would trouble himself about practical affairs. When my mother strove by gentle tact to draw him out from his indifference, he shook his head with that inexorable sweetness which is the strength of weak characters. He was the despair of the poor woman, who had no manner of sympathy with this contemplative wisdom, and understood nothing of life but its daily cares and the happy work of each hour. She thought he was ill, and feared that he would grow worse. But his apathy arose from another cause.

"My father entered the navy department under Monsieur Decrès in 1801, and showed marked talent as administrator. There was a great activity at that time in connection with the navy, and in 1805 my father became chief of the second administrative division. That year the emperor, to whom he had been recommended by the minister, ordered him to draw up a report on the organization of the English navy. This work was stamped with a deeply liberal and philosophical spirit, though the writer himself was not aware of the fact. It was not finished until 1807, about eighteen months after the defeat of Admiral Villeneuve at Trafalgar. Napoleon, who after that ill-fated day never again wished to hear a ship men-

tioned, wrathfully glanced over the pages, and then threw the report into the fire, crying, 'Phrases, nothing but phrases. I have already said that I do not like ideologists!' They brought back word to my father that the emperor was so angry that he had ground the manuscript down into the fire with his boot. At all events, it was his habit when he was irritated to poke the fire with his boot until the very sole was scorched.

"My father never recovered from this disgrace, and the failure of all his efforts to do his duty was certainly the cause of the apathy into which he fell later. Nevertheless, Napoleon, on his return from the Island of Elba, sent for him, and ordered him to draw up, in a patriotic and liberal spirit, proclamations and bulletins for the fleet. After Waterloo, my father, more saddened than surprised, went into retirement, and was left unmolested. Only it was generally said of him that he was Jacobin and bloodthirsty, a man to be avoided.

"My mother's elder brother, Victor Maldent, captain of infantry, retired on half pay in 1814 and dismissed in 1815, added, by his wrong attitude, to the difficulties which the fall of the emperor had brought on my father. Captain Victor noised it about in the cafés and in public balls that the Bourbons had sold France to the Cossacks. He showed every one a tricolored cockade that was hidden in his hat lining; he carried with great ostentation a cane, the twisted handle of which had been wrought so that the shadow it made was the silhouette of the emperor.

"Unless, madame, you have seen certain lithographs by Charlet, you can form no idea of my Uncle Victor, and how he looked in his tight-fitting frogged coat, with the cross of honor and some violets on his chest, as he strolled up and down the garden of the Tuileries with that fierce dignity of his. Idleness and intemperance had the worst possible effect on his political passions. He used to insult people whom he saw reading the *Quotidienne* or the *Drapeau blanc*, and force them to fight with him. In this way he had the grief and shame of wounding a lad only sixteen years old in a duel. In short, my Uncle Victor was the opposite of a wise man; and as he used every day to come to our house for his breakfast and dinner, his evil reputation clung to our fireside. My poor father suffered deeply from the eccentricity of his guest; but as he was kind-hearted, he said nothing, and opened his house to the captain, who despised him cordially in return.

"What I am telling you now, madame, I learned later. At that time my uncle filled me with the greatest enthusiasm, and I determined that some day I would be as much like him as possible. One fine morning, in order to begin the desired resemblance, I struck an attitude, my hands on my hips, and swore like an infidel.

"My good mother gave me such a stinging slap on my cheek, that for a moment I stood perfectly stupefied, before bursting into tears. I can still see the armchair, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, behind which that day I shed countless tears.

"I was at that time a very little fellow. One morning my father raised me in his arms as was his habit, and smiled at me with that touch of irony which gave a piquant look to his gentle expression. While I sat on his knees, playing with his long white hair, he told me things which I did not understand very well, but which interested me deeply, simply because they were mysterious. I think, although I am not positive, that on that morning he was telling me the story of the little King of Yvetot, as we find it in the song. Suddenly we heard a great noise, and the windows rattled. My father let me slip to his feet, and with trembling arms uplifted, he shook his fists. His face was pallid and lifeless looking, his eyes preternaturally large. He strove to speak, but his teeth chattered. At last he muttered, 'They have shot him!' I did not know what he meant, and I felt a vague terror. Afterwards I learned that he was speaking of Marshal Ney, killed on the 7th of December, 1815, beneath the wall which inclosed an empty lot adjoining our house.

"About this time I often used to meet on the stairs an old man (he was not so very old, perhaps), whose little black eyes shone with wonderful brightness from his calm, swarthy face. To me he did not seem alive, or at least it did not seem as if he were alive like other men. At Monsieur Denon's, where my father had taken me, I had seen a mummy, brought from Egypt; and I really thought that Monsieur Denon's mummy awoke when it was alone, crept out of its gilded case, put on a drab-colored coat and a powdered wig, and that then it became Monsieur de Lessay. And even to-day, my dear madame, although I repel the idea as without foundation, I must confess that Monsieur de Lessay greatly resembled Monsieur Denon's mummy. This is equivalent to saying that this man

was an object of terror and at the same time of fascination to me.

"In reality, Monsieur de Lessay was a small gentleman and a great philosopher. A disciple of Mably and Rousseau, he flattered himself that he was unprejudiced, and this pretension was in itself a great prejudice. He detested fanaticism, but he possessed that of tolerance. I speak, madame, of a contemporary of a bygone age. I fear that I may not be understood, and I am sure that I do not interest you. It is all so far away from us! But I am abridging as much as possible. Besides, I did not promise you anything interesting, and you could not expect to hear of great adventures in the life of Sylvestre Bonnard."

Madame de Gabry begged me to go on, and I did so in these words:—

"Monsieur de Lessay was curt with men and courteous to women. He used to kiss my mother's hand, though she was not accustomed to such gallantry, the customs of the Republic and the Empire being very different. Through him I touched the age of Louis XVI. Monsieur de Lessay was a geographer; and no one, I believe, was prouder than he to discuss the face of the earth. Under the Ancient Régime he had done something in agriculture from a philosophical standpoint, and in this way consumed his estates to their last acre. No longer having an inch of land left to call his own, he took possession of the whole earth, and made a wonderful number of maps, based on the accounts of travelers.

"But as he had been *nourished on the purest marrow* of the encyclopedia, he was not satisfied with inclosing human beings within so many degrees, minutes, and seconds of latitude and longitude. He looked after their happiness, alas! It is noticeable, madame, that men who have looked after the happiness of people in general have made their own household very unhappy. Monsieur de Lessay, a greater geometrician than Dalembert, a greater philosopher than Jean-Jacques, was yet a greater royalist than Louis XVIII. But his love for the king was nothing in comparison to his hatred for the emperor. He took part in the conspiracy of Georges against the First Consul; but the court, having forgotten him, or thinking him of no consequence, he was not included in the list of the guilty. He never forgave Bonaparte for this insult; and he called him the Ogre of Corsica, to whom, he said, he would never intrust

a regiment, because he found him such a contemptible soldier.

"In 1820 Monsieur de Lessay, who had been a widower for many years, married again, at the age of nearly sixty. His wife was a very young woman, and he set her to work, without mercy, on his maps. After a few years of marriage, she died in giving birth to a daughter. My mother nursed her in her short illness, and saw that the child wanted nothing. This child was named Clémentine.

"The relations of my family with Monsieur de Lessay begin with that birth and that death. As I was just then emerging from the first years of childhood, I was beginning to grow big and stupid. I lost the charming gift of insight and feeling. Things no longer caused me the delightful surprise that is the charm of youth. So I have no remembrance of the years which followed the birth of Clémentine. I know only that within a few months I experienced a grief, the mere thought of which still makes my heart ache. I lost my mother. A great silence, a great coldness, and a great shadow, suddenly filled our home.

"I fell into a sort of stupor. My father sent me to college, but I had great difficulty in rousing myself from my torpor.

"However, I was not altogether an idiot, and my professors taught me almost all they thought necessary; that is, a little Greek, and much Latin. I had no acquaintances except with the ancients. I learned to esteem Miltiades, and to admire Themistocles; became familiar with Quintus Fabius, so far as any one could be familiar with such a great consul. Proud of these lofty relationships, I no longer condescended to look at little Clémentine and her old father; besides, they set out one fine day for Normandy, nor did I give a thought to their return.

"But they did return, madame, they did return! Ye Influences of Heaven, ye Forces of Nature, ye Mysterious Powers that give to man the ability to love, you know how I again saw Clémentine! They entered our sad home. Monsieur de Lessay no longer wore a wig. Bald, with a few grizzled locks on his purple temples, he looked the picture of robust old age. But the beautiful, glowing creature whom I saw on his arm, and whose presence lighted up our old faded drawing-room, was not a vision — no! it was Clémentine! I am telling the truth. Her blue eyes, blue as the flowers of the periwinkle, seemed to me supernatural; and even to-day I cannot believe that those two living gems can have suffered the trials of life and the

decay of death. She was somewhat embarrassed when she met my father, for she did not recognize him. Her cheeks had a soft, becoming color; and her parted lips wore a smile that made one think of the Infinite, probably because it betrayed no particular thought, and expressed only the joy of living and the delight of being beautiful. Her face shone beneath a pink hood like a jewel in an open casket. She wore a cashmere shawl over a white muslin dress, which was plaited at the waist, and which came to the tops of her reddish-brown boots. Do not smile, madame; that was the style then, and I am not sure if our modern fashions have as much simplicity, freshness, and graceful propriety.

"Monsieur de Lessay told us that, as he had begun the publication of an historical atlas, he intended to live in Paris once more, and would be glad to re-occupy his old apartment if it was vacant. My father asked Mademoiselle de Lessay if she was glad to be in the capital. Yes, she was; for she smiled still more radiantly. She smiled at the windows that opened on the shining green garden; she smiled at the bronze Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage on the top of the clock; she smiled on the old yellow velvet chairs, and on the poor student who dared not lift his eyes to her. From that day, how I loved her!

"But here we are in the rue de Sèvres, and soon we shall see your windows. I am a poor story-teller; and if ever I were to try the impossible and undertake a novel, I should never succeed. I have spun out a long introduction for a story which I am going to tell you in a few words; for there is a certain delicacy, a certain feeling of the heart, that would be shocked by an old man calmly enlarging upon the sentiments of even the most innocent love.

"Let us drive for a few moments along this boulevard, with its row of convents, and my story will be finished by the time we reach that little steeple yonder.

"Monsieur de Lessay, learning that I was just finishing my studies at the École des Chartes, thought me capable of working with him on his historical atlas. The point at issue was to determine, on a series of maps, what this philosophic graybeard called 'the vicissitudes of empires' from Noah down to Charlemagne. Monsieur de Lessay had stored away in his head every error of the eighteenth century concerning antiquities.

"As to history, I belonged to the new and advanced school,

and was at an age when one does not know how to pretend. The way in which the old man understood, or rather failed to understand, the barbarous ages, his obstinacy in seeing in remote antiquity ambitious princes, hypocritical and covetous priests, virtuous citizens, poet philosophers and others, who never existed save in the romances of Marmontel, caused me great unhappiness, and inspired me at first to raise every sort of objection, — reasonable, no doubt, but perfectly useless, and at times dangerous. Monsieur de Lessay was very irascible, and Clémentine was very beautiful. Between the two I spent hours of torture and delight. I was in love; I was a coward; and soon I conceded to him all that he demanded regarding the historical and political figure that this earth, destined later to bear Clémentine, offered in the time of Abraham, Menes, and Deucalion.

"As we finished drawing the maps, Mademoiselle de Lessay tinted them in water colors. Leaning over the table, she held her brush between two fingers; a shadow fell from her eyelashes upon her cheeks, and bathed her half-closed eyes in a soft shade. Occasionally she would raise her head, and I saw her parted lips. There was such expression in her beauty that she could not breathe without seeming to sigh, and her most ordinary movements filled my soul with dreamy ecstasy. As I gazed at her, I agreed with Monsieur de Lessay that Jupiter ruled once as a despot over the mountainous regions of Thessaly, and that Orpheus was unwise in intrusting to the clergy the teaching of philosophy. To this day I do not know whether I was a coward or a hero when I yielded these points to the obstinate old man.

"Mademoiselle de Lessay, I must confess, did not pay much attention to me. But her indifference seemed so reasonable and so natural that I did not think of complaining about it. I suffered on account of it, but unconsciously I was full of hope. We were then only at the first Assyrian Empire.

"Monsieur de Lessay came every evening for a cup of coffee with my father. I cannot understand in what way they were congenial, for never were two natures so completely opposed to each other. My father had few admirations and a forgiving soul. As he grew older, he came to hate all exaggeration. He clothed his ideas with a thousand delicate shades, and never stated an opinion save with all sorts of reservations.

"These habits of a gentle mind roused the dry, hard old

gentleman whom moderation in an adversary never disarmed —quite the contrary! I scented danger; the danger was Napoleon. My father cherished no affection for him; but having worked under his orders, he did not like to hear him abused, especially to the advantage of the Bourbons, against whom he had deep grievances.

"Monsieur de Lessay, more of a Voltairean and a legitimist than ever, credited Bonaparte with being the source of every political, social, and religious evil. In this state of affairs Captain Victor was my greatest anxiety. That dreadful uncle of mine had grown perfectly intolerable since his sister was no longer there to quiet him. The harp of David was broken, and Saul was given over to his madness. The fall of Charles X. augmented the old Bonapartist's audacity, and he did all sorts of wild things. He seldom came to our house, for it had grown too gloomy for him; but occasionally at dinner time we saw him come in, covered with flowers, like a mausoleum. Usually he sat down to table swearing in his deep voice, and, as he ate, boasting of the success which, as an old veteran warrior, he had enjoyed with the ladies. Then, when dinner was finished, he would fold up his napkin in the shape of a bishop's bonnet, swallow half a decanter of brandy, and take his departure as hastily as if he feared to spend, without drinking, even a moment alone with an old philosopher and a young scholar. I knew well enough that if ever he should meet Monsieur de Lessay, all would be lost.

"The day came, madame!

"On that occasion the captain was quite hidden by his flowers, and looked so much like a monument erected in memory of the glories of the Empire that any one would have longed to put a wreath of immortelles on each of his arms. He was in unusually good humor; and the first person who benefited by his happy disposition was the cook, whom he seized about the waist just as she was placing the roast on the table.

"After dinner he pushed aside the decanter offered him, saying that he would burn the brandy in his coffee. I asked him tremblingly if he would not rather have his coffee at once. My uncle Victor was suspicious and by no means dull. The haste which I displayed seemed to him in poor taste; for he looked hard at me, and said:—

"'Patience, nephew. It is not the place of the child of the regiment to sound the retreat. The devil! You are in

great haste, Master Pedant, to see if I have spurs on my heels.'

"It was evident that the captain had suspected that I wanted him to go. Knowing this, I was certain that he would stay, and he did! The slightest details of that evening are indelibly impressed on my memory. My uncle was perfectly jovial. The mere idea of his being in the way kept him in good humor. He told us in fine barracks' style, *ma foi*, about a monk, a trumpeter, and five bottles of Chambertin — a story that would be greatly enjoyed in a garrison, but which I would not attempt to tell you, madame, even if I had the time to recall it. When we went into the drawing-room, the captain called our attention to the bad condition of our andirons, and discoursed in a knowing way on the use of tripoli for polishing brass. Not a word of politics. He was conducting himself cautiously. Eight o'clock struck from the ruins of Carthage. It was time for Monsieur de Lessay to arrive. A few moments later he entered the room with his daughter. The evening's usual routine began. Clémentine occupied herself with her embroidery near the lamp, the shade of which enveloped her pretty head with soft shadow, and threw a light upon her fingers that made them almost luminous. Monsieur de Lessay spoke of a comet predicted by the astronomers, and advanced some theories which, though they were extravagant, showed some intellectual culture. My father, who knew considerable about astronomy, expressed a few sensible ideas, ending with his eternal, 'But what do I know, after all?'

"In my turn I gave the opinion of our neighbor in the observatory, the well-known Arago. Uncle Victor declared that comets have an influence on the quality of wines, and in order to uphold his theory, cited a rollicking tavern story. I was so pleased with this conversation that, calling to my aid my latest readings, I strove to prolong it by a lengthy exposition of the chemical constitution of the clusters of nebulæ which, scattered through celestial space for millions of leagues, could be contained in a bottle. My father, somewhat surprised at my eloquence, looked at me with that calm, ironical expression of his. But we cannot always be in the clouds. Then, while my eyes rested on Clémentine, I spoke of a comet of diamonds that I had admired the night before in a jeweler's showcase. This was a most unfortunate inspiration on my part.

"'My dear nephew,' cried Captain Victor, 'your comet was not equal to that which sparkled on the head of the Empress Josephine when she came to Strasbourg to distribute crosses to the army.'

"'That little Josephine was very fond of jewelry,' said Monsieur de Lessay between two sips of coffee, 'and I do not blame her. There was some good in her, frivolous as she was. She was a Tascher, and it was a great honor to Buonaparte when she married him. A Tascher is not much, but a Buonaparte is nothing at all.'

"'What do you mean by that, Monsieur le Marquis?' demanded Captain Victor.

"'I am no marquis,' dryly replied Monsieur de Lessay; 'and what I mean is that Buonaparte would have been well matched had he married one of those cannibal women Captain Cook describes in his voyages,—naked, tattooed, a ring in her nose, and in the habit of devouring with ecstasy decayed human bodies.'

"I knew it, thought I to myself, and in my anguish (O poor human heart!) my first thought was to notice the correctness of my predictions. I must say that the captain's reply had in it a touch of sublimity. Placing his hands on his hips, he measured Monsieur de Lessay scornfully from head to foot and said:—

"'Napoleon, sir, had another wife besides Josephine and Marie Louise. You are not acquainted with this companion, but I have seen her close at hand. She wears an azure mantle dotted with stars; she is crowned with laurels; the cross of honor sparkles on her breast. Her name is Glory.'

"Monsieur de Lessay put his cup on the mantelpiece and said quietly:—

"'Your Buonaparte was a scoundrel.'

"My father rose calmly, and slowly raising his hands, said very gently to Monsieur de Lessay:—

"'Whatever the man may have been who died at Saint Helena, I worked ten years in his government, and my brother-in-law was thrice wounded under his eagles. I beg you, my dear sir, my friend, not to forget this in future.'

"That which the captain's lofty and burlesque impertinences could not do, my father's courteous remonstrance accomplished at once,—it made Monsieur de Lessay furiously angry.

"'I forgot,' cried he, livid with rage, his teeth clinched, his lips foaming; 'I was wrong. The herring cask always smells of herring; and when one has been in the service of scoundrels——'

"At this word the captain sprang at his throat. Had it not been for his daughter and me, I think he would have been choked to death. My father, somewhat paler than usual, stood with folded arms, watching the spectacle with an indescribable expression of pity. What followed was sadder still — but of what use is it to dwell on the anger of two old men? At last I succeeded in separating them. Monsieur de Lessay beckoned to his daughter, and went out. She followed him. I ran to the stairs after her.

"'Mademoiselle,' I cried, distracted, pressing her hand, 'I love you! I love you!'

"For an instant she held my hand in hers, her lips half opened. What was she going to say? But all at once, raising her eyes to her father, who was ascending the stairs, she withdrew her hand, and made me a gesture of farewell. I never saw her again. Her father took rooms near the Panthéon, in an apartment which he had rented for the sale of his historical atlas. He died there a few months later from a stroke of apoplexy. His daughter, I was told, went to live at Caen with an aged lady, a relative of hers. There, some years later, she married a bank clerk, the Noel Alexandre who became so rich and died so poor. As for me, madame, I live alone in peace by myself. My life, free from great sorrows as well as from great joys, has been tolerably happy. But for years I could not, without a great pang at heart, see an empty armchair near mine on a winter evening. Last year I heard through you, who knew her, of her old age and death. I met her daughter at your house. I have seen her; but I will not say as yet, as did the aged man of the Scriptures, 'And now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' If an old fellow like me can be of use to any one, I should like, with your help, to devote my last years to this orphan girl."

I uttered these words on the vestibule of Madame de Gabry's home; and I was about to take leave of this kind friend, when she said to me: —

"Dear friend, I cannot aid you in this as much as I could wish. Jeanne is an orphan and a minor. You cannot do anything for her without her guardian's consent."

"Ah! I never thought for an instant that Jeanne might have a guardian."

Madame de Gabry looked at me with ill-concealed surprise. She had not expected to find the old man quite so simple-minded.

"Jeanne Alexandre's guardian," said she, "is Maître Mouche, a notary at Levallois-Perret. I fear that you will not get on very well with him. He is a serious man."

"Ah! good Heavens!" I cried, "whom do you think I should get on with at my age, if not with serious people?"

She gently smiled, with a mischievous expression in her eyes, just as my father used to do, and replied: —

"With those who, like you, are innocent and generous. Monsieur Mouche is not exactly of that kind. He is artful and light-fingered. Although I find little pleasure in meeting him, we will go together, if you wish, and ask permission to see Jeanne, whom he has put in a boarding school at les Ternes, where she is very unhappy."

We appointed a day. I kissed Madame de Gabry's hand, and we parted.



JACK HAZARD AND THE CHATFORDS.[1]

By J. T TROWBRIDGE.

(From "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes.")

[John Townsend Trowbridge, American novelist, poet, and editor, was born at Ogden, N Y, September 18, 1827. After teaching, and working on a farm, he settled in New York in 1846, as a writer for periodicals, and in 1847 removed to Boston, where he has since resided He has been a prominent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, was editor of *Our Young Folks*, 1870–1873, and has published many works of adventure, travel, and fiction, principally for young readers Among them are: "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," "Coupon Bonds," "The Three Scouts," "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," "Jack Hazard," "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide Mill," etc. "The Vagabonds" is his best-known poem.]

The man who had thus taken Jack into custody was Mr. Philander Pipkin of Peach Hill Farm. Peach Hill Farm was owned by the Chatfords, and "P. Pipkin, Esq." (as his name

appeared carved by his own jackknife on the stable door) was their hired man.

Early that Sunday morning he had started, milk pail in hand, for the barnyard, but had dropped his pail in consternation as he came in sight of the said stable door. A minute later he was back in the Chatford kitchen, calling loudly, "Mr. Chatford! Mis' Chatford! Boys! Heavens an' airth!"

"Well, Mr. Pipkin! Who's killed now, Mr. Pipkin?" said a sarcastic female voice from the pantry, and a tart female face peered out at him from the pantry door.

"Miss Wansey," replied Mr. Pipkin, sternly, "I've nothin' to say to you, understand!"

"Oh, haven't you! very glad to hear it!" said Miss Wansey. "Then mabby you'll be so good as *not* to make a person deaf screaming out so in a person's kitchen!"

"A person's kitchen!" retorted Mr. Pipkin. "It's as much my kitchen as it is your kitchen, I guess! Where's Mr. Chatford?"

"Mr. Pipkin," replied Miss Wansey, from the depths of the pantry, "I've nothing to say to you!" and she rattled the breakfast knives and forks.

One would naturally infer, from this slight altercation, that these two members of the Chatford household were not on the very best terms with each other. Miss Wansey was to the kitchen what Mr. Pipkin was to the farm; and their mutual functions bringing them into frequent collision, each had grown jealous of the other's dictation,—Miss Wansey accused Mr. Pipkin of assuming too much authority, and Mr. Pipkin charged Miss Wansey with putting on airs. It was now at least a year and a half since they had consequently had "nothing to say" to each other, and had said it severely.

"What is the matter, Philander?" said a mild, motherly woman, hooking her gown as she came into the kitchen.

"Matter, Mis' Chatford! Matter enough!" said Mr. Pipkin. "Deacon up yit?"

"He is getting up," said Mrs. Chatford, her calm voice and serene demeanor in beautiful contrast with Miss Wansey's tartness and Mr. Pipkin's excitement. "Are any of the creatures sick, Philander?"

"Wuss'n that!" said Mr. Pipkin, pressing forward through the door by which she had come in. There was a sitting room beyond, and a bedroom beyond that, in the door of which

appeared Deacon Chatford himself, half dressed, with one boot on and the other in his hand.

"What's woke ye up, Pippy?" he asked, with a half-amused, half-anxious face, as he stooped to pull on the other boot.

"You'll say woke up!" Mr. Pipkin exclaimed. "Jes' come out and see! Stable door wide open, and Old Maje gone!"

Mr. Chatford looked somewhat less amused, and somewhat more anxious; and he began to button his suspenders with awkward haste.

"Gone? Not stolen! He has probably slipped his halter, pushed the door open, and got out. I don't believe you hooked the door last night."

"Yes, I did! No, I didn't! Yes," said Mr. Pipkin, confusedly, — "I either hooked it, or I didn't hook it, I forgit which, but it makes no odds, — you'd gone over to the Basin with Old Maje, and I went to bed 'fore you got home."

Mr. Chatford ran his fingers through his uncombed hair. He paid frequent visits to the Basin, and sometimes rode, and sometimes walked; he now remembered that he rode the night before, and wondered if he had been so careless, when he put up the horse, as to leave the stable door unfastened. "Most likely I did. Thinking of something else, probably." (He was a "terrible absent-minded man," as Miss Wansey said.) "You'll find the old rogue about the place somewhere, Pippy."

"I don't know but what he *might* slip his halter and push the door open," argued Mr. Pipkin; "but how could he git into the harness and hitch himself to the buggy?"

This was certainly a strong point; and Mr. Chatford, his hair tumbled, one trouser leg lodged on the top of his boot, and one suspender hanging, looked to Mr. Pipkin for an explanation.

"Harness an' buggy missin' too," said Mr. Pipkin's front teeth and underlip.

"That alters the case! I'll be right out there! Call the boys, mother!"

Mrs. Chatford stepped quickly to the chamber door and, opening it, called up the stairs, "Moses! Phineas! are you awake?"

Moses and Phineas, enjoying their Sunday morning slumbers, murmured something indistinctly, and turned upon their pillows.

"Wake up!" said their mother. "Old Maje has been stolen, and you must help hunt him up!"

Moses and Phineas bounded to the floor in an instant, leaped into their clothes, and came scampering down the stairs. They reached the stable in a half-buttoned state, and found their father gazing ruefully at the vacant stall and harness pegs.

"Well, boys," said he, "it looks as if we shouldn't do much plowing to-day."

"Plowing? Sunday?" said Mr. Pipkin. "I guess not!"

"I declare, I'm getting more absent-minded than ever!" said Mr. Chatford.

"Now you believe what I told you, don't you?" said Moses, the elder son. "If you had put a lock on the door when I wanted you to, this wouldn't have happened."

"We'll have a lock now," said Phineas, the younger, sarcastically. "That's the way, — after the horse is stolen."

"I meant to have got a lock, but never could think on't, — I'm so plaguy forgetful! Though I never thought before there was any danger from horse thieves hereabouts."

"Padlocks ain't o' no great use, where any one's bent on breakin' in," observed Mr. Pipkin, looking carefully to see if anything else had been taken.

"What we want is a big dog," said Phineas, who had long been teasing for one. "But you are so afraid a dog will kill sheep!"

"Well, I shall have to take it from old and young now, I suppose!" said Mr. Chatford, good-naturedly. "What discoveries, Moses?"

"I can't see any wagon tracks," said Moses, who had been to the street and returned.

"Of course not; it rained till four o'clock this morning. What shall we do, boys? — have a hunt for the thieves?" The boys were eager for the chase. "Well, run to the neighbors and stir them up. Put the old harness on the mare, Pippy, and I'll back out the old wagon. If the scamps had only taken that, I shouldn't care."

While Moses ran one way and Phineas the other, and Mr. Pipkin harnessed the mare, Mr. Chatford walked back to the house, where he ate a hasty breakfast and put on his coat. Then he went out and climbed up into the old, faded, green-striped, one-horse wagon, which had scarcely been on the road

for a year. "Shackling old thing! I hope it won't break down before I get out of the yard. I declare, Pippy! you must dash a few pails of water over these wheels, or the tires will be tumbling off. Lucky the roads are wet this morning; they'll swell the wheels as soon as I get started. Ha! there comes Phin with Jason Welby! Any news, Phineas?"

"Yes, lots! Let me tell, Jase!" said Phin, holding his companion back as they came running.

"Let go, Phineas!" said Mr. Chatford. "If it's good news, no matter which tells it."

"He may tell; I don't care," said Jason, in a manly sort of way.

"Oh, tell if you want to! I won't!" said Phin, sulkily.

"Well," said Jason, stepping forward, "the thief paid us a visit last night, and we saw him."

"Who saw him?"

"Me and Ab. Something has been killing our chickens lately, and last night we thought we'd watch. So we hid in the trough under the shed, and by and by somebody come into the yard and went up to the stable door, and was opening it, when we stirred a little to see what he was up to; then a dog growled at us; then Ab said, 'Show your light!' for we had the old tin lantern under a kag. We rushed out; and there was a boy about as big as Phin or me, and a dog 'most as big as he was."

"A boy!" said Mr. Chatford. "What sort of a boy?" Thereupon followed a pretty correct description of our unhappy friend Jack as he appeared to Jase and Ab.

Meanwhile a neighbor from the other direction arrived on the spot, and stood listening to the boy's story. He was a somewhat grim-looking, stiff old man; and at every pause in the narrative he nodded his grizzled head and compressed his lips and scowled at Jason. He did not speak till Jason had finished; then he said, "Good morning, Neighbor Chatford."

"Good morning, Squire Peternot. You've heard of our misfortune?"

"Yes, Moses stopped at my house. You say," the squire turned to Jason, "that that boy was a driver on the canal, and had been flung into the water, and hadn't got dry when you saw him?"

"That's what he told us."

"Well! that same boy came to my house with the same

dog, but with a very different story. I'd just got into bed, but wife hadn't blowed out the light, when he knocked, and I got up and opened the door." Here followed a circumstantial account of Jack's interview with the squire,—sufficiently accurate, but not flattering to our young friend's character and appearance. "He didn't talk canal to *me;* he told *me* he had come out from the city in the morning and had been looking for work all day. I knowed he was a liar and a thief," said the stern old squire, whose harsh opinion of poor Jack seemed now to be fully confirmed by Jason's story. "Why, the little heathen didn't even think of it's being Saturday night, and that to-day was Sunday!"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Chatford, with a droll twist of his cheek and a humorous glance of the eye towards Mr. Pipkin, "some who I hope are not heathens are liable to forget that fact now and then,—hey, Pippy?"

"That's a fact!" said Mr. Pipkin, with a responsive pucker and twinkle. "There's Elder Corey,—as good a church member as any on ye,—he thrashed oats in his barn all one stormy Sunday, four year' ago, and the women folks, they made quince presarves; and they never knowed their mistake till they was drivin' to meetin' in the big wagon next day, and seen the neighbors a plowin' and puttin' out their washin's. 'What, to work Sunday, Brother Jones!' says the elder, thinkin' he ought to stop and rebuke the inickity. 'Sunday?' says Brother Jones. 'Then the minister and all on us have blundered, for we had reg'lar sarvices yisterday, and wondered how a little rain could keep *you* to hum.' The upshot on't was, the elder wheeled about, and druv hum, and him and his folks kep' Monday,—had prayers, read the Bible, and sung hymns till sundown, by hokey! I could name another sarcumstance, 'thout goin' so fur off, nuther," added Mr. Pipkin, slyly, turning up his eye again at Mr. Chatford in the wagon.

Jack was believed to be a heathen and a thief, for all that,—the untimely telling of the story resulting in no way to his advantage, except perhaps as it delayed for a few moments Mr. Chatford's departure in pursuit of him.

"I swan to man," said Mr. Pipkin, "if there ain't the hoss 'n' buggy!"

Jack and his dog were forgotten in an instant. All ran to the corner of the house to look. There indeed was the buggy

coming up the lane, with Mr. Chatford and Moses riding in it, Old Maje drawing it, and the mare led behind. At sight of so many astonished faces staring at them, Moses and his father began to laugh.

"Where did you find 'em?" cried Phin.

"In the queerest place!" said Moses, choking with merriment.

"We've got the thief here!" said Mr. Pipkin.

"Have ye? I guess not!" said Moses, holding his sides, while tears ran down his face.

Just then Mr. Welby and Abner drove up the lane; and it was observed that they were also laughing. After them came galloping two young horsemen who had likewise been thief hunting, — Bill Burbank and Don Curtis, — both laughing so hard that they seemed ready to tumble from their saddles.

"If we hain't got him, where under heavens is he?" Mr. Pipkin demanded.

"It's the funniest thing!" said Moses, fairly doubling himself over upon the dasher in convulsions of mirth, while his father said, "There! quit your giggling — it's no laughing matter."

"What's become of the old wagon?" Mr. Pipkin inquired.

"O ho!" said Moses, straightening himself, and trying to get the kinks out of his sides. "I'll tell ye in a minute!"

"Come, let's hear!" said Mr. Welby. "We met your husband," — turning to Mrs. Chatford, — "and saw he had found his buggy, and Moses started to tell us about it, but he laughed so he couldn't; then his father whipped up, as if he was ashamed to tell."

"You see," said Mr. Chatford, trying to keep a grave countenance, — "(Do stop snickering, boy! it's Sunday!) — mistakes will happen," giving way to a very broad smile.

Moses had by this time alighted from the buggy, and wiped his tearful countenance, and got some control over his risible muscles; then, supporting himself by holding on to one of the wheels, he let out the secret.

"We drove first to the Basin, where we couldn't hear anything of the thief; then we started up the canal road, but we hadn't got far when the old wagon began to come to pieces. First, one of the forward tires slipped almost off, and I had to pound it on with a stone. Then when we started up I noticed that the nigh hind wheel was beginning to wabble. I got out

again, and found the spokes on one side loosening in the hub, and springing out of the rim on the other. We pounded 'em in as well as we could, and then turned around to go back to the Basin for another wagon; but the twist on that wheel was too much for it, and we hadn't gone ten rods before it went down, all sprawling, like a daddy longlegs. Then we picked up the pieces, and hooked a rail from a fence, and tied it under the wagon with the halter, and dragged it back to the Basin with the end of the hind axletree riding it. But just as we were going round the corner, to turn down to the tavern, Duffer's dog came out at us, and I thought he'd tear us to pieces, — he was so excited by that rail!"

"I should think that dog would get killed some day," said Abner Welby. "He comes out at everything and everybody, — a great, savage bulldog! and Duffer only laughs if you complain of him."

"Well, we finally got to the tavern," said Moses; "but no one-horse wagon was to be had there. Just then old Tom Ball, the shoemaker, came along. 'There's a buggy standing under the store shed,' says he, — 'I noticed it there the first thing this morning; — maybe you can take that.' So we went round to the shed, with a pretty large crowd following us, for a Sunday morning. Sure enough, there was a buggy." Here Moses showed alarming symptoms of going into convulsions again. "I said, 'twas just such a buggy as ours! We went a little farther, and father said, 'But there's a horse hitched to it!' Then the crowd of fellows — O ho!" And Moses leaned for support on the buggy wheel.

"Was it Old Maje?" cried Mr. Pipkin.

"Yes, yes!" said the deacon, impatiently, looking rather foolish.

"And a sorry beast he was!" said Moses. "He had had nothing to gnaw but the dry manger, all night; and he was about as glad to see us as we were to see him!"

"All night?" echoed Mr. Pipkin. "How could that be?"

"The thief got sick of his job and left him there, I suppose," said Mr. Chatford, with a humorous drawing down of the facial muscles.

"That's what we thought at first," said Moses. "But I noticed all at once that father began to look queer. 'I declare,' says he, 'the rogue has hitched him exactly as I always

hitch a horse!' Then I looked, and 'twas his halter knot, for all the world!"

"Fact is," said the deacon, "'twas one of my unaccountable oversights. I suppose I shall never hear the last on't, — though what there is so dreadfully funny about it I can't see."

"I swan to man!" said Mr. Pipkin, his narrow mouth stretching into an unusually open grin about his frontal ivory, "it jest begins to git through my wool! Deacon forgot he rode over to the Basin last night, and left the hoss hitched under the shed, and walked hum!"

"And we've had the whole neighborhood out hunting the thief, when there wasn't any thief!" said Moses. "Some are hunting him yet!"

"Never mind," said Mr. Welby; "they'll think they're paid for their trouble when they hear of the joke."

"Well, well! I'm willing you should make merry over my blunder," said the deacon. "For my part, I'm thankful the affair was no worse; — we've got the horse and buggy again, and there's nobody to blame but me. Though I thought I heard somebody say the thief had been caught."

"That's the best of it!" cried the sarcastic Miss Wansey. "Mr. Pipkin has been and done the bravest exploit! It took *him* to catch the thief! He has been off in the fields and picked up this poor little fellow, and brought him home, choking him half to death, as if he was some terrible robber!"

"Miss Wansey," said Mr. Pipkin, bringing the front teeth down upon the nether lip in his severest manner, "I've nothin' to say to *you!*"



AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CARY

[1820–1871.]

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
    Has your hand the cunning to draw
    Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.



ALICE CARY

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be overbright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah! good painter, you can't paint sound!

These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding, the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
Oh! if I could only make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree,
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins, at her knee,
You must paint, sir, one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

If you can, pray, have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter—paint it so:
The eyes of our mother, take good heed,
Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And, oh! with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry tree,
The mother—her lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, oh! that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you'll paint me the picture and leave *that* out!



THE LITTLE WOMEN'S EXPERIMENT IN HOUSE-KEEPING.[1]

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

(From "Little Women")

[LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, American writer, daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, was born in Germantown, Pa, November 29, 1832. Most of her life was spent in Concord, Mass She wrote newspaper stories, "Flower Fables" (1855), and a novel, "Moods" (1865), but first came into prominence by "Hospital Sketches," based on her experiences as a nurse during the Civil War Her fame rests on "Little Women" (1868), but "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Jo's Boys," "Work," "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," etc, have been very popular. She also wrote juveniles, as "Eight Cousins," "Jack and Jill," etc. She died March 6, 1888]

"THE first of June! The Kings are off to the seashore to-morrow, and I'm free. Three months' vacation,—how I shall enjoy it!" exclaimed Meg, coming home one warm day to find

[1] Copyright, 1868, 1869, 1880, by Louisa M. Alcott; 1896, by J. P. Alcott. Used by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

Jo laid upon a sofa in an unusual state of exhaustion, while Beth took off her dusty boots, and Amy made lemonade for the refreshment of the whole party.

"Aunt March went to-day, for which, oh, be joyful!" said Jo. "I was mortally afraid she'd ask me to go with her; if she had, I should have felt as if I ought to do it; but Plumfield is about as gay as a chuichyard, you know, and I'd rather be excused. We had a flurry getting the old lady off, and I had a fright every time she spoke to me, for I was in such a hurry to be through that I was uncommonly helpful and sweet, and feared she'd find it impossible to part from me. I quaked till she was fairly in the carriage, and had a final fright, for, as it drove off, she popped out her head, saying, "Josyphine, won't you——?" I didn't hear any more, for I basely turned and fled; I did actually run, and whisked round the corner, where I felt safe."

"Poor old Jo! she came in looking as if beais were after her," said Beth, as she cuddled her sister's feet with a motherly air.

"Aunt March is a regular samphire, is she not?" observed Amy, tasting her mixture critically.

"She means *vampire*, not seaweed; but it doesn't matter; it's too warm to be particular about one's parts of speech," murmured Jo.

"What shall you do all your vacation?" asked Amy, changing the subject, with tact.

"I shall lie abed late, and do nothing," ieplied Meg, from the depths of the rocking chair. "I've been routed up early all winter, and had to spend my days working for other people; so now I'm going to rest and revel to my heart's content."

"No," said Jo; "that dozy way wouldn't suit me. I've laid in a heap of books, and I'm going to improve my shining hours reading on my perch in the old apple tree, when I'm not having l——"

"Don't say 'larks'!" implored Amy, as a return snub for the "samphire" correction.

"I'll say 'nightingales,' then, with Laurie; that's proper and appropriate, since he's a warbler."

"Don't let us do any lessons, Beth, for a while, but play all the time, and rest, as the girls mean to," proposed Amy.

"Well, I will, if mother doesn't mind. I want to learn some new songs, and my children need fitting up for the

summer; they are dreadfully out of order, and really suffering for clothes."

"May we, mother?" asked Meg, turning to Mrs. March, who sat sewing, in what they called "Marmee's corner."

"You may try your experiment for a week, and see how you like it. I think by Saturday night you will find that all play and no work is as bad as all work and no play."

"Oh, dear, no! it will be delicious, I'm sure," said Meg, complacently.

"I now propose a toast, as my 'friend and pardner, Sairy Gamp,' says. Fun forever and no grubbing!" cried Jo, rising, glass in hand, as the lemonade went round.

They all drank it merrily, and began the experiment by lounging for the rest of the day. Next morning, Meg did not appear till ten o'clock; her solitary breakfast did not taste nice, and the room seemed lonely and untidy; for Jo had not filled the vases, Beth had not dusted, and Amy's books lay scattered about. Nothing was neat and pleasant but "Marmee's corner," which looked as usual; and there Meg sat, to "rest and read," which meant yawn and imagine what pretty summer dresses she would get with her salary. Jo spent the morning on the river, with Laurie, and the afternoon reading and crying over "The Wide, Wide World," up in the apple tree. Beth began by rummaging everything out of the big closet, where her family resided; but, getting tired before half done, she left her establishment topsy-turvy, and went to her music, rejoicing that she had no dishes to wash. Amy arranged her bower, put on her best white frock, smoothed her curls, and sat down to draw, under the honeysuckles, hoping some one would see and inquire who the young artist was. As no one appeared but an inquisitive daddy longlegs, who examined her work with interest, she went to walk, got caught in a shower, and came home dripping.

At tea time they compared notes, and all agreed that it had been a delightful, though unusually long, day. Meg, who went shopping in the afternoon and got a "sweet blue muslin," had discovered, after she had cut the breadths off, that it wouldn't wash, which mishap made her slightly cross. Jo had burnt the skin off her nose boating, and got a raging headache by reading too long. Beth was worried by the confusion of her closet, and the difficulty of learning three or four songs at once; and Amy deeply regretted the damage done her frock, for Katy

Brown's party was to be the next day; and now, like Flora McFlimsey, she had "nothing to wear." But these were mere trifles; and they assured their mother that the experiment was working finely. She smiled, said nothing, and, with Hannah's help, did their neglected work, keeping home pleasant, and the domestic machinery running smoothly. It was astonishing what a peculiar and uncomfortable state of things was produced by the "resting and reveling" process. The days kept getting longer and longer; the weather was unusually variable, and so were tempers; an unsettled feeling possessed every one, and Satan found plenty of mischief for the idle hands to do. As the height of luxury, Meg put out some of her sewing, and then found time hang so heavily that she fell to snipping and spoiling her clothes, in her attempts to furbish them up à la Moffat. Jo read till her eyes gave out, and she was sick of books; got so fidgety that even good-natured Laurie had a quarrel with her, and so reduced in spirits that she desperately wished she had gone with Aunt March. Beth got on pretty well, for she was constantly forgetting that it was to be *all play and no work*, and fell back into her old ways now and then; but something in the air affected her, and, more than once, her tranquillity was much disturbed; so much so, that, on one occasion, she actually shook poor dear Joanna, and told her she was "a fright." Amy fared worst of all, for her resources were small; and when her sisters left her to amuse and care for herself, she soon found that accomplished and important little self a great burden. She didn't like dolls, fairy tales were childish, and one couldn't draw all the time; tea parties didn't amount to much, neither did picnics, unless very well conducted. "If one could have a fine house, full of nice girls, or go traveling, the summer would be delightful; but to stay at home with three selfish sisters and a grown-up boy was enough to try the patience of a Boaz," complained Miss Malaprop, after several days devoted to pleasure, fretting, and *ennui*.

No one would own that they were tired of the experiment; but, by Friday night, each acknowledged to herself that she was glad the week was nearly done. Hoping to impress the lesson more deeply, Mrs. March, who had a good deal of humor, resolved to finish off the trial in an appropriate manner; so she gave Hannah a holiday, and let the girls enjoy the full effect of the play system.

When they got up on Saturday morning, there was no fire in the kitchen, no breakfast in the dining room, and no mother anywhere to be seen.

"Mercy on us! what *has* happened?" cried Jo, staring about her in dismay.

Meg ran upstairs, and soon came back again, looking relieved, but rather bewildered, and a little ashamed.

"Mother isn't sick, only very tired, and she says she is going to stay quietly in her room all day, and let us do the best we can. It's a very queer thing for her to do, she doesn't act a bit like herself; but she says it has been a hard week for her, so we mustn't grumble, but take care of ourselves."

"That's easy enough, and I like the idea; I'm aching for something to do — that is, some new amusement, you know," added Jo, quickly.

In fact it *was* an immense relief to them all to have a little work, and they took hold with a will, but soon realized the truth of Hannah's saying, "Housekeeping ain't no joke." There was plenty of food in the larder, and, while Beth and Amy set the table, Meg and Jo got breakfast, wondering, as they did so, why servants ever talked about hard work.

"I shall take some up to mother, though she said we were not to think of her, for she'd take care of herself," said Meg, who presided, and felt quite matronly behind the teapot.

So a tray was fitted out before any one began, and taken up, with the cook's compliments. The boiled tea was very bitter, the omelette scorched, and the biscuits speckled with saleratus; but Mrs. March received her repast with thanks, and laughed heartily over it after Jo was gone.

"Poor little souls, they will have a hard time, I'm afraid; but they won't suffer, and it will do them good," she said, producing the more palatable viands with which she had provided herself, and disposing of the bad breakfast, so that their feelings might not be hurt, — a motherly little deception, for which they were grateful.

Many were the complaints below, and great the chagrin of the head cook at her failures. "Never mind, I'll get the dinner, and be servant; you be mistress, keep your hands nice, see company, and give orders," said Jo, who knew still less than Meg about culinary affairs.

This obliging offer was gladly accepted; and Margaret retired to the parlor, which she hastily put in order by whisk-

ing the litter under the sofa, and shutting the blinds, to save the trouble of dusting. Jo, with perfect faith in her own powers, and a friendly desire to make up the quarrel, immediately put a note in the office, inviting Laurie to dinner.

"You'd better see what you have got before you think of having company," said Meg, when informed of the hospitable but rash act.

"Oh, there's corned beef and plenty of potatoes; and I shall get some asparagus and a lobster 'for a relish,' as Hannah says. We'll have lettuce and make a salad. I don't know how, but the book tells. I'll have blancmange and strawberries for dessert; and coffee, too, if you want to be elegant."

"Don't try too many messes, Jo, for you can't make anything but gingerbread and molasses candy fit to eat. I wash my hands of the dinner party; and, since you have asked Laurie on your own responsibility, you may just take care of him."

"I don't want you to do anything but be civil to him, and help to the pudding. You'll give me your advice if I get in a muddle, won't you?" asked Jo, rather hurt.

"Yes; but I don't know much, except about bread, and a few trifles. You had better ask mother's leave before you order anything," returned Meg, prudently.

"Of course I shall; I'm not a fool," and Jo went off in a huff at the doubts expressed of her powers.

"Get what you like, and don't disturb me; I'm going out to dinner, and can't worry about things at home," said Mrs. March, when Jo spoke to her. "I never enjoyed housekeeping, and I'm going to take a vacation to-day, and read, write, go visiting, and amuse myself."

The unusual spectacle of her busy mother rocking comfortably and reading early in the morning made Jo feel as if some natural phenomenon had occurred; for an eclipse, an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption would hardly have seemed stranger.

"Everything is out of sorts, somehow," she said to herself, going downstairs. "There's Beth crying: that's a sure sign that something is wrong with this family. If Amy is bothering, I'll shake her."

Feeling very much out of sorts herself, Jo hurried into the parlor to find Beth sobbing over Pip, the canary, who lay dead

in the cage, with his little claws pathetically extended, as if imploring the food for want of which he had died.

"It's all my fault, — I forgot him, — there isn't a seed or a drop left. O Pip! O Pip! how could I be so cruel to you?" cried Beth, taking the poor thing in her hands, and trying to restore him.

Jo peeped into his half-open eye, felt his little heart, and finding him stiff and cold, shook her head, and offered her domino box for a coffin.

"Put him in the oven, and maybe he will get warm and revive," said Amy, hopefully.

"He's been starved, and he sha'n't be baked, now he's dead. I'll make him a shroud, and he shall be buried in the garden; and I'll never have another bird, never, my Pip! for I am too bad to own one," murmured Beth, sitting on the floor with her pet folded in her hands.

"The funeral shall be this afternoon, and we will all go. Now, don't cry, Bethy; it's a pity, but nothing goes right this week, and Pip has had the worst of the experiment. Make the shroud, and lay him in my box; and, after the dinner party, we'll have a nice little funeral," said Jo, beginning to feel as if she had undertaken a good deal.

Leaving the others to console Beth, she departed to the kitchen, which was in a most discouraging state of confusion. Putting on a big apron, she fell to work, and got the dishes piled up ready for washing, when she discovered that the fire was out.

"Here's a sweet prospect!" muttered Jo, slamming the stove door open and poking vigorously among the cinders.

Having rekindled the fire, she thought she would go to market while the water heated. The walk revived her spirits; and, flattering herself that she had made good bargains, she trudged home again, after buying a very young lobster, some very old asparagus, and two boxes of acid strawberries. By the time she got cleared up, the dinner arrived, and the stove was red hot. Hannah had left a pan of bread to rise, Meg had worked it up early, set it on the hearth for a second rising, and forgotten it. Meg was entertaining Sallie Gardiner in the parlor, when the door flew open, and a floury, crocky, flushed, and disheveled figure appeared, demanding tartly, —

"I say, isn't bread 'riz' enough when it runs over the pans?"

Sallie began to laugh; but Meg nodded and lifted her eyebrows as high as they would go, which caused the apparition to vanish and put the sour bread into the oven without further delay. Mrs. March went out, after peeping here and there to see how matters went, also saying a word of comfort to Beth, who sat making a winding sheet, while the dear departed lay in state in the domino box. A strange sense of helplessness fell upon the girls as the gray bonnet vanished round the corner; and despair seized them when, a few minutes later, Miss Crocker appeared, and said she'd come to dinner. Now this lady was a thin, yellow spinster, with a sharp nose and inquisitive eyes, who saw everything, and gossiped about all she saw. They disliked her, but had been taught to be kind to her, simply because she was old and poor, and had few friends. So Meg gave her the easy-chair, and tried to entertain her, while she asked questions, criticised everything, and told stories of the people whom she knew.

Language cannot describe the anxieties, experiences, and exertions which Jo underwent that morning; and the dinner she served up became a standing joke. Fearing to ask any more advice, she did her best alone, and discovered that something more than energy and good will is necessary to make a cook. She boiled the asparagus for an hour, and was grieved to find the heads cooked off and the stalks harder than ever. The bread burnt black; for the salad dressing so aggravated her that she let everything else go till she had convinced herself that she could not make it fit to eat. The lobster was a scarlet mystery to her, but she hammered and poked till it was unshelled and its meager proportions concealed in a grove of lettuce leaves. The potatoes had to be hurried, not to keep the asparagus waiting, and were not done at last. The blancmange was lumpy, and the strawberries not as ripe as they looked, having been skillfully "deaconed."

"Well, they can eat beef and bread and butter, if they are hungry; only it's mortifying to have to spend your whole morning for nothing," thought Jo, as she rang the bell half an hour later than usual, and stood, hot, tired, and dispirited, surveying the feast spread for Laurie, accustomed to all sorts of elegance, and Miss Crocker, whose curious eyes would mark all failures, and whose tattling tongue would report them far and wide.

Poor Jo would gladly have gone under the table, as one thing after another was tasted and left; while Amy giggled,

Meg looked distressed, Miss Crocker pursed up her lips, and Laurie talked and laughed with all his might, to give a cheerful tone to the festive scene. Jo's one strong point was the fruit, for she had sugared it well, and had a pitcher of rich cream to eat with it. Her hot cheeks cooled a trifle, and she drew a long breath as the pretty glass plates went round, and every one looked graciously at the little rosy islands floating in a sea of cream. Miss Crocker tasted first, made a wry face, and drank some water hastily. Jo, who had refused, thinking there might not be enough, for they dwindled sadly after the picking over, glanced at Laurie, but he was eating away manfully, though there was a slight pucker about his mouth, and he kept his eye fixed on his plate. Amy, who was fond of delicate fare, took a heaping spoonful, choked, hid her face in her napkin, and left the table precipitately.

"Oh, what is it?" exclaimed Jo, trembling.

"Salt instead of sugar, and the cream is sour," replied Meg, with a tragic gesture.

Jo uttered a groan, and fell back in her chair, remembering that she had given a last hasty powdering to the berries out of one of the two boxes on the kitchen table, and had neglected to put the milk in the refrigerator. She turned scarlet, and was on the verge of crying, when she met Laurie's eyes, which *would* look merry in spite of his heroic efforts; the comical side of the affair suddenly struck her, and she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. So did every one else, even "Croaker," as the girls called the old lady; and the unfortunate dinner ended gayly, with bread and butter, olives and fun.

"I haven't strength of mind enough to clear up now, so we will sober ourselves with a funeral," said Jo, as they rose; and Miss Crocker made ready to go, being eager to tell the new story at another friend's dinner table.

They did sober themselves, for Beth's sake; Laurie dug a grave under the ferns in the grove, little Pip was laid in, with many tears, by his tender-hearted mistress, and covered with moss, while a wreath of violets and chickweed was hung on the stone which bore his epitaph, composed by Jo, while she struggled with the dinner: —

Here lies Pip March,
Who died the 7th of June;
Loved and lamented sore,
And not forgotten soon.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Beth retired to her room, overcome with emotion and lobster; but there was no place of repose, for the beds were not made, and she found her grief much assuaged by beating up pillows and putting things in order. Meg helped Jo clear away the remains of the feast, which took half the afternoon, and left them so tired that they agreed to be contented with tea and toast for supper. Laurie took Amy to drive, which was a deed of charity, for the sour cream seemed to have had a bad effect upon her temper. Mrs. March came home to find the three older girls hard at work in the middle of the afternoon; and a glance at the closet gave her an idea of the success of one part of the experiment.

Before the housewives could rest, several people called, and there was a scramble to get ready to see them; then tea must be got, errands done, and one or two necessary bits of sewing neglected till the last minute. As twilight fell, dewy and still, one by one they gathered in the porch, where the June roses were budding beautifully, and each groaned or sighed as she sat down, as if tired or troubled.

"What a dreadful day this has been!" began Jo, usually the first to speak.

"It has seemed shorter than usual, but *so* uncomfortable," said Meg.

"Not a bit like home," added Amy.

"It can't seem so without Marmee and little Pip," sighed Beth, glancing, with full eyes, at the empty cage above her head.

"Here's mother, dear, and you shall have another bird to-morrow, if you want it."

As she spoke, Mrs. March came and took her place among them, looking as if her holiday had not been much pleasanter than theirs.

"Are you satisfied with your experiment, girls, or do you want another week of it?" she asked, as Beth nestled up to her, and the rest turned toward her with brightening faces, as flowers turn toward the sun.

"I don't!" cried Jo, decidedly.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"You think, then, that it is better to have a few duties, and live a little for others, do you?"

"Lounging and larking doesn't pay," observed Jo, shaking her head. "I'm tired of it, and mean to go to work at something right off."

"Suppose you learn plain cooking; that's a useful accomplishment, which no woman should be without," said Mrs. March, laughing inaudibly at the recollection of Jo's dinner party; for she had met Miss Crocker, and heard her account of it.

"Mother, did you go away and let everything be, just to see how we'd get on?" cried Meg, who had had suspicions all day.

"Yes; I wanted you to see how the comfort of all depends on each doing her share faithfully. While Hannah and I did your work, you got on pretty well, though I don't think you were very happy or amiable; so I thought, as a little lesson, I would show you what happens when every one thinks only of herself. Don't you feel that it is pleasanter to help one another, to have daily duties which make leisure sweet when it comes, and to bear and forbear, that home may be comfortable and lovely to us all?"

"We do, mother, we do!" cried the girls.

"Then let me advise you to take up your little burdens again; for though they seem heavy sometimes, they are good for us, and lighten as we learn to carry them. Work is wholesome, and there is plenty for every one; it keeps us from *ennui* and mischief, is good for health and spirits, and gives us a sense of power and independence better than money or fashion."



BEN BOLT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

[1819-]

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
  Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
  And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
  In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
  And Alice lies under the stone.

Don't you remember the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
  Which stood at the foot of the hill,

Where together we've lain in the noonday shade
And listened to Appleton's mill?
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt;
The rafters have tumbled in,
And the quiet which crawls 'round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt;
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.



A RECRUIT AT CHRISTMAS.[1]

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

(From "Van Bibber and Others.")

[Richard Harding Davis: An American author; born in Philadelphia, Pa, April 18, 1864, the son of Rebecca Harding Davis, the author He was educated at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins universities, and engaged in journalism in

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Philadelphia and New York city, becoming managing editor of *Harper's Weekly* in 1890. Besides numerous contributions to current periodicals he has published. "Gallegher and Other Stories" (1891), "Stories for Boys" (1891), "The West from a Car Window" (1892), "Van Bibber and Others" (1892), "Our English Cousins" (1894), "The Rulers of the Mediterranean" (1894), "The Exiles and Other Stories" (1894), "The Princess Aline" (1895), "About Paris" (1895), "Cinderella and Other Stories" (1896), "Soldiers of Fortune" (1897), "A Year from a Reporter's Notebook" (1898), and "The King's Jackal" (1898).]

Young Lieutenant Claflin left the Brooklyn Navy Yard at an early hour, and arrived at the recruiting office at ten o'clock. It was the day before Christmas, and even the Bowery, "the thieves' highway," had taken on the emblems and spirit of the season, and the young officer smiled grimly as he saw a hard-faced proprietor of a saloon directing the hanging of wreaths and crosses over the door of his palace and telling the assistant barkeeper to make the red holly berries "show up" better.

The cheap lodging houses had trailed the green over their illuminated transoms, and even on Mott Street the Chinamen had hung up strings of evergreen over the doors of the joss house and the gambling house next door. And the tramps and good for nothings, just back from the Island, had an animated, expectant look, as though something certainly was going to happen.

Lieutenant Claflin nodded to Corporal Goddard at the door of the recruiting office, and startled that veteran's rigidity, and kept his cotton-gloved hand at his visor longer than the Regulations required, by saying, "Wish you merry Christmas," as he jumped up the stairs.

The recruiting office was a dull, blank-looking place, the view from the windows was not inspiring, and the sight of the plump and black-eyed Jewess in front of the pawn shop across the street, who was a vision of delight to Corporal Goddard, had no attractions to the officer upstairs. He put on his blue jacket, with the black braid down the front, lighted a cigar, and wrote letters on every other than official matters, and forgot about recruits. He was to have leave of absence on Christmas, and though the others had denounced him for leaving the mess table on that day, they had forgiven him when he explained that he was going to spend it with his people at home. The others had homes as far away as San Francisco and as far inland as Milwaukee, and some called the big ship of war home; but Claflin's people lived up in Connecticut, and he could reach

them in a few hours. He was a very lucky man, the others said, and he felt very cheerful over it, and forgot the blank-looking office with its Rules and Regulations, and colored prints of uniforms, and models of old warships, and tin boxes of official documents which were to be filled out and sent to "the Honorable, the Secretary of the Navy."

Corporal Goddard on the stoop below shifted from one foot to the other, and chafed his gloved hands softly together to keep them warm. He had no time to write letters on unofficial writing paper, nor to smoke cigars or read novels with his feet on a chair, with the choice of looking out at the queer stream of human life moving by below the window on the opposite side of the Bowery. He had to stand straight, which came easily to him now, and to answer questions and urge doubtful minds to join the ranks of the government's marines.

A drunken man gazed at Ogden's colored pictures of the American infantry, cavalry, and marine uniforms that hung before the door, and placed an unsteady finger on the cavalry-man's picture, and said he chose to be one of those. Corporal Goddard told him severely to be off and get sober and grow six inches before he thought of such a thing, and frowned him off the stoop.

Then two boys from the country asked about the service, and went off very quickly when they found they would have to remain in it for three years at least. A great many more stopped in front of the gay pictures and gazed admiringly at Corporal Goddard's bright brass buttons and brilliant complexion, which they innocently attributed to exposure to the sun on long, weary marches. But no one came to offer himself in earnest. At one o'clock Lieutenant Claflin changed his coat and went down town to luncheon, and came back still more content and in feeling with the season, and lighted another cigar.

But just as he had settled himself comfortably, he heard Corporal Goddard's step on the stairs and a less determined step behind him. He took his feet down from the rung of the other chair, pulled his undress jacket into place, and took up a pen.

Corporal Goddard saluted at the door and introduced with a wave of his hand the latest applicant for Uncle Sam's service. The applicant was as young as Lieutenant Claflin, and as good-looking; but he was dirty and unshaven, and his eyes

were set back in the sockets, and his fingers twitched at his side. Lieutenant Claflin had seen many applicants in this stage. He called it the remorseful stage, and was used to it.

"Name?" said Lieutenant Claflin, as he pulled a printed sheet of paper towards him.

The applicant hesitated, then he said, —

"Walker — John Walker."

The lieutenant noticed the hesitation, but he merely remarked to himself, "It's none of my business," and added, aloud, "Nationality?" and wrote United States before the applicant answered.

The applicant said he was unmarried, was twenty-three years old, and had been born in New York city. Even Corporal Goddard knew this last was not so, but it was none of his business, either. He moved the applicant up against the wall under the measuring rod, and brought it down on his head.

So he measured and weighed the applicant, and tested his eyesight with printed letters and bits of colored yarn, and the lieutenant kept tally on the sheet, and bit the end of his pen and watched the applicant's face. There were a great many applicants, and few were chosen; but none of them had quite the air about him which this one had. Lieutenant Claflin thought Corporal Goddard was just a bit too callous in the way he handled the applicant, and too peremptory in his questions; but he could not tell why Corporal Goddard treated them all in that way. Then the young officer noticed that the applicant's white face was flushing, and that he bit his lips when Corporal Goddard pushed him towards the weighing machine as he would have moved a barrel of flour.

"You'll answer," said Lieutenant Claflin, glancing at the sheet. "Your average is very good. All you've got to do now is to sign this, and then it will be over." But he did not let go of the sheet in his hand, as he would have done had he wanted it over. Neither did the applicant move forward to sign.

"After you have signed this," said the young officer, keeping his eyes down on the paper before him, "you will have become a servant of the United States; you will sit in that other room until the office is closed for to-day, and then you will be led over to the Navy Yard and put into a uniform, and from that time on for three years you will have a number, the

same number as the one on your musket. You and the musket will both belong to the government. You will clean and load the musket, and fight with it if God ever gives us the chance; and the government will feed you and keep you clean, and fight with you if needful."

The lieutenant looked up at the corporal and said, "You can go, Goddard," and the corporal turned on his heel and walked downstairs, wondering.

"You may spend the three years," continued the officer, still without looking at the applicant, "which are the best years of a young man's life, on the sea, visiting foreign ports, or you may spend it marching up and down the Brooklyn Navy Yard and cleaning brass work. There are some men who are meant to clean brass work and to march up and down in front of a stone arsenal, and who are fitted for nothing else. But to every man is given something which should tell him that he is put here to make the best of himself. Every man has that, even the men who are only fit to clean brass rods; but some men kill it, or try to kill it, in different ways, generally by rum. And they are as generally successful, if they keep the process up long enough. The government, of which I am a very humble representative, is always glad to get good men to serve her, but it seems to me (and I may be wrong, and I'm quite sure that I am speaking contrary to Regulations) that some of her men can serve her better in other ways than swabbing down decks. Now, you know yourself best. It may be that you are just the sort of man to stand up and salute the ladies when they come on board to see the ship, and to watch them from for'ard as they walk about with the officers. You won't be allowed to speak to them; you will be Number 329 or 328, and whatever benefits a good woman can give a man will be shut off from you, more or less, for three years.

"And, on the other hand, it may be that there are some good women who could keep you on shore, and help you to do something more with yourself than to carry a musket. And, again, it may be that if you stayed on shore you would drink yourself more or less comfortably to death, and break somebody's heart. I can't tell. But if I were not a commissioned officer of the United States, and a thing of Rules and Regulations who can dance and wear a uniform, and a youth generally unfit to pose as an example, I would advise you not to sign this, but to go home and brace up and leave whisky alone.

"Now, what shall we do?" said the young lieutenant, smiling; "shall we tear this up, or will you sign it?"

The applicant's lips were twitching as well as his hands now, and he rubbed his cuff over his face and smiled back.

"I'm much obliged to you," he said nervously. "That sounds a rather flat thing to say, I know, but if you knew all I meant by it, though, it would mean enough. I've made a damned fool of myself in this city, but nothing worse. And it was a choice of the navy, where they'd keep me straight, or going to the devil my own way. But it won't be my own way now, thanks to you. I don't know how you saw how it was so quickly; but, you see, I have got a home back in Connecticut, and women that can help me there, and I'll go back to them and ask them to let me start in again where I was when I went away."

"That's good," said the young officer, cheerfully; "that's the way to talk. Tell me where you live in Connecticut, and I'll lend you the car fare to get there. I'll expect it back with interest, you know," he said, laughing.

"Thank you," said the rejected applicant. "It's not so far but that I can walk, and I don't think you'd believe in me if I took money."

"Oh, yes, I would," said the lieutenant. "How much do you want?"

"Thank you, but I'd rather walk," said the other. "I can get there easily enough by to-morrow. I'll be a nice Christmas present, won't I?" he added grimly.

"You'll do," said the young officer. "I fancy you'll be about as welcome a one as they'll get." He held out his hand and the other shook it, and walked out with his shoulders as stiff as those of Corporal Goddard.

Then he came back and looked into the room shyly. "I say," he said hesitatingly. The lieutenant ran his hand down into his pocket. "You've changed your mind?" he asked eagerly. "That's good. How much will you want?"

The rejected applicant flushed. "No, not that," he said. "I just came back to say — wish you a merry Christmas."

THE WHITE ROSE.

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[1844–1890.]

THE red rose whispers of passion,
 And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
 And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
 With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
 Has a kiss of desire on the lips.



HIS DUTY.[1]

By OCTAVE THANET.

[OCTAVE THANET, pseudonym of Alice French An American short story writer, born in Massachusetts in 1850 Her work has appeared principally in *Scribner's Magazine.* Her "Stories of a Western Town" have been especially well received Other works include "Knitters in the Sun," "Expiation," etc]

AMOS WICKLIFF little suspected himself riding, that sunny afternoon, towards the ghastliest adventure of an adventurous life. Nevertheless, he was ill at ease. His horse was too light for his big muscles and his six feet two of bone. Being a merciful man to beasts, he could not ride beyond a jog trot, and his soul was fretted by the delay. He cast a scowl down the dejected neck of the pony to its mournful, mismated ears, and from thence back at his own long legs, which nearly scraped the ground. "Oh, Lord! ain't I a mark on this horse!" he groaned. "We could make money in a circus!" With a gurgle of disgust he looked about him at the glaring blue sky, at the measureless, melancholy sweep of purple and dun prairie.

"Well, give *me* Iowa!" said Amos.

For a long while he rode in silence, but his thoughts were

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distinct enough for words. "What an amusing little scamp it was!"—thus they ran—"I believe he could mimic anything on earth. He used to give a cat and puppy fighting that I laughed myself nearly into a fit over. When I think of that I hate this job. Now why? You never saw the fellow to speak to him more than twice. Duty, Amos, duty. But if he is as decent as he's got the name of being here, it's rough—Halloo! River? Trees?" The river might be no more than the lightening rim of the horizon behind the foliage, but there was no mistake about the trees; and when Wickliff turned the field glass, which he habitually carried, on them, he could make out not only the river and the willows, but the walls of a cabin and the lovely undulations of a green field of corn. Half an hour's riding brought him to the house and a humble little garden of sweet peas and hollyhocks. Amos groaned. "How cursed decent it all looks! And flowers, too! I have no doubt that his wife's a nice woman, and the baby has a clean face. Everything certainly does combine to ball me up on this job! There she is; and she's nice!"

A woman in a clean print gown, with a child pulling at her skirt, had run to the gate. She looked young. Her freckled face was not exactly pretty, but there was something engaging in the flash of her white teeth and her soft, black-lashed, dark eyes. She held the gate wide open, with the hospitality of the West. "Won't you 'light, stranger?" she called.

"I'm bound for here," replied Amos, telling his prepared tale glibly. "This is Mr. Brown's, the photographer's, ain't it? I want him to come to the settlement with me and take me standing on a deer."

"Yes, sir." The woman spoke in mellow Southern accents, and she began to look interested, as suspecting a romance under this vainglory. "Yes, sir. Deer you shot, I reckon. I'll send Johnny D. for him. Oh, Johnny D.!"

A lath of a boy of ten, with sunburnt white hair and bright eyes, vaulted over a fence and ran to her, receiving her directions to go find uncle after he had cared for the gentleman's horse.

"Your nephew, madam?" said Amos, as the lad's bare soles twinkled in the air.

"Well, no, sir, not born nephew," she said, smiling; "he's a little neighbor boy. His folks live three miles further down

the river; but I reckon we all think jest as much of him as if he was our born kin. Won't you come in, sir?"

By this time she had passed under the luxuriant arbor of honeysuckle that shaded the porch, and she threw wide the door. The room was large. It was very tidy. The furniture was of the sort that can be easily transported where railways have to be pieced out with mule trails. But it was hardly the ordinary pioneer cabin. Not because there was a sewing machine in one corner, for the sewing machine follows hard on the heels of the plow; perhaps because of the white curtains at the two windows (curtains darned and worn thin by washing, tied back with ribbons faded by the same ministry of neatness), or the square of pretty though cheap carpet on the floor, or the magazines and the bunch of sweet peas on the table, but most because of the multitude of photographs on the clumsy walls. They were on cards, all of the same size (not more than 8 by 10 inches), protected by glass, and framed in mossy twigs. Some of the pictures were scenes of the country, many of them bits of landscape near the house, all chosen with a marvelous elimination of the usual grotesque freaks of the camera, and with such an unerring eye for subject and for light and shade that the artist's visions of the flat, commonplace country were not only picturesque but poetic. In the prints also were an extraordinary richness and range of tone. It did not seem possible that mere black and white could give such an effect of brilliancy and depth of color. An artist over this obscure photographer's workmanship might feel a thrill like that which crinkles a flower lover's nerves when he sees a mass of azaleas in fresh bloom.

Amos was not an artist, but he had a camera at home, and he gave a gulp of admiration. "Well, he *is* great!" he sighed. "That beats any photographic work I ever saw."

The wife's eyes were luminous. "Ain't he!" said she. "It 'most seems wicked for him to be farming when he can do things like that ——"

"Why does he farm?"

"It's his health. He caynt stand the climate East."

"You are from the South yourself, I take it?"

"Yes, sir, Arkansas, though I don't see how ever you guessed it. I met Mist' Brown there, down in old Lawrence. I was teaching school then, and went to have my picture taken in his wagon. Went with my father, and he was so pleasant and

polite to paw I liked him from the start. He nursed paw during his last sickness. Then we were married and came out here— You're looking at that picture of little Davy at the well? I like that the best of all the ten, his little dress looks so cute, and he has such a sweet smile; and it's the only one has his hair smooth. I tell Mist' Brown I do believe he musses that child's hair himself——"

"Papa make Baby's hair pitty for picture!" cried the child, delighted to have understood some of the conversation.

"He's a very pretty boy," said Amos. "'Fraid to come to me, young feller?"

But the child saw too few to be shy, and happily perched himself on the tall man's shoulder, while he studied the pictures. The mother appeared as often as the child.

"He's got her at the best every time," mused the observer; "best side of her face, best light on her nose. Never misses. That's the way a man looks at his girl; always twists his eyes a little so as to get the best view. Plainly she's in love with him, and looks remarkably like he was in love with her, d—— him!" Then, with great civility, he asked Mrs. Brown what developer her husband used, and listened attentively, while she showed him the tiny dark room leading out of the apartment, and exhibited the meager stock of drugs.

"I keep them up high and locked up in that cupboard with the key on top, for fear Baby might git at them," she explained. She evidently thought them a rare and creditable collection. "I ain't a bit afraid of Johnny D.; he's sensible and, besides, he minds every word Mist' Brown tells him. He sets the world by Mist' Brown; always has ever since the day Mist' Brown saved him from drowning in the eddy."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see, he was out fishing, and climbed out on a log and slipped someway. It's about two miles further down the river, between his parents' farm and ours; and by a God's mercy we were riding by, Dave and the baby and I—the baby wasn't out of long clothes then—and we heard the scream. Dave jumped out and ran, peeling his clothes as he ran. I only waited to throw the weight out of the wagon to hold the horses, and ran after him. I could see him plain in the water. Oh, it surely was a dreadful sight! I dream of it nights sometimes yet; and he's there in the water, with his wet hair streaming over his eyes, and his eyes sticking out, and his lips blue, fight-

ing the current with one hand, and drifting off, off, inch by inch, all the time. And I wake up with the same longing on me to cry out, 'Let the boy go! Swim! *Swim!*'"

"Well, *did* you cry that?" says Amos.

"Oh, no, sir. I went in to him. I pushed a log along and climbed out on it and held out a branch to him, and some way we all got ashore ——"

"What did you do with the baby?"

"I was fixing to lay him down in a soft spot when I saw a man was on the bank. He was jumping up and down and yelling: 'I caynt swim a stroke! I caynt swim a stroke!' 'Then you hold the baby,' said I; and I dumped poor Davy into his arms. When we got the boy up the bank he looked plumb dead; but Dave said: 'He ain't dead! He caynt be dead! I won't have him dead!' wildlike, and began rubbing him. I ran to the man. If you please, there that unfortunate man was, in the same place, holding Baby as far away from him as he could get, as if he was a dynamite bomb that might go off at any minute. 'Give me your pipe,' said I. 'You will have to fish it out of my pocket yourself,' says he; 'I don't dast loose a hand from this here baby!' And he did look funny! But you may imagine I didn't notice that then. I ran back quick's I could, and we rubbed that boy and worked his arms and, you may say, blowed the breath of life into him. We worked more'n a hour — that poor man holding the baby the enduring time: I reckon *his* arms were stiff's ours! — and I'd have given him up: it seemed awful to be rumpling up a corpse that way. But Dave, he only set his teeth and cried, 'Keep on, I *will* save him!'"

"And you *did* save him?"

"*He* did," flashed the wife; "he'd be in his grave but for Dave. I'd given him up. And his mother knows it. And she said that if that child was not named Johnny ayfter his paw, she'd name him David ayfter Mist' Brown; but seeing he was named, she'd do next best, give him David for a middle. And as calling him Johnny David seemed too long, they always call him Johnny D. But won't you rest your hat on the bed and sit down, Mister ——"

"Wickliff," finished Amos; but he added no information regarding his dwelling place or his walk in life, and, being a Southerner, she did not ask it. By this time she was getting supper ready for the guest. Amos was sure she was a good cook the instant his glance lighted on her snowy and shapely

rolls. He perceived that he was to have a much daintier meal than he had ever had before in the "Nation," yet he frowned at the wall. All the innocent, laborious, happy existence of the pair was clear to him as she talked, pleased with so good a listener. The dominant impression which her unconscious confidences made on him was her content.

"I reckon I am a natural-born farmer," she laughed "I fairly crave to make things grow, and I love the very smell of the earth and the grass. It's beautiful out here."

"But aren't you ever lonesome?"

"Why, we've lots of neighbors, and they're all such nice folks. The Robys are awful kind people, and only four miles, and the Atwills are only three, on the other side. And then the Indians drop in; but though I try to be good to them, it's hard to like anybody so dirty. Dave says Red Horse and his band are not fair samples, for they are all young bucks that their fathers won't be responsible for, and they certainly do steal. I don't think they ever stole anything from us, 'cept one hog and three chickens and a jug of whisky; but we always feed them well, and it's a little trying, though maybe you'll think I'm inhospitable to say so, to have half a dozen of them drop in and eat up a whole batch of light bread and all the meat you've saved for next day and a plumb jug of molasses at a sitting. That Red Horse is crazy for whisky, and awful mean when he's drunk; but he's always been civil to us — There's Mist' Brown now!"

Wickliff's first glance at the man in the doorway showed him the same undersized, fair-skinned, handsome young fellow that he remembered; he wanted to shrug his shoulders and exclaim, "The identical little tough!" but Brown turned his head, and then Amos was aware that the recklessness and the youth both were gone out of the face. At that moment it went to the hue of cigar ashes.

"Here's the gentleman, David; my husband, Mist' Wickliff," said the wife.

"Papa! papa!" joyously screamed the child, pattering across the floor. Brown caught the little thing up and kissed it passionately; and he held his face for a second against its tiny shoulder before he spoke (in a good round voice), welcoming his guest. He was too busy with his boy, it may be, to offer his hand. Neither did Amos move his arm from his side. He repeated his errand.

Brown moistened his blue lips; a faint glitter lit in his haggard eyes, which went full at the speaker.

"*That's* what you want, is it?"

"Well, if I want anything more, I'll explain it on the way," said Amos, unsmilingly.

Brown swallowed something in his throat. "All right; I guess I can go," said he. "To-morrow, that is. We can't take pictures by moonlight; and the road's better by daylight. Won't you come out with me while I do my chores? We can — can talk it over." In spite of his forced laugh there was undisguised entreaty in his look, and relief when Amos assented. He went first, saying under his breath, "I suppose this is how you want."

Amos nodded. They went out, stepping down the narrow walk between the rows of hollyhocks to one side and sweet peas to the other. Amos turned his head from side to side against his will, subdued by the tranquil beauty of the scene. The air was very still. Only afar, on the river bank, the cows were calling to the calves in the yard. A bell tinkled, thin and sweet, as one cow waded through the shallow water under the willows. After the dismal, neutral tints of the prairie, the rich green of cornfield and grass looked enchanting, dipped as they were in the glaze of sunset. The purple gray of the well sweep was painted flatly against a sky of deepest lusterless blue — the sapphire without its gleam. But the river was molten silver, and the tops of the trees reflected the flaming west, below the gold and the tumbled white clouds. Turn one way, the homely landscape held only cool, infinitely soft blues and greens and grays; turn the other, and there burned all the sumptuous dyes of earth and sky.

"It's a pretty place," said Brown, timidly.

"Very pretty," Amos agreed, without emotion.

"I've worked awfully hard to pay for it. It's all paid for now. You saw my wife."

"Nice lady," said Amos.

"By ——, she is!" The other man swore with a kind of sob. "And she believes in me. We're happy. We're trying to lead a good life."

"I'm inclined to think you're living as decently and lawfully as any citizens of the United States." The tone had not changed.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Brown burst forth, as if he could bear the strain no longer.

"I'm going to do my duty, Harned, and take you to Iowa."

"Will you not listen to me first? All you know is, I killed ——"

But the officer held up his hand, saying in the same steady voice, "You know whatever you say may be used against you. It's my duty to warn ——"

"Oh, I know you, Mr. Wickliff. Come behind the gooseberry bushes where my wife can't see us ——"

"It's no use, Harned; if you talked like Bob Ingersoll or an angel, I have to do my duty." Nevertheless he followed, and leaned against the wall of the little shed which did duty for a barn. Harned walked in front of him, too miserably restless to stand still, nervously pulling and breaking wisps of hay between his fingers, talking rapidly with an earnestness that beaded his forehead and burned in his imploring eyes. "All you know about me"—so he began, quietly enough—"all you know about me is that I was a dissipated, worthless photographer, who could sing a song and had a cursed silly trick of mimicry, which made him amusing company; and so I was trying to keep company with rich fellows. You don't know that when I came to your town I was as innocent a country lad as you ever saw, and had a picture of my dead mother in my Bible, and wrote to my father every week. He was a good man, my father. Lucky he died before he found out about *me*. And you don't know either, that at first, keeping a little studio on the third story, with a folding bed in the studio, and doing my cooking on the gas jet, I was a happy man. But I was. I loved my art. Maybe you don't call a photographer an artist. I do. Because a man works with the sun instead of a brush or a needle, can't he create a picture? and do you suppose a photographer can't hunt for the soul in a sitter as well as a portrait painter? Can't a photographer bring out light and shade in as exquisite gradations as an etcher? Artist! Any man that can discover beauty, and can express it in any shape so other men can see it and love it and be happy on account of it—*he's* an artist! And I don't give a damn for a critic who tries to box up art in his own little hole!" Harned was excitedly tapping the horny palm of one hand with the hard, grimy fingers of the other. Amos thought of the white hands he used to take such pains to guard, and then he looked at the faded check shirt and the patched overalls. Harned had been a little dandy, too fond of perfumes and striking styles.

"I was an artist," said Harned. "I loved my art. I was happy. I had begun to make reputation and money when the devil sent him my way. He was an amateur photographer; that's how we got acquainted. When he found I could sing and mimic voices, he was wild over me, flattered me, petted me, taught me all kinds of fool habits; ruined me, body and soul, with his friendship. Well, he's dead; and God knows she wasn't worth a man's life; but he did treat me mean about her, and when I flew at him he jeered at me, and he took advantage of my being a little fellow and struck me and cuffed me before them all; then I went crazy and shot him!" He stopped out of breath. Wickliff mused, frowning. The man at his mercy pleaded on, gripping those slim, roughened hands of his hard together: "It ain't quite so bad as you thought, is it, Mr. Wickliff? For God's sake, put yourself in my place! I went through hell after I shot him! You don't know what it is to live looking over your shoulder! Fear! fear! fear! Day and night, fear! Waking up, maybe, in a cold sweat, hearing some noise, and thinking it meant pursuit and the handcuffs. Why, my heart was jumping out of my mouth if a man clapped me on the shoulder from behind, or hollered across the street to me to stop. Then I met my wife. You need not tell me I had no right to marry. I know it; I told myself so a hundred times; but I couldn't leave her alone with her poor, old, sick father, could I? And then I found out that — that it would be hard for her, too. And I was all wore out. Man, you don't know what it is to be frightened for two years? There wasn't a nerve in me that didn't seem to be pulled out as far as it would go. I married her, and we hid ourselves out here in the wilderness. You can say what you please, I have made her happy; and she's made me. If I was to die to-night, she'd thank God for the happy years we've had together; just as she's thanked Him every night since we were married. The only thing that frets her is me giving up photography. She thinks I could make a name like Wilson or Black. Maybe I could, but I don't dare; if I made a reputation, I'd be gone. I have to give it up, and do you suppose that ain't a punishment? Do you suppose it's no punishment to sink into obscurity when you know you've got the capacity to do better work than the men that are getting the money and the praise? Do you suppose it doesn't eat into my heart every day that I can't ever give my boy his grandfather's honest name? — that

I don't even dare to make his father's name one he would be proud of? Yes, I took his life, but I've given up all my chances in the world for it. My only hope was to change as I grew older and be lost, and the old story would die out——"

"It might; but you see he had a mother," said Wickliff; "she offers five thousand——"

"It was only one thousand," interrupted Harned.

"One thousand first year. She's raised a thousand every year. She's a thrifty old party, willing to pay, but not willing to pay any more than necessary. When it got to five thousand, I took the case."

Harned looked wistfully about him. "I might raise four thousand——"

"Better stop right there. I refused fifty thousand once to let a man go."

"Excuse me," said Harned, humbly; "I remember. I'm so distracted I can't think of anything but Maggie and the baby. Ain't there anything that will move you? I've paid for that thing. I saved a boy's life once——"

"I know; I've seen the boy."

"Then you know I fought for his life; I fought awful hard. I said to myself, if he lived I'd know it was the sign God had forgiven me. He did live. I've paid, Mr. Wickliff, I've paid in the sight of God. And if it comes to society, it seems to me I'm a good deal more use to it here than I'd be in a State's prison, pegging shoes, and my poor wife——"

He choked; but there was no softening of the saturnine gloom of Wickliff's face.

"You ought to tell that all to the lawyer, not to me," said Wickliff. "I'm only a special officer, and my duty is to my employer, not to society. What's more, I am going to perform it. There isn't anything that can make it right for me to balk on my duty, no matter how sorry I feel for you. No, Mr. Harned, if you live and I live, you go back to Iowa with me."

Harned, in utter silence, studied the impassive face, and it returned his gaze; then he threw his arm up against the shed, and hid his own face in the crook of his elbow. His shoulders worked as in a strong shudder, but almost at once they were still, and when he turned his features were blank and steady as the boards behind them.

"I've just one favor to ask," said he; "don't tell my wife. You have got to stay here to-night; it will be more comfortable

for you, if I don't say anything till after you've gone to bed. Give me a chance to explain and say good-by. It will be hard enough for her ——"

"Will you give me your parole you won't try to escape?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nor kill yourself?"

Harned started violently, and he laughed. "Do you think I'd kill myself before poor Maggie? I wouldn't be so mean. No, I promise you I won't either run away or kill myself or play any kind of trick on you to-night. Does it go?"

"It goes," responded Amos, holding out his hand; "and I'll give you a good reputation in court, too, for being a good citizen now. That will have weight with the judge. And if you care to know it, I'm mighty sorry for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Wickliff," said Harned; but he had not seemed to see the hand: he was striding ahead.

"That man means to kill himself," thought Amos; "he's too blamed resigned. He's got it all planned before. And God help the poor beggar! I guess it's the best thing he can do for himself. Lord, but it's hard sometimes for a man to do his duty!"

The two men walked along, at first both mute; but no sooner did they come well in view of the kitchen door than they began to talk. Amos hoped there was nothing in the rumors of Indian troubles.

"There's only one band could make trouble," said Harned. "Red Horse is a mean Indian, educated in the agency schools, and then relapsed. Say, who's that running up the river bank? Looks like Mrs. Roby's sister. She's got the baby." His face and voice changed sharply, he crying out, "There's something wrong with that woman!" and therewith he set off running to the house at the top of his speed. Halfway Amos, running behind him, could hear a clamor of women's voices, rising and breaking, and loud cries. Mrs. Brown came to the doorway, beckoning with both hands, screaming for them to hurry.

When they reached the door, they could see the newcomer. She was huddled in a rocking chair, a pitiful, trembling shape, wet to the skin of her, her dank cotton skirts dripping, bareheaded, and her black hair blown about her ghastly face; and on her breast a baby, wet as she, smiling and cooing, but with a great crimson smouch on its tiny shoulder. Near her appeared Johnny D.'s white head. He was pale under his freckles,

but he kept assuring her stoutly that uncle wouldn't let the Indians get them.

The woman was so spent with running that her words came in gasps. "Oh, git ready! Fly! They've killed the Robys. They've killed sister and Tom. They killed the children. Oh, my Lord! children! They was clinging to their mother, and crying to the Indians to please not kill them. Oh, they pretended to be friendly — so's to git in; and we cooked 'em up such a good supper; but they killed every one, little Mary and little Jim — I heard the screeches. I picked up the baby and run. I jumped into the river and swum to the boat — I don't know how I done it — oh, be quick! They'll be coming! Oh, fly!"

Harned turned on Amos. "Flying's no good on land, but maybe the boat — you'll help?"

"Of course," said Amos. "Here, young feller, can you scuttle up to the rooftree and reconnoiter with this field glass? — you're considerably lighter on your feet than me. Twist the wheel round here till you can see plain. There's a hole, I see, up to the loft. Is there one out on the roof? Then scuttle!"

Mrs. Brown pushed the coffee back on the stove. "No use it burning," said she; and Amos admired her firm tones, though she was deadly pale. "If we ain't killed, we'll need it. Dave, don't forget the camera. I'll put up some comforters to wrap the children in and something to eat." She was doing this with incredible quickness as she spoke, while Harned saw to his gun and the loading of a pistol.

The pistol she took out of his hands, saying, in a low, very gentle voice, "Give that to me, honey."

He gave her a strange glance.

"They sha'n't hurt little Davy or me, Dave," she answered, in the same voice.

Little Davy had gone to the woman and the baby, and was looking about him with frightened eyes; his lip began to quiver, and he pointed to the baby's shoulder: "Injuns hurt Elly. Don't let Injuns hurt Davy!"

The wretched father groaned.

"No, baby," said the mother, kissing him.

"Halloo! up there," called Amos. "What do you see?"

The shrill little voice rang back clearly, "They're a comin', a terrible sight of them."

"How many? Twenty?"

"I guess so. Oh, uncle, the boat's floated off!"

"Didn't you fasten it?" cried Harned.

"God forgive me!" wailed the woman, "I don't know!"

Harned sat down in the nearest chair, and his gun slipped between his knees. "Maggie, give us a drink of coffee," said he, quietly. "We'll have time for that before they come."

"Can't we barricade and fight?" said Amos, glaring about him.

"Then they'll get behind the barn and fire that, and the wind is this way."

"We've *got* to save the women and the kids!" cried Amos. At this moment he was a striking and terrible figure. The veins of his temple were swelling with despair and impotent fury; his heavy features were transfigured in the intensity of his effort to think — to see; his arms did not hang at his sides; they were held tensely, with the fists clinched, while his burning eyes roamed over every corner of the room, over every picture. In a flash his whole condition changed, his muscles relaxed, his hands slid into his pockets, he smiled the strangest and grimmest of smiles. "All right," said he. "Ah — Brown, you got any whisky? Fetch it." The women stared, while Harned passively found a jug and placed it before him.

"Now some empty bottles and tumblers."

"There are some empty bottles in the dark room; what do you mean to do?"

"Mean to save you. Brace up! I'll get them. And you, Mrs. Brown, if you've got any paregoric, give those children a dose that will keep them quiet, and up in the loft with you all. We'll hand up the kids. Listen! You must keep quiet, and keep the children quiet, and not stir, no matter what infernal racket you may hear down here. You *must!* To save the children. You must wait till you hear one of us, Brown or me, call. See? I depend on you, and you *must* depend on me!"

Her eyes sought her husband's; then, "I'm ready, sir," she said simply. "I'll answer for Johnny D., and the others I'll make quiet."

"That's the stuff," cried Amos, exultantly. "I'll fix the red butchers. Only for God's sake *hustle!*"

He turned his back on the parting to enter the dark room, and when he came back, with his hands full of empty bottles, Harned was alone.

"I told her it was our only chance," said Harned; "but I'm d——d if I know what our only chance is!"

"Never mind that," retorted Amos, briskly. He was entirely calm; indeed, his face held the kind of grim elation that peril in any shape brings to some natures. "You toss things up and throw open the doors, as if you all had run away in a big fright, while I'll set the table." And, as Harned feverishly obeyed, he carefully filled the bottles from the demijohn. The last bottle he only filled half full, pouring the remains of the liquor into a tumbler.

"All ready?" he remarked; "well, here's how," and he passed the tumbler to Harned, who shook his head. "Don't need a brace? I don't know as you do. Then shake, pardner, and whichever one of us gets out of this all right will look after the women. And — it's all right?"

"Thank you," choked Harned; "just give the orders, and I'm there."

"You get into the other room, and you keep there, still; those are the orders. Don't you come out whatever you hear; it's the women's and children's lives are at stake, do you hear? and no matter what happens to *me*, you stay *there*, you stay *still!* But the minute I twist the button on that door, let me in, and be ready with your hatchet — that will be handiest. Savez?"

"Yes; God bless you, Mr. Wickliff!" cried Harned.

"Pardner it is, now," said Wickliff. They shook hands. Then Harned shut himself in the closet. He did not guess Wickliff's plan, but that did not disturb the hope that was pumping his heart faster. He felt the magnetism of a born leader and an intrepid fighter, and he was Wickliff's to the death. He strained his ears at the door. A chair scraped the boards; Wickliff was sitting down. Immediately a voice began to sing — Wickliff's voice changed into a tipsy man's maudlin pipe. He was singing a war song.

"We'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

The sound did not drown the thud of horses' hoofs outside. They sounded nearer. Then a hail. On roared the song all on one note. Wickliff couldn't carry a tune to save his soul, and no living man, probably, had ever heard him sing.

"And we'll drive the savage crew from the land we love
the best,
Shouting the battle cry ——

"Halloo! Who's comin'? Injuns — mean noble red men? Come in, gen'lemen all."

The floor shook. They were all crowding in. There was a din of guttural monosyllables and sibilant phrases all fused together, threatening and sinister to the listener, yet he could understand that some of them were of pleasure. That meant the sight of the whisky.

"P-play fair, gen'lemen," the drunken voice quavered, "thas fine whisky, fire water. Got lot. 'Know where's more. Queer shorter place ever did see. Aller folks skipped. Nobody welcome stranger. Ha, ha! — hic! — stranger found the whisky, and is shelerbrating for himself. Help yeself, gen'lemen. I know where there's shum — shum more — plenty."

Dimly it came to Harned that here was the man's bid for his life. They wouldn't kill him until he should get the fresh supply of whisky.

"Where Black Blanket gone?" grunted Red Horse. Harned knew his voice.

"Damfino," returned the drunken accents, cheerfully. "L-lit out, thas all I know. Whas you mean, hitting each orrer with bottles? Plenty more. I'll go get it. You s-shay where you are."

The blood pounded through Harned's veins at the sound of the shambling step on the floor. His own shoulders involuntarily hunched themselves, quivering as if he felt the tomahawk between them. Would they wait, or would they shy something at him and kill him the minute his back was turned? God! what nerve the man had! He was not taking a step the quicker — ah! Wickliff's fingers were at the fastening. He flung the door back. Even then he staggered, keeping to his rôle. But the instant he was over the threshold the transformation came. He hurled the door back and threw his weight against it, quick as a cat. His teeth were set in a grin of hate, his eyeballs glittered, and he shook his pistol at the door.

"Come on now, d—— you!" he yelled. "We're ready."

Like an echo to his defiance, there rose an awful and indescribable uproar from the room beyond, screams, groans, yells, and simultaneously the sound of a rush on the door. But for a minute the door held.

The clatter of tomahawk blades shook it, but the wood was thick, it held.

"Hatchet ready, pard?" said Wickliff. "When you feel the door give, slip the bolt to let 'em tumble in, and then strike for the women and the kids — strike hard. I'll empty my pop into the heap. It won't be such a big one if the door holds a minute longer."

"What are they doing in there?" gasped Harned.

"They're *dying* in there, that's what," Wickliff replied, between his teeth, "and dying fast. *Now!*"

The words stung Harned's courage into a rush, like whisky. He shot the bolt, and three Indians tumbled on them, with more — he could not see how many more — behind. Then the hatchet fell. It never faltered after that one glimpse Harned had of the thing at one Indian's belt. He heard the bark of the pistol, twice, three times, the heap reeling; the three foremost were on the floor. He had struck them down too; but he was borne back. He caught the gleam of the knife lurching at him; in the same wild glance he saw Wickliff's pistol against a broad red breast, and Red Horse's tomahawk in the air. He struck — struck as Wickliff fired: struck not at his own assailant, but at Red Horse's arm. It dropped, and Wickliff fired again. He did not see that; he had whirled to ward the other blow. But the Indian knife made only a random, nerveless stroke, and the Indian pitched forward, doubling up hideously in the narrow space, and thus slipping down — dead.

"That's over!" called Wickliff.

Now Harned perceived that they were standing erect; they two and only they in the place. Directly in front of them lay Red Horse, the blood streaming from his arm. He was dead, nor was there a single living creature among the Indians. Some had fallen before they could reach the door at which they had flung themselves in the last access of fury; some lay about the floor, and one — the one with the knife — was stiff behind Harned in the dark room.

"Look at that fellow," called Harned. "I didn't hit him; he may be shamming."

"I didn't hit him either," said Wickliff, "but he's dead all the same. So are the others. I'd been too, I guess, but for your good blow on that feller's arm. I saw him, but you can't kill two at once."

"How did you do it?"

"Doped the whisky. Cyanide of potassium from your photographic drugs; that was the quickest. Even if they had killed you and me, it would work before they could get the women and children. The only risk was their not taking it, and with an Indian that wasn't so much. Now, pardner, you better give a hail, and then we'll hitch up and get them safe in the settlement till we see how things are going."

"And then?" said Harned, growing red.

Amos gnawed at the corners of his mustache in rather a shamefaced way. "Then? Why then I'll have to leave you, and make the best story I can honestly for the old lady. Oh, yes, d—— it, I know my duty; I never went back on it before. But I never went back on a pardner either; and after fighting together like we have, I'm not up to any Roman soldier business; nor I ain't going to give you a pair of handcuffs for saving my life! So run outside and holler to your frau."

Left alone, Wickliff gazed about him in deep meditation, which at last found outlet in a few pensive sentences. "Clean against the rules of war; but rules of war are as much wasted on Injuns as 'please' on a stone-deaf man! And I simply *had* to save the women and children. Still, it's a pretty sorry lay-out to pay five thousand dollars for the privilege of seeing. But it's a good deal worse not to do my duty. I shall never forgive myself. But I never should forgive myself for going back on a pardner either. I guess all it comes to is, duty's a cursed blind trail!"



THE INSANITY OF CAIN.[1]

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

[MARY ELIZABETH MAPES DODGE: An American author, well known as the editor of *St Nicholas Magazine* since 1873 and as the writer of many charming juvenile tales "Hans Brinker" (1865) was her most successful story and has been translated into several foreign languages It was followed by "Irvington Stories," "Theophilus and Others," "Donald and Dorothy," "Along the Way," and numerous others]

WHATEVER is startling in the fact of questioning Cain's sanity only goes to prove the simple justice of the doubt. For

[1] By permission of the author and Charles Scribner's Sons.

more than five thousand years humankind has been content to look upon the First Born as a murderer. Each new generation, convicting him as it were without hearing of judge or jury, has felt far more concern that the conviction should be understood as a so-called religious fact, than that a remote and defenseless fellow-creature should have the benefit of human justice. One tenth of the zeal and candor with which our own Froude has endeavored to make a saint of England's chronic widower might have sufficed to lift a world's weight of obloquy from the shoulders of Cain. But, until to-day, no philosopher has chosen to assume the difficult and delicate task. No jurist has dared to investigate a charge that has been a sort of moral stronghold for ages. So grand a thing is it to be able to point away far back, deeper and deeper into antiquity, to the very First Families, and say, Behold the fountain head of our murder record.

Doggerel has much to answer for. It has driven many a monstrous wrong into the heart of its century. It has done its worst with Cain, but not *the* worst.

C — is for Cain,
Who his brother had slain,

though winning in cadence, lacks spirit as a charge. It is too non-committal. The feeble soul that contrived it was fit only for jury duty. It lacks the snap of preconceived opinion. But CAIN, THE FIRST MURDERER, is grand, unique, statistical. Hence its vitality and power. Generation after generation, taught to loathe his very name, has accepted the statement on general principles. There had to be a first murderer; and why not Cain? Again, why not Abel for the murderee?

There was no miasma in that sweet, fresh time; no scope for contagious diseases. There were no pastry shops, no distilleries, no patent medicines, no blisters, no lancets, and no doctors. Consequently, there was no way for a man to die unless somebody killed him. Cain did this thing for Abel. That we do not dispute; nor that he did it gratis and unsolicited. But was he a murderer? Setting aside the possibility that Abel's time had not come, are we to judge Cain by the face of his deed? May there not have been palliating conditions, temperamental causes? In a word, was he sane?

For centuries, ages, the world has overlooked the tremen-

dous considerations involved in this question, placidly branding an unfortunate man with deepest ignominy, and taking it for granted that his deed was deliberate, — the act of a self-poised, calculating, and guilty mind. Let us see.

In the first place, Cain, for a time, was the only child on earth. That in itself was enough to disturb the strongest juvenile organism. All the petting, nursing, trotting, coddling, and watching of the whole civilized world falling upon one pair of baby shoulders! Naturally the little fellow soon considered himself a person of consequence, — all-absorbing consequence, in fact. Then came Abel, disturbing and upsetting his dearest convictions. Another self! A new somebody! A kicking counterfeit, held fondly in *his* mother's arms, riding to Banbury Cross on *his* father's foot!

A Brother? What did it mean? There were no books to tell him; and if there had been, the poor child never knew a letter. There were no philosophers nor metaphysicians in those days to explain the phenomenon. The earliest Reformer was not born; Darwin was still a lingering atom in some undreamed-of, unorganized pseudo-protoplasm of a monkey. The child had no friends, not even a schoolfellow. Adam's time was taken up with what modern conundrumists have called his express company; Eve had the baby to mind, and Cain was left alone to brood over the unfathomable. Think of the influence thus brought to bear upon the delicate, sensitive brain of that very select child. A mature intellect would have given way under a far less strain.

But Cain survived it. He became reconciled, we will say, to the little Abel. They played and shouted together as children do in our day, racing the fields at will, growing to be strong, brave little animals, fierce, impulsive, and aggressive — especially Cain. But how did they fare æsthetically — no academies, no Sunday schools, no system of athletics, no prizes for champions, nothing to direct and balance their young minds!

Their parents were plain people, caring little for society, we imagine, and anything but dressy in their tastes. There were no lectures to young men in those days, remember; no amateur theatricals, no Young Men's Christian Associations, to make life one long festivity. Everything was at a dead level. Probably the only excitements Adam and Eve had were disciplining the children and making them "behave." Whatever

sensation Adam may have made among the beasts of the field, the only public movement possible to his active-minded wife was to notify all mankind (*i.e.* little Cain and Abel) to look out, for Adam was coming! Naturally, Abel, being the baby, the last and therefore the best and dearest, was to a great extent spared these active admonitions and public excitements; and so the burden of social responsibility fell upon poor little Cain. Who shall blame him, or wonder at the act, if now and then he indulged in a sly kick at Abel, — Abel, the goody boy of the family, the "rest of the world," who would not on any account be as naughty and noisy as brother Cain?

Yet who of us can say that any such kick was administered? At that early stage of his existence, the controlling mind of Cain had not yet given way.

It is no light matter to be the first man in a world like this; and Cain certainly was preparing to hold that position. Adam, his father, was created for a purpose. Like Minerva, he sprang into life full grown; therefore, though we may safely consider him as the first human creature, he certainly was not the first man. For how can one be a man who never was a child?

Here we have another argument in favor of Cain. Besides having no bad boys to pattern after, he was under the constant direction of his parents, who certainly, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, would have trained him never to be passionate or cruel, when in his right mind. To be sure, they labored under a peculiar disadvantage. Herbert Spencer himself, coming into the world booted and spurred, with no childhood to look back upon, might have been at a loss how to manage the first boy. We must never forget that there was a time when instinct and reflex action had the start of the doctrine of precedent and law of consequences; when the original "I told you so!" had yet to be uttered. Even the warning example of Cain was denied to the moral advancing of this first boy.

Still, the situation had its advantages. There were no fond uncles and aunts, no doting grandparents, to spoil the child and confound the best endeavors of Adam and Eve. Fortunately for the boy, "Poor Richard's Almanac" was yet unwritten; George Washington's little hatchet was never brandished before his infant mind; and Casabianca had not yet struck his attitude on the burning deck. So young Cain was spared a host of irritating, perhaps exasperating influences. In short, there is every reason to believe that, in spite of depressing conditions and

surroundings, he grew up to be at least a better man than his father, who never had any bringing up at all. That he did not kill Abel in his boyhood is proof enough of this. There was discipline somewhere.

And in the name of developed science and Christian charity, why not, in considering subsequent events, make due allowance for whatever phrenological excesses the cranium of young Cain may have possessed? An intelligent father of to-day, figuratively speaking, can take his child's head by the forelock. He can detect what is within it, and counteract proclivities. If an ominous bump rise near his baby's ear, he is ready to check combativeness with "Mary had a Little Lamb," "Children, you should never let," and other tender ditties. In a word, he may take observations from the little mounts of character on his child's head, and so, if he be wise, direct the young life into safe and pleasant places. But Adam knew nothing of phrenology. Nor have we great reason to believe that, if he *had* known of it, he would have discreetly followed its indications. Children are not always cherubs. We all know how the dearest of our little ones sometimes becomes so "aggravating" as to upset our highest philosophies. Was Adam more than human? Say, rather, he was the fountain head and source of human passion.

Again, both children were the victims of an abiding privation. They had the natural propensities of childhood. They had teeth, stomach, appetite,—all the conditions, we will say, of cholera infantum,—except the one thing for which they secretly yearned,—green apples! These, of course, were not to be had in that house. They were not even allowed to be mentioned in the family. Not once in all their lonely childhood were those children comforted with apples. Think of the possibilities of inherited appetite, and then conceive of the effect of these years of unnatural privation!

Again, who shall question that at times the deepest and most mysterious gloom pervaded that household? Even if Adam and Eve did not confide in their children, their oldest boy must have suspected that something was wrong. *What was it?*—the terrible something to be read, and yet not read, in the averted faces of that doomed pair? They evidently had seen better days. Where? Why? How? What had become of some vague inheritance that Cain felt was his by right? Morning, noon, and night, misty and terrible suspicions haunted

his young mind. Night and noon and morning, the mystery revolved and revolved within him. Was this conducive to sanity?

Conceive of the effect of the animals seen in the children's daily walks! There were no well-ordered menagerie specimens then, with Barnum or Buffalo Bill or "The Zoo" in the background as a foil against terror. Savage beasts glared and growled at every turn. Whatever geologists may say to the contrary, we must insist that the antediluvian animals did not necessarily antedate Adam. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, the plesiosaurus, pterodactyl, mastodon, and megatherium, in their native state, could not have been soothing objects of contemplation to the infant mind.

Well, the boys grew up. But how bleak their young manhood! No patent-leather boots, no swallowtails, no standing collars, no billiards, no intercollegiate contests, no girls to woo, no fellows to flout! Nothing to do when the farm work was over, and the sheep in for the night, but to look into each other's untrimmed faces with a mute "Confounded dull!" more terrible than raving.

Fathers of to-day, would your own children pass unscathed through such an existence as this? Your little Abels might stand it, but how about your little Cains? Would they not "put a head" on somebody? Would they not become, if not stark, staring mad, at least *non compos mentis?* Gentlemen of the jury, these considerations are not to be lightly passed by.

In judging of Cain, look at the situation. On the one hand, a terrible family mystery, no schools, no churches, no lectures, no society, no amusements, no apples! On the other hand, the whole burden of humanity borne for the first time; paternal discipline; monotonous minutes, hours, days, weeks; antediluvian monsters; antediluvian parents, and an antediluvian good brother, in whose mouth butter would have remained intact for ages.

Undoubtedly that brother had an exasperating smile. He was happy because he was virtuous. He had a way of forgiving and forgetting that for a time would deprive the offender of reason itself; above all, he had a cool, collected manner of his own, added to a chronic desire to be an angel. His offerings always fulfilled the conditions. His fires needed only to be lighted, and the smoke was sure to ascend with a satisfied, confident curl far into the sky.

Cain's, on the contrary, refused to burn. We can see it all. The smoke struggled and flopped. It crept along the ground, and, clinging to his feet, wound about him like a serpent. It grew black and angry, shot sideways into his eyes, blinding and strangling him —

And there stood Abel beside *his* pile, radiant, satisfied, wanting to be an angel!

It was but the work of a moment. The pent-up, disorganizing influences of a lifetime found vent in one wild moment of emotional insanity. Abel was no more!

Why dwell upon the tragedy? The world is familiar with its sickening details. We shall not repeat them here, nor shall we question the justice of the punishment that came to Cain, — the remorse, the desolation, the sense of being a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. He had killed his brother, and the penalty must be paid. Sane or insane, a terrible retribution must have overtaken him. But how about his guilt? Would it have been the same in either case? Are hereditary organism, temperamental excitability, emotional frenzy, to be disregarded? No! a thousand times NO! What "competent juror" would acquiesce in such a proposition?

"Am I my brother's *keeper?*" cried the poor wretch, when called upon to name the whereabouts of the missing Abel. Who can doubt here that Cain, like any lunatic of our own time, believed himself alone to be sane, and those about him stark mad? His use of the word "keeper" proves this. True, there were no lunatic asylums in that day; but if the first original representative "inmate" was at large, where should or could the first representative keeper be but in that inmate's diseased imagination?

Fellow-citizens, the time has come when this case must be taken up. Its mighty issue can no longer be set aside. If Cain was not sane at the moment of killing, the stain of murder must be wiped from his brow now and forever. This tardy justice may at least be done him. Our children and our children's children must be taught to speak of Cain the manslaughterer; Cain the mentally excitable; Cain the peculiarly circumstanced; but Cain the murderer? Never!

A man's own testimony shall neither convict nor acquit him. But are we not to take into account, as indicative of his state of mind, actions and declarations coincident with the commission of the crime alleged against him? If, at or about the

time of the fatal deed, there was positive evidence of incoherence, what then? Witness the last recorded words of Cain:—

"EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH ME SHALL SLAY ME."

Is this the utterance of a sane mind? "*Every* one that findeth me shall slay me?" Gentlemen, Cain at this point was not only crazy—he was the craziest man that had ever existed! No ordinary lunatic, however preposterous his terrors, expects to be killed more than once. But to this poor madman retribution suddenly assumed a hydra-headed form. His distracted brain, unconscious that Adam was the only other man in the wide world, instantly created an immense population. He saw himself falling again and again by the strokes of successive assassins, even as Abel had fallen under his hand. His first dazed glimpse of death expanded and intensified into a horror never since conceived by mind of man. His happiness overthrown; his reason a wreck; a prey to fears that stretched before him forever, with no possible hope of final destruction,—the only consolation is that he could not know the merciless verdict of posterity. He did not recognize in himself The First Murderer. Rather than dream of such ignominy as this, was it not better that he should cry in his ravings, "Every one that findeth me shall slay me!"

We leave the question to the intelligence and the justice of this faithful and enlightened century.



THE FIGHT WITH THE BEAR.[1]

By GILBERT PARKER.

(From "The Pomp of the Lavilettes.")

[GILBERT PARKER A Canadian novelist, was born in Canada, November 23, 1862 He has written "Pierre and his People" (1892), "The Trespasser" (1893), "The Trail of the Sword" (1894), "When Valmond came to Pontiac" (1895), "The Seats of the Mighty" (1896), "The Pomp of the Lavilettes" (1897) A dramatization of "The Seats of the Mighty" was produced by H. Beerbohm Tree in New York (1896).]

FERROL became more and more a cherished and important figure in the Manor Casimbault, in which the Lavilettes had

[1] By permission of Author and Methuen & Co (Cr. 8vo Price 3s 6d.)

made their home soon after the wedding. The old farmhouse had meanwhile become a rendezvous for the mysterious Nicolas Lavilette and his rebel comrades. This was known to Mr. Ferrol. One evening he stopped Nic as he was leaving the house, and said: —

"Say, Nic, my boy, what's up? I know a thing or so — what's the use of playing peekaboo?"

"What do you know, Ferrol?"

"What's between you and Vanne Castine, for instance. Come now, own up and tell me all about it. I'm English, but I'm Nic Lavilette's friend anyhow."

He insinuated into his tone that little touch of brogue which he used when particularly persuasive. Nic put out his hand with a burst of good-natured frankness.

"Meet me in the storeroom of the old farmhouse at nine o'clock, and I'll tell you. Here's a key."

Handing over the key, he grasped Ferrol's hand with an effusive confidence, and hurried out. Nic Lavilette was now an important person in his own sight and in the sight of others in Bonaventure. In him the pomp of his family took an individual form.

Earlier than the appointed time Ferrol turned the key and stepped inside the big despoiled hallway of the old farmhouse. His footsteps sounded hollow in the empty rooms. Already dust had gathered, and an air of desertion and decay filled the place in spite of the solid timbers and sound floors and window sills. He took out his watch; it was ten minutes to nine. Passing through the little hallway to the storeroom, he opened the door. It was dark inside. Striking a match, he saw a candle on the window sill, and going to it he lighted it with a flint and steel lying near. The window was shut tight. From curiosity only he tried to open the shutter, but it was immovable. Looking round, he saw another candle on the window sill opposite. He lighted it also, and mechanically tried to force the shutters of the window, but they were tight, too. Going to the door, which opened into the farmyard, he found it securely fastened. Although he turned the lock, the door would not open.

Presently his attention was drawn by the glitter of something upon one of the crosspieces of timber halfway up the wall. Going over, he examined it, and found it to be a broken bayonet, — left there by a careless rebel. Placing the steel

again upon the ledge, he began walking up and down thoughtfully.

Presently he was seized with a fit of coughing. The paroxysm lasted a minute or more, and he placed his arm upon the window sill, leaning his head upon it. Presently, as the paroxysm lessened, he thought he heard the click of a lock. He raised his head, but his eyes were misty, and seeing nothing, he leaned his head on his arm again.

Suddenly he felt something near him. He swung round swiftly, and saw Vanne Castine's bear not fifteen feet away from him! It raised itself on its hind legs, its red eyes rolling, and started towards him. He picked up the candle from the window sill, threw it in the animal's face, and dashed towards the door.

It was locked! He swung round. The huge beast, with a loud snarl, was coming down upon him.

Here he was shut within four solid walls with a wild beast hungry for his life. All his instincts were alive. He had little hope of saving himself, but he was determined to do what lay in his power.

His first impulse was to blow out the other candle. That would leave him in the dark, and it struck him that his advantage would be greater if there were no light. He came straight towards the bear, then suddenly made a swift movement to the left, trusting to his greater quickness of movement. The beast was nearly as quick as he, and as he dashed along the wall towards the candle, he could hear its hot breath just behind him.

As he passed the window, he caught the candle in his hands, and was about to throw it on the floor or in the bear's face, when he remembered that, in the dark, the bear's sense of smell would be as effective as eyesight, while he himself would be no better off.

He ran suddenly to the center of the room, the candle still in his hand, and turned to meet his foe It came savagely at him. He dodged, ran past it, turned, doubled on it, and dodged again. A half-dozen times this was repeated, the candle still flaring. It could not last long The bear was enraged. Its movements became swifter, its vicious teeth and lips were covered with froth, which dripped to the floor, and sometimes spattered Ferrol's clothes as he ran past. No toreador ever played with the horns of a mad bull as Ferrol played his deadly

game with Michael the dancing bear. His breath was becoming shorter and shorter; he had a stifling sensation, a terrible tightness across his chest. He did not cough, however, but once or twice he tasted warm drops of his heart's blood in his mouth. Once he drew the back of his hand across his lips mechanically, and a red stain showed upon it.

In his boyhood and early manhood he had been a good sportsman; had been quick of eye, swift of foot, and fearless. But what could fearlessness avail him in this strait? With the best of rifles he would have felt himself at a disadvantage. He was certain his time had come; and with that conviction upon him, the terror of the thing, and the horrible physical shrinking, almost passed away from him. The disease eating away his life had diminished that revolt against death which is in the healthy flesh of every man. He was levying upon the vital forces remaining in him which, distributed naturally, might cover a year or so, to give him here and now a few moments of unnatural strength for the completion of a hopeless struggle.

It was also as if two brains in him were working: one busy with all the chances and details of his wild contest, the other with the events of his life.

Pictures flashed before him. Some having to do with the earliest days of his childhood; some with fighting in the Danube before he left the army, impoverished and ashamed; some with idle hours in the North Tower in Stavely Castle; and one with the day he and his sister left the old Castle, never to return, and looked back upon it from the top of Farcalladen Moor, waving a "God-bless-you" to it. The thought of his sister filled him with a desire, a pitiful desire, to live.

Just then another picture flashed before his eyes. It was he himself, riding the mad stallion, Bolingbroke, the first year he followed the hounds. How the brute tried to smash his leg against a stone wall; how it reared until it almost toppled over and backwards; how it jibbed at a gate, and nearly dashed its own brains out against a tree; and how, after an hour's hard fighting, he made it take the stiffest fence and watercourse in the country.

This thought gave him courage now. He suddenly remembered the broken bayonet upon the ledge against the wall. If he could reach it, there might be a chance—chance to strike one blow for life. As his eye glanced towards the wall, he saw the steel flash in the light of the candle.

The bear was between him and it. He made a feint towards the left, then as quickly to the right. But doing so, he slipped and fell. The candle dropped to the floor and went out. With a lightninglike instinct of self-preservation he swung over upon his face just as the bear, in its wild rush, passed over his head. He remembered afterwards the odor of the hot, rank body, and the sprawling huge feet and claws. Scrambling to his feet swiftly, he ran to the wall. Fortune was with him. His hand almost instantly clutched the broken bayonet. He whipped out his handkerchief, tore the scarf from his neck, and wound them around his hand, that the broken bayonet should not tear the flesh as he fought for his life. Then seizing it, he stood waiting for the bear to come on. His body was bent forward, his eyes straining into the dark, his hot face dripping—dripping—sweat, his breath coming hard and labored from his throat.

For a minute there was absolute silence, save for the breathing of the man and the savage panting of the beast. Presently he felt exactly where the bear was, and listened intently. He knew that it was now but a question of minutes, perhaps seconds. Suddenly it occurred to him that if he could but climb upon the ledge where the bayonet had been, there might be safety. Yet, again, in getting up the bear might seize him, and there would be an end to all immediately. It was worth trying, however.

Two things happened at that moment to prevent the trial: the sound of knocking on a door somewhere, and the roaring rush of the bear upon him. He sprang to one side, striking at the beast as he did so. The bayonet went in and out again. There came voices from the outside; evidently somebody was trying to get in. The bear roared again and came on. It was all a blind man's game. But his scent, like the animal's, was keen. He had taken off his coat, and he now swung it out before him in a half-circle, and as it struck the bear it covered his own position. He swung aside once more and drove his arm into the dark. The bayonet struck the nose of the beast.

Now there was a knocking and a hammering at the window, and the wrenching of the shutters. He gathered himself together for the next assault. Suddenly he felt that every particle of strength had gone out of him. He pulled himself up with a last effort—his legs would not support him; he shivered and swayed! God! would they never get that window open!

His senses were abnormally acute. Another sound attracted him. The opening of the door, and a voice — Vanne Castine's — calling to the bear.

His heart seemed to give a leap, then slowly to roll over with a thud, and he fell to the floor as the bear lunged forward upon him.

A minute afterwards Vanne Castine was goading the savage beast through the door and out to the hallway into the yard as Nic swung through the open window into the room.

Castine's lantern stood in the middle of the floor, and between it and the window lay Ferrol, the broken bayonet still clutched in his right hand. Lavilette dropped on his knees beside him and felt his heart. It was beating, but the shirt and the waistcoat were dripping with blood where the bear had set its claws and teeth in the shoulder of its victim.

An hour later Nic Lavilette stood outside the door of Ferrol's bedroom in the Manor Casimbault talking to the Regimental Surgeon, as Christine, pale and wild-eyed, came running towards them.

"Is he dead? is he dead?" she asked distractedly. "I've just come from the village. Why didn't you send for me? Tell me! is he dead? Oh, tell me at once!"

She caught the Regimental Surgeon's arm. He looked down at her over his glasses, benignly, for she had always been a favorite of his, and answered: —

"Alive, alive, my dear! Bad rip in the shoulder — worn out — weak — shattered — but good for a while yet — yes, yes — *exactement!*"

With a wayward impulse, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek. The embrace disarranged his glasses and flushed his face like a schoolgirl's, but his eyes were full of embarrassed delight.

"There! there!" he said, "we'll take care of him ——" Then suddenly he paused, for the real significance of her action dawned upon him.

"Dear me!" he said, in disturbed meditation, "dear me!"

She suddenly opened the bedroom door and went in, followed by Nic. The Regimental Surgeon dropped his mouth and cheeks in his hand reflectively, his eyes showing quaintly and quizzically above the glasses and his fingers.

"Well, well! Well, well!" he said, as if he had encountered a difficulty. "It — it will never be possible. He would

not marry her!" he added, and then, turning, went abstractedly down the stairs.

Ferrol was in a deep sleep when Christine and her brother entered the chamber. Her face turned still more pale when she saw him, flushed, and became pale again. There were leaden hollows round his eyes, and his hair was matted with perspiration. Yet he was handsome — and helpless. Her eyes filled with tears. She turned her head away from her brother, and went softly to the window, but not before she had touched the pale hand that lay nerveless upon the coverlet.

"It's not feverish," she said to Nic, as if in necessary explanation of the act.

She stood at the window for a moment, looking out, then said: —

"Come here, Nic, and tell me all about it."

He told her all he knew: how he had come to the old house by appointment with Ferrol; had tried to get into the storeroom, had found the doors bolted; had heard the noise of a wild animal inside; had run out, tried a window, at last wrenched it open and found Ferrol in a dead faint. He went to the table and brought back the broken bayonet.

"That's all he had to fight with," he said. "Fire of a little hell, but he had grit — after all!"

"That's all he had to fight with!" she repeated, as she untwisted the handkerchief from the hilt end. "Why did you say he had true grit — 'after all'? What do you mean by that 'after all'?"

"Well, you don't expect much from a man with only one lung — eh, *Giroflée?*"

"Courage isn't in the lungs," she answered. Then she added, "Go and fetch me a bottle of brandy — I'm going to bathe his hands and feet in brandy and hot water as soon as he's awake."

"Better let mother do that, hadn't you?" he asked rather hesitatingly, as he moved towards the door.

Her eyes snapped fire. "Nic — *Mon Dieu!* hear the nice Nic!" she said. "The dear Nic, who went in swimming with ——"

She said no more, for he had no desire to listen to an account of his misdeeds, — which were not a few, — and Christine had a galling tongue.

When the door was shut, she went to the bed, sat down

on a chair beside it, and looked at Ferrol earnestly and sadly.

"My dear, my dear, dear, dear!" she said in a whisper, "you look so handsome and so kind as you lie there — like no man I ever saw in my life. Who'd have fought as you fought — and nearly dead! Who'd have had brains enough to know just what to do! My darling, that never said 'my darling' to me, nor heard me call you that; suppose you haven't a dollar, not a cent in the world, and suppose you'll never earn a dollar or a cent in the world, what difference does that make to me! I could earn it; and I'd give more for a touch of your finger than a thousand dollars; and more for a month with you than for a lifetime with the richest man in the world. You never look cross at me, or at any one, and you never say an unkind thing, and you never find fault when you suffer so! You never hurt any one, I know. You never hurt Vanne Castine ——"

Her fingers twitched in her lap, and then clasped very tight, as she went on.

"You never hurt him, and yet he's tried to kill you in the most awful way! Perhaps you'll die now — perhaps you'll die to-night. — But no, no, you shall not!" she cried, in sudden fright and eagerness, as she got up and leaned over him. "You shall not die. You shall live — for a while — oh, yes, for a while yet," she added, with a pitiful yearning in her voice, "just for a little while, — till you love me, and tell me so! Oh, how *could* that devil try to kill you!"

She suddenly drew herself up.

"I'll kill him and his bear too — now, now, while you lie there sleeping! And when you wake, I'll tell you what I've done, and you'll — you'll love me then, and tell me so perhaps. Yes, yes, I'll ——"

She said no more, for her brother entered with the brandy.

"Put it there," she said, pointing to the table. "You watch him till I come. I'll be back in an hour, and then when he wakes, we'll bathe him in the hot water and brandy."

"Who told you about hot water and brandy?" he asked her, curiously.

She did not answer him, but passed through the door and down the hall till she came to Nic's bedroom; she went in, took a pair of pistols from the wall, examined them, found they were fully loaded, and hurried from the room.

About a half-hour later she appeared before the house which

once had belonged to Vanne Castine. The mortgage had been foreclosed, and the place had passed into the hands of Sophie and Magon Farcinelle; but Castine had taken up his abode in the house a few days before, and defied any one to put him out.

A light was burning in the kitchen of the house. There were no curtains to the window, but an old coat had been hung up to serve the purpose, and light shone between a sleeve of it and the window sill. Putting her face close to the window, the girl could see the bear in the corner, clawing at its chain and tossing its head from side to side, still panting and angry from the fight. Now and again also it licked the bayonet wound between its shoulders, and rubbed its lacerated nose on its paw. Castine was mixing some tar and oil in a pan by the fire, to apply to the still bleeding wounds of his Michael. He had an ugly grin on his face.

He was dressed just as on the first day he appeared in the village, even to the fur cap; and presently, as he turned round, he began to sing the monotonous measure to which the bear had danced. It had at once a soothing effect upon the beast.

After he had gone from the storeroom, leaving Ferrol dead, as he thought, it was this song alone which had saved himself from peril; for the beast was wild from pain, fury, and the taste of blood. As soon as they had cleared the farmyard, he had begun this song, and the bear, cowed at first by the thrusts of its master's pike, quieted to the well-known ditty.

He approached the bear now, and stooping, put some of the tar and oil upon its nose. It sniffed, and rubbed off the salve, but he put more on; then he rubbed it into the wonnd of the breast. Once the animal made a fierce snap at his shoulder, but he deftly avoided it, gave it a thrust with a sharp-pointed stick, and began the song again. Presently he rose, and came towards the fire.

As he did so, he heard the door open. Turning round quickly, he saw Christine standing just inside. She had a shawl thrown round her, and one hand was thrust in the pocket of her dress. She looked from him to the bear, then back again to him.

He did not realize why she had come. For a moment, in his excited state, he almost thought she had come because she loved him. He had seen her twice since his return, but each time she would say nothing to him further than that she

wished not to meet or to speak to him at all. He had pleaded with her, had grown angry, and she had left him. Who could tell — perhaps she had come to him now as she had come to him in the old days! He dropped the pan of tar and oil.

"Chris!" he said, and started forward to her.

At that moment, the bear, as if it knew the girl's mission, sprang forward with a growl. Its huge mouth was open, and all its fierce lust for killing showed again in its wild lunges. Castine turned with an oath, and thrust the steel-set pike into its leg. It cowered at the voice and the punishment for an instant, but came on again.

Castine saw the girl raise the pistol and fire twice at the beast. He was so dumfounded that at first he did not move. Then he saw her raise another pistol. The wounded bear lunged heavily on its chain — once — twice — in a devilish rage, and as Christine fired the third time, snapped the staple loose and sprang forward.

At the same moment Castine threw himself in front of the girl, and caught the onward rush. Calling the beast by its name, he grappled with it. They were man and servant no longer, but two animals fighting for their lives. Castine drew out his knife, as the bear, raised on its hind legs, crushed him in its immense arms, and still calling half crazily, "Michael! Michael! Down, Michael!" he plunged the knife twice in the beast's side.

The bear's teeth fastened in his shoulder, the horrible pressure of its arm, was turning his face black; he felt death coming; when another pistol shot rang out close to his own head and his breath suddenly came back. He staggered to the wall, and then came to the floor in a heap, as the bear lurched downwards and fell over on its side, dead.

Christine had come to kill the beast and perhaps the man. The man had saved her life, and now she had saved his; and together they had killed the bear which had maltreated Tom Ferrol.

Castine's eyes were fixed on the dead beast. Everything was gone from him now — even the way to his meager livelihood; and the cause of it all, as he in his blind, unnatural way thought, was this girl before him; this girl and her people. Her back was turned towards the door. Anger and passion were both at work in him at once.

"Chris," he said, "Chris, let's call it even — eh? Let's

make it up. Chris, *ma chérie*, don't you remember when we used to meet, and was fond of each other? Let's make it up, and leave here — now — to-night — eh? I'm not so poor, after all! I'll be paid by Papineau, the leader of the Rebellion ——" He made a couple of unsteady steps towards her, for he was weak yet. "What's the good — you're bound to come to me in the end! You've got the same kind of feelings in you, you've ——"

She had stood still at first, dazed by his words, but she grew angry quickly, and was about to speak as she felt, when he went on: —

"Stay here now with me. Don't go back. Don't you remember Shangois' house? Don't you remember that night, that night when — ah, Chris, stay here ——"

Her face was flaming. "I'd rather stay in a room full of wild beasts like that" (she pointed to the bear) "than be with you one minute — you murderer!" she said, with choking anger.

He started towards her, saying: —

"By the blood of Joseph, but you'll stay just the same, and ——"

He got no further, for she threw the pistol in his face with all her might. It struck between his eyes with a thud, and he staggered back, blind, suffering, and faint, as she threw open the door and sped away in the darkness.

Reaching the Manor safely, she ran up to her room, arranged her hair, washed her hands, and came again to Ferrol's bedroom. Knocking softly, she was admitted by Nic. There was an unnatural brightness in her eyes.

"Where've you been?" he asked, for he noticed this. "What've you been doing?"

"I've killed the bear that tried to kill him," she answered.

She spoke louder than she meant. Her voice awakened Ferrol.

"Eh, what," he said, "killed the bear, mademoiselle! — my dear friend," he added: "killed the bear!" He coughed a little, and a twinge of pain crossed over his face.

She nodded, and her face was alight with pleasure.

She lifted up his head and gave him a little drink of brandy. His fingers closed on hers that held the glass. His touch thrilled her.

"That's good, that's easier," he remarked.

"We're going to bathe you in brandy and hot water, now —Nic and I," she said.

"Bathe me! Bathe me!" he said, in amused consternation.

"Hands and feet," Nic explained.

A few minutes later as she lifted up his head, her face was very near him; her breath was in his face. Her eyes half closed, her fingers trembled. He suddenly drew her to him, and kissed her on the lips. She looked round swiftly, but her brother had not noticed!



THE ESCAPE OF THE LOVERS.[1]

BY JOSEPH A. DE GOBINEAU

(From "The Lovers of Kandahar.")

[COMTE JOSEPH ARTHUR DE GOBINEAU: A French diplomatist, Orientalist, and man of letters, born at Bordeaux, France, 1816. He wrote. "Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale" (1865), "Nouvelles Asiatiques" (1876), etc. He died at Paris, October 17, 1882.]

YOU ask if he was beautiful? Beautiful as an angel. His complexion was a little tawny, not with that dull, cadaverous shade which is the sure result of a mongrel origin; it was richly tawny like a fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a silken, sweeping, and rather long mustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered, and straight-flanked. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the purest Afghan blood coursed through his veins, and that looking at him one saw the veritable descendant of those ancient Parthians, Arsacians, Orodians, under whose tread the Roman world groaned in righteous terror. His mother, at his birth, foreseeing what he would become, had named him Mohsèn, the beautiful, and rightly so. . . .

His father, Mohammed-Beg, had a younger brother named

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Osman, and this Osman, the father of three sons and one daughter, had acquired some fortune in the English service, having been for long *subahdar*, or captain, in an infantry regiment at Bengal. His retiring pension, regularly paid through the medium of a Hindu banker, gave him, together with considerable comfort, a certain vanity; moreover, he had fixed opinions respecting the art of war, very superior, in his estimation, to those of his elder brother Mohammed. The latter only set a value on personal bravery. Several very animated disputes had taken place between the two brothers; and the elder, whether rightly or wrongly, had found the respect due to his seniority but scantily observed. Their relations accordingly were pretty bad, when one day Osman-Beg, on receiving a visit from Mohammed, did not rise on his entrance into the room. At sight of this enormity, Mohsèn, who accompanied his father, could not contain his indignation; and, not daring to lay the blame directly on his uncle, he applied a vigorous box on the ear to the youngest of his cousins, Elèm. This occurrence was the more to be deplored as up to this time Mohsèn and Elèm had entertained the strongest affection for each other. Elèm, enraged at his cousin's action, had drawn his poniard, and made a movement to spring on him; but the old men had interposed in time, and had separated the belligerents. Next day a bullet was lodged in the right sleeve of Mohsèn's clothing. No one was in doubt concerning it; this bullet came from Elèm's gun. Six months passed, and an ominous calm brooded over the two dwellings which adjoined, and which could mutually watch each other. The women only had encountered at times — they insulted one another; the men seemed to avoid each other. Mohsèn had made up his mind to penetrate into his uncle's house and slay Elèm; his plans were laid accordingly. . . .

The day was not yet sufficiently advanced for him to set to work. He needed the first hour of evening, the moment when the shadows begin to descend on the town. In order to abide the time, he set out, walking with a calm step, toward the bazaar, preserving in his bearing that chilling dignity suitable to a young man of good lineage. . . .

At length day disappeared behind the horizon, and the first shadows lengthened in the streets; the upper terraces alone were yet gilded by the sun. The muezzins all at once began, from the summit of mosques great and small, to proclaim the hour of prayer in sonorous and prolonged tones. It was, as is

customary, the universal cry, which echoes through the air affirming that Allah alone is God, and that Mahomet is his prophet. Mohsèn was aware that every day at this hour his uncle and his sons were in the habit of repairing to their evening duty — all his sons without a single exception; but this time there would be one such; Elèm, stricken by fever, had been sick and laid up for two days. Mohsèn was certain to find him in bed, in a deserted house; for the women, in their turn, would be at the fountain.

When he reached the door of his uncle's house, he entered. He pushed back the sides of the door behind him; he secured them with the bar; he turned the key in the lock. He wished to be neither surprised nor hindered. What a shame it would have been had he failed in his first enterprise! He traversed the dark corridor leading into the narrow court, and this court itself, leaping over the fountain which formed its center. Then he ascended three steps and turned toward Elèm's room. All of a sudden he found himself face to face with his female cousin, who, standing in the middle of the corridor, barred his way. She was fifteen years of age, and was called Djemylèh, "the Charming."

"Salvation be upon you, son of my uncle!" said she; "you came to kill Elèm."

Mohsèn was dazzled, and his eyes swam. He had not seen his cousin for five years. How the child, now become a woman, had changed! She stood before him in the full perfection of a beauty he had never conceived of, ravishing in herself, adorable in her robe of red gauze with its gold flowers, her beautiful hair surrounded, he knew not how, with blue transparent silver-embroidered veils.

His heart beat, his soul was intoxicated, he could not answer a single word. She continued in a clear, penetrating, sweet, irresistible tone: —

"Do not slay him! He is my favorite; the one of my brothers whom I love most. I love you more; take me for ransom! Take me, son of my uncle! I will be your wife; I will follow you; I will become yours; do you desire me?"

She bent tenderly toward him. He lost his head; without understanding what was happening or what he was doing, he fell on his knees, and gazed, entranced, on the adorable apparition who leaned over him. Heaven opened to his eyes. He had never dreamed of anything like it. He gazed, he gazed, he was

happy, he suffered, he did not think, he felt, he loved. He bent his forehead so low, so low that, his mouth approaching a skirt of her purple robe, he seized the hem of it tenderly and bore it to his lips. Then, Djemylèh, lifting up her little bare foot, placed it on the shoulder of him who, without speaking, so thoroughly confessed himself her slave.

This was an electric shock; this magic touch was omnipotent over him; the proud temper of the young man, already much shaken, shattered like a crystal under this almost impalpable pressure; and the nameless happiness, a limitless felicity, a joy of unequaled intensity, penetrated the entire being of the Afghan. Love demands of each the gift of what he holds most dear. That is what one must yield, and if he loves it is precisely what he wishes to give. Mohsèn gave his vengeance, gave the conception he had of his honor, gave his liberty, gave himself, and instinctively sought still in the deepest abysses of his being to see if he could not give more. What he had hitherto esteemed above heaven seemed to him pitiful in comparison to what he would have desired to lavish on his idol, and he found himself in arrears before the excess of his adoration.

On his knees thus, the little foot resting on his shoulder, and he himself bowed to the earth, he raised his head sideways, and Djemylèh, looking at him also, tremulous but serious, said to him: —

"I am wholly yours! Now be off! Come this way lest my relations should meet you, for they are just coming in again. You must not die; you are my life."

She withdrew her foot, took Mohsèn's hand, and lifted him up. He was passive. She drew him into the interior of the house, led him toward a back door, and listened whether any dangerous sound was audible. Truly death surrounded them. Before opening the way to him, she looked at him again, threw herself into his arms, kissed him, and said: —

"You depart; alas, you depart! Yes, I am wholly yours! — forever, do you hear?"

Footfalls resounded in the house. Djemylèh quickly opened the door.

"Be off!" she murmured. She pushed the young man out, and the latter found himself in a deserted lane. The door was shut behind him. . . .

He hid his face in his hands and wept in bitterness. Then the remembrance of a heavenly music revived in his soul.

"She said to me, 'I am wholly yours!' Has she said so? Has she really said so? How did she say it? 'I am yours!' Why? Always? Perhaps she did not think as I believe. I give a meaning to it which she did not intend. She only desired to make me listen there. — Ah! how I suffer, and how I would like to die! She wished to save her brother, nothing more! She wished to distract me — to amuse herself with me. Women are false. Well, she is amused, she distracts me, she tortures me! If that pleases her, who can prevent it? Is it I? No, truly, I am her property, I am her plaything, the dust of her feet, whatever she may desire. If she shatters me, she will do well! What she wishes is well! Ah! Djemylèh — Djemylèh!"

He reentered his own house pale and sick; his mother perceived it. She took him in her arms; he laid his head in her lap and remained part of the night without sleep or speech. Fever preyed upon him. On the morrow he was quite ill, and remained prostrate on his bed. . . .

Mohsèn was certain, convinced of but one thing — that he was not loved. Why did he believe so? Because he was too much in love. The madness of fondness had seized him unaware, suddenly, rudely, completely! He had understood nothing of what was happening to him. He constantly recalled what Djemylèh had said to him. Alas! the words, one by one, were treasured like pearls in his heart; but by dint of hearing them, of repeating them, of hearing them again, of dwelling on them, he no longer understood them, and he only knew that he had been unable to answer a single, solitary word: he was exceedingly wretched.

His mother saw him pining. The poor child's breast was being choked up; a torrid heat consumed him. He was passing away. All the neighboring households knew his condition, and, as nothing could explain so sudden a sickness, it was generally agreed that a sorcery had been cast on him, and the question was, whence came the blow? Some pretended to show that the Mouradzyys had ordered it; others stealthily accused old Osman of being the murderer, and of having hired a Jewish doctor to effect the magic assassination.

It was evening, and tolerably late. For two days the young man had not uttered a single word. His head was turned to the wall, his arms hung listless on the bed; his mother, after having disposed charms around him, and enter-

taining no further hope, was waiting to see him expire, and watching him with eager eyes, when suddenly, to the great surprise—almost to the terror—of the poor woman, Mohsèn abruptly turned his head toward the door; and, the expression of his countenance changing, a gleam of life illumined it. He listened. His mother heard nothing. He raised himself, and in a confident tone pronounced these words:—

"She is leaving her house and coming here."

"Who, my son, who is coming here?"

"Herself. Mother, she is coming. Open the door for her!" replied Mohsèn, in a piercing voice. He was beside himself; a thousand flames sparkled in his eyes. The old woman, without knowing herself what she was doing, obeyed this imperious order, and at the touch of her trembling hand the door opened wide. She saw no one. She listened, but heard nothing. She looked in the corridor; all was gloomy; she saw nothing. One minute, two minutes, passed in this waiting, full of anxiety for her, full of assured faith for him. Then a light noise sounded; the door of the house opened; a furtive, quick step flitted over the stone flagging; a form, at first indistinct, detached itself from the shadows; a woman disclosed herself, arrived at the threshold of the chamber; a veil fell, Djemylèh threw herself toward the bed, and Mohsèn, uttering a cry of joy, received her in his arms.

"You are here, it is yourself. You love me?"

"Above all things!"

"Unhappy child," cried the mother; "this, then, is what is killing you!"

The two lovers remained locked in each other's arms, and did not speak; they stammered; they were drowned in tears; they gazed on one another with an inextinguishable passion, and, as an almost exhausted lamp into which oil is poured, Mohsèn's soul revived, and his body recovered itself.

"What does this mean?" said the old woman. "Have you resolved on your own ruin and ours? Do you think your uncle will not perceive Djemylèh's flight? What will happen? What calamities are about to fall on us! Are we not sufficiently tried? Child of misfortune, return to your home! Leave us!"

"Never!" cried Mohsèn. He got up forthwith, tied his robe, tightened his belt, stretched out his hand to the wall, took down his arms, adjusted them, and renewed the priming of his

gun, all in a second. The last trace of prostration had disappeared. If he had fever, it was the fever of action. Enthusiasm shone in his face. Djemylèh helped him to buckle his saber belt. Feelings akin to those of the young man animated her charming features. At this moment, old Mohammed, followed by two of his men, entered the room. Seeing his niece, who flung herself at his feet and kissed his hand, he was momentarily surprised, and was unable to conceal a sort of emotion. His stern and haughty features contracted.

"They love each other," said his wife, indicating the two children. Mohammed smiled, and stroked his mustache.

For an instant he thought of casting Djemylèh from the door, and then of at once saying everywhere that she was a lost girl. His hatred would have been fully satisfied by the evil which he would have done. But he loved his son, he looked at him; he understood that it would be difficult to manage things so, and contented himself with the amount of vengeance possible.

"Close the doors," said he. "We shall be attacked at once, doubtless; and you women load the guns."

Djemylèh had not left her father's house a quarter of an hour before her absence was noticed. She could not be at the fountain; it was too late; nor at the house of any friend; her mother would have been aware of it. Where was she? They suspected some mischance. For several days they had noticed her gloomy and agitated. What had she done? Her father, her brothers, her mother, went out into the quarter. The street was deserted; no sound was any longer heard. Osman, guided by a sort of instinct, drew near the house of Mohammed with a wolf's step, and heard, by standing close against the wall of the court, that they were speaking inside the house. He listened. They were piling stones against the door; they were getting ready their weapons, they were preparing to repulse an attack.

"What attack?" said Osman to himself. "If it concerned the Mouradzyys, my brother would have advised me; for on that question we understand one another. He knows that well. I would assist him. If it be not about that he is concerned, it is about me."

He listened with increased attention, and by mishap heard the following words interchanged:—

"Djemylèh, give me the carbine."

"Here it is."

It was the voice of his daughter. A trembling seized his body, from the ends of his hair to the soles of his feet. He understood all. . . .

He made up his mind quickly, shook himself, and reëntered his own house. He said to his wife and sons: —

"Djemylèh is a monster! She loves Mohsèn, and has fled to the house of that dog Mohammed. I have just heard her voice in those people's court. You, Kérym, with three of my men, will go and knock at the door of these bandits. You will say to them that you want your sister at once. You will make plenty of noise, and as they will parley you will listen; you will answer, and allow the affair to be prolonged. — You, Serbâz, and you, Elèm, with our five remaining soldiers, will take mattocks and shovels and follow me. We will noiselessly attack the wall of these infamous wretches on the side of the lane, and when we have made a hole large enough we will enter. Now, hear me well and what I am going to tell you repeat to your men, and make them obey it. In this alcove here, at the head of my bed — you see it there? — to-morrow morning I shall have three heads — Mohammed's, Mohsèn's, and Djemylèh's. Now, in the name of Allah, to work!"

The inmates of Mohammed's house had barely finished their preparations for defense when there came a knocking at the door.

"Who knocks thus?" said Mohammed, in a rough tone.

"It is we, my uncle," replied Kérym. "Djemylèh is with you; send her out."

"Djemylèh is not here," returned the old Afghan. "It is late; leave me in peace."

"We will break in your planks, and then you know what will happen!"

"Of course; your heads will be broken, and nothing more."

There was a moment's silence. Then Djemylèh, leaning toward Mohsèn, said to him in a low tone: —

"I hear a noise on the other side of the wall. Let me go into the court to find out what is going on."

"Go," said Mohsèn.

The young girl advanced toward the place she had designated, and listened for an instant. Then, without emotion, she returned and said: —

"They are digging and have just made a breach."

Mohsèn reflected. He knew the wall was only of clay; pretty thick, it is true, but in the end a weak defense. Kéiym had resumed the conversation by lengthy and confused threats, to which Mohammed replied. His son interrupted him, and communicated what he had just learned.

"Let us mount on the terrace," said he, in conclusion. "We shall fire from above, and it will be hard to take us."

"Yes, but in the end we shall be taken, and we shall not be avenged. Go up on the terrace; thence leap with Djemylèh on the neighboring terrace; fly, gain the end of the street; thence descend, and run without stopping to the other end of the town—to the house of our kinsman, Yousèf. He will hide you. Djemylèh will be lost to her family. Days will pass before it can be known where you are and where you have put her. The face of our enemies will be black with shame."

Without answering, Mohsèn slung his gun on his back, informed the young girl what must be done, kissed the hand of his mother, and the two lovers hastily climbed the narrow and uneven staircase, which led to the platform overlooking the house; they leaped a wall, crossed a terrace, two, three, four terraces in succession, Mohsèn sustaining, with boundless tenderness, the companion of his flight, and they reached the cleft, at the bottom of which the narrow street undulated. He leaped down and received her whom he loved in his arms, for she did not hesitate a second to imitate him. Then they departed. They were hidden in the shadowy windings of their way.

Meanwhile Mohammed, pretending to be deceived, continued to exchange with the assailants, located on the other side of the door, insults and shouts, of which he henceforth thoroughly understood the object. The door, incessantly shaken by fresh assaults, yielded, the boards separated, the mass of planks fell in with a loud noise. Mohammed and his followers did not, however, fire. Almost at the same moment a sufficiently large opening yawned in the wall, and thus the inhabitants of the house found themselves between two bands of adversaries, who took them as in a vise.

Mohammed cried out: "I will not draw on my brother nor on my brother's sons. Allah preserve me from such a crime! But, by the salvation and blessing of the Prophet, what is wrong with you? What is this madness? Why do you speak of Djemylèh? If she is here, look for her! Why do you

come in the middle of the night to disturb peaceful people who are your relatives?"

This plaintive language, so little in accordance with the characteristics of the master of the dwelling, astonished those to whom it was addressed. Their anger cooled down. Osman cried loudly: —

"If Djemylèh is not here, where is she?"

"Am I her father?" retorted Mohammed. "What should she be doing in my house? Son of my father, it seems to me that a great trouble overwhelms you, and I share in it. What has happened?"

"My daughter has fled," replied Osman, "or else she has been taken from me. In any case she has disgraced me."

"I share in it," repeated Mohammed, "for I am your elder brother and her uncle."

This remark made some impression on Osman, and, rather ashamed of the useless disturbance he had just made, he took leave of his brother almost amicably, and withdrew his people. Old Mohammed, when he found himself alone, began to laugh: not only had he struck the heart of his enemy, he had also deceived and baffled him.



THE STORY OF SAIDJAH AND ADINDA.

BY EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER

(From "Max Havelaar" translated by Baron Nahuys)

[EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER: A Dutch novelist, born in Amsterdam in 1820, died at Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine, February 19, 1887. He held a responsible government position in a province of Java, which he resigned because of his disapproval of the Dutch administration in that country. In 1860 he published his experiences among the coffee traders of the far East. The book, entitled "Max Havelaar," written under the pen name Multatuli, created a profound sensation, from its exposition of the shocking wrongs committed by the European trader. His style is careful, his thought original, and his language rich in Eastern imagery. Among his other books are "Parables"; "The Holy Virgin," a novel; "School for Princes," a drama; and "The Story of Woutertje Pieterse," published by his widow in 1888.]

SAIDJAH'S father had a buffalo, with which he plowed his field. When this buffalo was taken away from him by the district chief at Parang-Koodjang, he was very dejected, and did

not speak a word for many a day. For the time for plowing was come, and he had to fear that if the *sawah* [rice field] was not worked in time, the opportunity to sow would be lost, and lastly, that there would be no paddy to cut, none to keep in the *lombong* [storeroom] of the house. I have here to tell readers who know Java, but not Bantam, that in that Residency there is personal landed property, which is not the case elsewhere. Saïdjah's father, then, was very uneasy. He feared that his wife would have no rice, nor Saïdjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And the district chief too would accuse him to the Assistant Resident if he was behindhand in the payment of his land taxes, for this is punished by the law. Saïdjah's father then took a *kris* [poniard] which was *poosaka* [inheritance] from his father. The *kris* was not very handsome, but there were silver bands round the sheath, and at the end there was a silver plate. He sold this *kris* to a Chinaman who dwelt in the capital, and came home with twenty-four guilders, for which money he bought another buffalo.

Saïdjah, who was then about seven years old, soon made friends with the new buffalo. It was not without meaning that I say "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how the *karbo* [buffalo] is attached to the little boy who watches over and feeds him. Of this attachment I shall very soon give an example. The large, strong animal bends its heavy head to the right, to the left, or downwards, just as the pressure of the child's finger, which he knows and understands, directs.

Such a friendship little Saïdjah had soon been able to make with the newcomer, and it seemed as if the encouraging voice of the child gave still more strength to the heavy shoulders of the strong animal, when it tore open the stiff clay and traced its way in deep, sharp furrows.

The buffalo turned willingly, on reaching the end of the field, and did not lose an inch of ground when plowing backwards the new furrow, which was ever near the old, as if the *sawah* was a garden ground raked by a giant. Quite near were the *sawahs* of the father of Adinda (the father of the child that was to marry Saïdjah); and when the little brothers of Adinda came to the limit of their fields just at the same time that the father of Saïdjah was there with his plow, then the children called out merrily to each other, and each praised the strength and the docility of his buffalo. But I believe that the buffalo of Saïdjah was the best of all; perhaps because its

master knew better than any one else how to speak to the animal, and buffaloes are very sensible to kind words. Saïdjah was nine and Adinda six, when this buffalo was taken from the father of Saïdjah by the chief of the district of Parang-Koodjang. Saïdjah's father, who was very poor, thereupon sold to a Chinaman two silver *klamboo* [curtain] hooks — *poosaka* from the parents of his wife — for eighteen guilders, and for that money bought a new buffalo. But Saïdjah was very dejected. For he knew from Adinda's little brothers that the other buffalo had been driven to the capital, and he had asked his father if he had not seen the animal when he was there to sell the hooks of the *klamboo.* To this question Saïdjah's father refused to give an answer. Therefore he feared that his buffalo had been slaughtered, as the other buffaloes which the district chief had taken from the people. And Saïdjah wept much when he thought of this poor buffalo, which he had known for such a long time, and he could not eat for many days, for his throat was too narrow when he swallowed. It must be taken into consideration that Saïdjah was a child.

The new buffalo soon got acquainted with Saïdjah, and very soon obtained in the heart of Saïdjah the same place as his predecessor, — alas! too soon; for the wax impressions of the heart are very soon smoothed to make room for other writing. However this may be, the new buffalo was not so strong as the former: true, the old yoke was too large for his neck, but the poor animal was willing, like his predecessor, which had been slaughtered; but though Saïdjah could boast no more of the strength of his buffalo when he met Adinda's brothers at the boundaries, yet he maintained that no other surpassed his in willingness; and if the furrow was not so straight as before, or if lumps of earth had been turned, but not cut, he willingly made this right as much as he could with his *patjol* [spade]. Moreover, no buffalo had an *oeser-oeseran* [peculiar whirl in the hair] like his. The *penghooloo* [village priest] himself had said that there was *ontong* [good luck] in the course of the hair whirls on its shoulders. Once when they were in the field, Saïdjah called in vain to his buffalo to make haste. The animal did not move. Saïdjah grew angry at this unusual refractoriness, and could not refrain from scolding. He said "a—— s——." Every one who has been in India will understand me, and he who does not understand me gains by it if I spare him the explanation of a coarse expression.

Yet Saïdjah did not mean anything bad. He only said it because he had often heard it said by others when they were dissatisfied with their buffaloes. But it was useless; his buffalo did not move an inch. He shook his head, as if to throw off the yoke; the breath appeared out of his nostrils; he blew, trembled; there was anguish in his blue eye, and the upper lip was curled upwards, so that the gums were bare.

"Fly! Fly!" Adinda's brothers cried. "Fly, Saïdjah! there is a tiger!"

And they all unyoked the buffaloes, and throwing themselves on their broad backs, galloped away through *sawahs*, *galangans* [trenches], mud, brushwood, forest, and *allang-allang* [jungle], along fields and roads, and when they tore panting and dripping with perspiration into the village of Badoer, Saïdjah was not with them.

For when he had freed his buffalo from the yoke, and had mounted him as the others had done to fly, an unexpected jump made him lose his seat and fall to the earth. The tiger was very near — Saïdjah's buffalo, driven on by his own speed, jumped a few paces past the spot where his little master awaited death. But through his speed alone, and not of his own will, the animal had gone further than Saïdjah, for scarcely had it conquered the momentum which rules all matter even after the cause had ceased, when it returned, and placing its big body, supported by its big feet, like a roof over the child, turned its horned head towards the tiger, which bounded forward — but for the last time. The buffalo caught him on his horns, and only lost some flesh, which the tiger took out of his neck. The tiger lay there with his belly torn open, and Saïdjah was saved. Certainly there had been *ontong* in the *oeser-oeseran* of the buffalo.

When this buffalo had also been taken away from Saïdjah's father and slaughtered —

I tell you, reader, that my story is monotonous.

When this buffalo was slaughtered, Saïdjah was just twelve, and Adinda was wearing *sarongs* and making figures on them. She had already learned to express thoughts in melancholy drawings on her tissue, for she had seen Saïdjah very sad. And Saïdjah's father was also sad, but his mother still more so; for she had cured the wound in the neck of the faithful animal which had brought her child home unhurt, after having thought, by the news of Adinda's brothers, that it had been taken away by the tiger. As soon as she saw this wound, she

thought how far the claws of the tiger, which had entered so deeply into the coarse flesh of the buffalo, would have penetrated into the tender body of her child; and every time she put fresh dressings on the wound she caressed the buffalo, and spoke kindly to him, that the good faithful animal might know how grateful a mother is.

Afterwards she hoped that the buffalo understood her, for then he must have understood why she wept when he was taken away to be slaughtered, and he would have known that it was not the mother of Saïdjah who caused him to be slaughtered. Some days afterwards Saïdjah's father fled out of the country; for he was much afraid of being punished for not paying his land taxes, and he had not another heirloom to sell, that he might buy a new buffalo, because his parents had always lived in Parang-Koodjang, and had therefore left him but few things. The parents of his wife, too, lived in the same district. However, he went on for some years after the loss of his last buffalo, by working with hired animals for plowing; but that is a very ungrateful labor, and, moreover, sad for a person who has had buffaloes of his own.

Saïdjah's mother died of grief, and then it was that his father, in a moment of dejection, fled from Bantam, in order to endeavor to get labor in the Buitenzorg districts.

But he was punished with stripes, because he had left Lebak without a passport, and was brought back by the police of Badoer. There he was put in prison, because he was supposed to be mad, which I can readily believe, and because it was feared that he would run *amuck* [killing everybody he meets] in a moment of *mata-glap* [frenzy]. But he was not long in prison, for he died soon afterwards. What became of the brothers and sisters of Saïdjah I do not know. The house in which they lived at Badoer was empty for some time, and soon fell down; for it was only built of bamboo, and covered with *atap* [cane]. A little dust and dirt covered the place where there had been much suffering. There are many such places in Lebak. Saïdjah was already fifteen years of age when his father set out for Buitenzorg; and he did not accompany him thither, because he had *other* plans in view. He had been told that there were at Batavia many gentlemen who drove in *bendies* [sort of carriages], and that it would be easy for him to get a post as *bendy* boy, for which generally a young person is chosen, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the two-

wheeled carriage by too much weight behind. He would, they told him, gain much in that way if he behaved well, — perhaps he would be able to spare in three years money enough to buy two buffaloes. This was a smiling prospect for him. With the proud step of one who has conceived a grand idea, he, after his father's flight, entered Adinda's house, and communicated to her his plan.

"Think of it," said he, "when I come back we shall be old enough to marry, and shall possess two buffaloes!"

"Very well, Saïdjah, I will gladly marry you when you return. I will spin and weave *sarongs* and *slendangs* [petticoats and linens], and be very diligent all the time."

"Oh, I believe you, Adinda, but — if I find you married?"

"Saïdjah, you know very well that I shall marry nobody but you; my father promised me to your father."

"And you yourself?"

"I shall marry you, you may be sure of that."

"When I come back, I will call from afar off."

"Who shall hear it, if we are stamping rice in the village?"

"That is true; but, Adinda — oh, yes, this is better, wait for me under the *djati* [Indian oak] wood, under the *ketapan* [Indian tree] where you gave me the *melatti* [flower]."

"But, Saïdjah, how can I know when I am to go to the *ketapan*?"

Saïdjah considered and said: —

"Count the moons; I shall stay away three times twelve moons, . . . this moon not included. . . . See, Adinda, at every new moon cut a notch in your rice block. When you have cut three times twelve lines, I will be under the *ketapan* the next day; do you promise to be there?"

"Yes, Saïdjah, I will be there under the *ketapan*, near the *djati* wood, when you come back."

Hereupon Saïdjah tore a piece off his blue turban, which was very much worn, and gave the piece of linen to Adinda to keep it as a pledge; and then he left her and Badoer. He walked many days. He passed Rankas-Betong, which was not then the capital of Lebak, and Warong-Goonoong, where was the house of the Assistant Resident, and the following day saw Pamarangang, which lies as in a garden. The next day he arrived at Serang, and was astonished at the magnificence and size of the place, and the number of stone houses covered with red tiles. Saïdjah had never before seen such a thing.

He remained there a day, because he was tired; but, during the night, in the coolness, he went further, and the following day, before the shadow had descended to his lips, though he wore the long *toodoong* [broad-brimmed straw hat] which his father had left him, he arrived at Tangetang.

The first day, and the second day likewise, he had not felt so much how lonely he was, because his soul was quite captivated by the grand idea of gaining money enough to buy two buffaloes, and his father had never possessed more than one; and his thoughts were too much concentrated in the hope of seeing Adinda again, to make room for much grief at his leave-taking. . . .

Saïdjah arrived at Batavia. He begged a gentleman to take him into his service, which this gentleman did, because he did not understand Saïdjah's language [Sundanese]; for they like to have servants at Batavia who do not speak Malay, and are, therefore, not so corrupted as others, who have been longer in connection with Europeans. Saïdjah soon learned Malay, but behaved well; for he always thought of the two buffaloes which he should buy, and of Adinda. He became tall and strong, because he ate every day,— which could not always be done at Badoer. He was liked in the stable, and would certainly not have been rejected if he had asked the hand of the coachman's daughter. His master even liked Saïdjah so much that he soon promoted him to be an indoor servant, increased his wages, and continually made him presents, to show that he was well pleased with his services. Saïdjah's mistress had read Sue's novel, "The Wandering Jew," which for a short time was so popular; she always thought of Prince Djalma when she saw Saïdjah, and the young girls, too, understood better than before how the Javanese painter, Radeen Saleh, had met with such great success at Paris.

But they thought Saïdjah ungrateful, when he, after almost three years of service, asked for his dismissal, and a certificate that he had always behaved well. This could not be refused, and Saïdjah went on his journey with a joyful heart.

He passed Pisang, where Havelaar once lived many years ago. But Saïdjah did not know this; and even if he had known it, he had something else in his soul which occupied him. He counted the treasures which he was carrying home. In a roll of bamboo he had his passport and a certificate of good conduct. In a case, which was fastened to a leathern

girdle, something heavy seemed to sling continually against his shoulder, but he liked to feel that. And no wonder! this contained thirty piasters, enough to buy three buffaloes! What would Adinda say? And this was not all. On his back could be seen the silver-covered sheath of the *kris* [poniard], which he wore in the girdle. The hilt was certainly very fine, for he had wound it round with a silk wrapper. And he had still more treasures! In the folds of the *kahin* [linen] round his loins, he kept a belt of silver links, with gold *ikat-pendieng* [clasp]. It is true that the belt was short, but she was so slender — Adinda!

And suspended by a cord round his neck, under his *baadjoe* [clothes], he wore a small silk bag, in which were some withered leaves of the *melatti*.

Was it a wonder that he stopped no longer at Sangerang than was necessary to visit the acquaintances of his father who made such fine straw hats? Was it a wonder that he said little to the girls on his road, who asked him where he came from, and *where* he was going — the common salutation in those regions? . . .

No; he heard little of what was told him. He heard quite different tones; he heard how Adinda would say "Welcome, Saïdjah! I have thought of you in spinning and weaving, and stamping the rice on the floor, which bears three times twelve lines made by my hand. Here I am under the *ketapan* the first day of the new moon. Welcome, Saïdjah, I will be your wife."

That was the music which resounded in his ears, and prevented him from listening to all the news that was told him on the road.

At last he saw the *ketapan*, or rather he saw a large dark spot which many stars covered, before his eye. That must be the wood of *djati*, near the tree where he should see again Adinda, next morning after sunrise. He sought in the dark, and felt many trunks — soon found the well-known roughness on the south side of a tree, and thrust his finger into a hole which Si-Panteh had cut with the *parang* [grass cutter] to exorcise the *pontianak* [Evil Spirit] who was the cause of his mother's toothache, a short time before the birth of Panteh's little brother. This was the *ketapan* he looked for.

Yes, this was indeed the spot where he had looked upon Adinda for the first time with quite a different eye from his other companions in play, because she had for the first time re-

fused to take part in a game which she had played with other children — boys and girls — only a short time before. There she had given him the *melatti*. He sat down at the foot of the tree, and looked at the stars; and when he saw a shooting star he accepted it as a welcome of his return to Badoer, and he thought whether Adinda would now be asleep, and whether she had rightly cut the moons on her rice floor. It would be such a grief to him if she had omitted a moon, as if thirty-six were not enough! And he wondered whether she had made nice *sarongs* and *slendangs*. And he asked himself, too, who would now be dwelling in her father's house? And he thought of his youth, and of his mother; and how that buffalo had saved him from the tiger, and he thought of what would have become of Adinda if that buffalo had been less faithful! He paid much attention to the sinking of the stars in the west, and as each star disappeared in the horizon, he calculated how much nearer the sun was to his rising in the east, and how much nearer he himself was to seeing Adinda. For she would certainly come at the first beam — yes, at daybreak she would be there. Ah! Why had she not already come the day before?

It pained him that she had not anticipated the supreme moment which had lighted up his soul for three years with inexpressible brightness; and, unjust as he was in the selfishness of his love, it appeared to him that Adinda ought to have been there waiting for him, who complained before the time appointed, that he had to wait for *her*. . . .

Saïdjah had not learnt to pray, and it would have been a pity to teach him; for a more holy prayer, more fervent thanksgiving, than was in the mute rapture of his soul, could not be conceived in human language. He would not go to Badoer — to see Adinda in reality seeming to him less pleasurable than the expectation of seeing her again. He sat down at the foot of the *ketapan* and his eyes wandered over the scenery. Nature smiled at him, and seemed to welcome him as a mother welcoming the return of her child, and as she pictures her joy by voluntary remembrance of past grief, when showing what she has preserved as a keepsake during his absence. So Saïdjah was delighted to see again so many spots that were witnesses of his short life. But his eyes or his thoughts might wander as they pleased, yet his looks and longings always reverted to the path which leads from Badoer to the *ketapan* tree. All that his senses could observe was called Adinda. He saw the

abyss to the left, where the earth is so yellow, where once a young buffalo sank down into the depth, — they had descended with strong rattan cords, and Adinda's father had been the bravest. Oh, how she clapped her hands, Adinda! And there, further on, on the other side, where the wood of cocoa trees waved over the cottages of the village, there somewhere, Si-Oenah had fallen out of a tree and died. How his mother cried, "because Si-Oenah was still such a little one," she lamented, — as if she would have been less grieved if Si-Oenah had been taller. But he was small, that is true, for he was smaller and more fragile than Adinda. Nobody walked upon the little road which leads from Badoer to the tree. By and by she would come: it was yet very early.

And still there was nobody on the path leading from Badoer to the *ketapan*.

Oh! she must have fallen asleep towards morning, tired of watching during the night, of watching for many nights: — she had not slept for weeks: so it was!

Should he rise and go to Badoer! — No, that would be doubting her arrival. Should he call that man who was driving his buffalo to the field? That man was too far off, and, moreover, Saïdjah would speak to no one about Adinda, would ask no one after Adinda. He would see her again, he would see her alone, he would see her first. Oh, surely, surely she would soon come!

He would wait, wait —

But if she were ill, or — dead?

Like a wounded stag Saïdjah flew along the path leading from the *ketapan* to the village where Adinda lived. He saw nothing and heard nothing; and yet he *could* have heard something, for there were men standing in the road at the entrance of the village, who cried, "Saïdjah, Saïdjah!"

But — was it his hurry, his eagerness, that prevented him from finding Adinda's house? He had already rushed to the end of the road, through the village, and like one mad he returned and beat his head, because he must have passed her house without seeing it. But again he was at the entrance of the village, and — O God, was it a dream?

Again he had not found the house of Adinda. Again he flew back and suddenly stood still, seized his head with both his hands to press away the madness that overcame him, and cried aloud: —

"Drunk, drunk; I am drunk!"

And the women of Badoer came out of their houses, and saw with sorrow poor Saïdjah standing there, for they knew him, and understood that he was looking for the house of Adinda, and they knew that there was no house of Adinda in the village of Badoer.

For, when the district chief of Parang-Koodjang had taken away Adinda's father's buffaloes —

I told you, reader! that my narrative was monotonous.

— Adinda's mother died of grief, and her baby sister died because she had no mother, and had no one to suckle her. And Adinda's father, who feared to be punished for not paying his land taxes —

I know, I know that my tale is monotonous.

— had fled out of the country; he had taken Adinda and her brothers with him. But he had heard how the father of Saïdjah had been punished at Buitenzorg with stripes for leaving Badoer without a passport. And therefore Adinda's father had not gone to Buitenzorg nor to the Preangan, nor to Bantam. He had gone to Tjilangkahan, the quarter of Lebak bordering on the sea. There he had concealed himself in the woods, and waited for the arrival of Pa Ento, Pa Lontah, Si-Oenah, Pa Ansive, Abdoel Isma, and some others that had been robbed of their buffaloes by the district chief of Parang-Koodjang, and all of whom feared punishment for not paying their land taxes.

There they had at night taken possession of a fishing boat, and had gone to sea. They had steered towards the west, and kept the country to the right of them as far as Java Head: then they had steered northwards till they came in sight of Prince's Island, and sailed round the east coast of that island, and from there to the Lampoons.

Such at least was the way that people told each other in whispers in Lebak, when there was a question of buffalo robbery and unpaid land taxes.

But Saïdjah did not well understand what they said to him; he did not even quite understand the news of his father's death. There was a buzzing in his ears, as if a gong had been sounded in his head: he felt the blood throbbing convulsively through the veins of his temples, that threatened to yield under the pressure of such severe distention. He spoke not, and looked

about as one stupefied, without seeing what was around and about him; and at last he began to laugh horribly.

An old woman led him to her cottage, and took care of the poor fool.

Soon he laughed less horribly, but still did not speak. But during the night the inhabitants of the hut were frightened at his voice, when he sang monotonously: "I do not know where I shall die," and some inhabitants of Badoer put money together to bring a sacrifice to the *bojajas* [crocodiles] of the Tji-Udjung for the cure of Saïdjah, whom they thought insane. But he was not insane.

For upon a certain night when the moon was very clear, he rose from the *baleh-baleh* [couch], softly left the house, and sought the place where Adinda had lived. This was not easy, because so many houses had fallen down; but he seemed to recognize the place by the width of the angle which some rays of light formed through the trees, at their meeting in his eye, as the sailor measures by lighthouses and the tops of mountains.

Yes, there it ought to be: there Adinda had lived!

Stumbling over half-rotten bamboo and pieces of the fallen roof, he made his way to the sanctuary which he sought. And, indeed, he found something of the still standing *pagger* [inclosure], near to which the *baleh-baleh* of Adinda had stood, and even the pin of bamboo was still with its point in that *pagger*, the pin on which she hung her dress when she went to bed

much to fight as to seek Adinda; for he had a tender heart, and was more disposed to sorrow than to bitterness.

One day that the insurgents had been beaten, he wandered through a village that had just been taken by the Dutch army, and was *therefore* in flames. Saïdjah knew that the troop that had been destroyed there consisted for the most part of Badoer men. He wandered like a ghost among the houses, which were not yet burned down, and found the corpse of Adinda's father with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him Saïdjah saw the three murdered brothers of Adinda, still boys—children—and a little further lay the corpse of Adinda, naked, and horribly mutilated.

A small piece of blue linen had penetrated into the gaping wound in the breast, which seemed to have made an end to a long struggle.

Then Saïdjah went to meet some soldiers who were driving, at the point of the bayonet, the surviving insurgents into the fire of the burning houses; he embraced the broad bayonets, pressed forward with all his might, and still repulsed the soldiers, with a last exertion, until their weapons were buried to the sockets in his breast.

A little time afterwards there was much rejoicing at Batavia for the new victory, which so added to the laurels of the Dutch-Indian army. And the Governor wrote that tranquillity had been restored in the Lampoons; the king of Holland, enlightened by his statesmen, again rewarded so much heroism with many orders of knighthood.

And probably thanksgivings mounted to heaven from the hearts of the saints in churches and tabernacles, at the news that "the Lord of hosts" had again fought under the banner of Holland.



RECOLLECTIONS OF MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

By Himself:

[Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio, Italian statesman, author, and artist, was born in Turin, October 15, 1798. His most important literary works are the historical novels "Ettore Fieramosca" (1833) and "Nicolò de' Lapi" (1841),

degree facilitate the task of those who are to succeed us, my warmest wish would be attained.

The distribution of our daily occupations was strictly laid down for Matilde and me in black and white, and these rules were not to be broken with impunity. We were thus accustomed to habits of order, and never to make anybody wait for our convenience, a fault which is one of the most troublesome that can be committed either by great people or small.

I remember one day that Matilde, having gone out with Teresa, came home when we had been at dinner some time. It was winter, and snow was falling. The two culprits sat down a little confused, and their soup was brought them in two plates, which had been kept hot; but can you guess where? On the balcony; so that the contents were not only below freezing point, but actually had a thick covering of snow!

At dinner, of course my sister and I sat perfectly silent, waiting our turn, without right of petition or remonstrance. As to the other proprieties of behavior, such as neatness, and not being noisy or boisterous, we knew well that the slightest infraction would have entailed banishment for the rest of the day at least. Our great anxiety was to eclipse ourselves as much as possible; and I assure you that under this system, never fancied ourselves the central points of importance by which all the rest of the world was to revolve — an idea which, thanks to absurd indulgence and flattery, is often forcibly thrust, I may say, into poor little brains, which, if left to themselves, would never have lost their natural simplicity. . . .

On another occasion my excellent mother gave me a lesson of humility, which I shall never forget, any more than the place where I received it.

In the open part of the Cascine, which was once used as a race course, to the right of the space where the carriages stand, there is a walk alongside the wood. I was walking there one day with my mother, followed by an old servant, a countryman of Pylades, less heroic than the latter, but a very good fellow too. I forget why, but I raised a little cane I had in my hand and I am afraid I struck him. My mother, before all the passers-by, obliged me to kneel down and beg his pardon. I can still see poor *Giacolin* taking off his hat with a face of utter bewilderment, quite unable to comprehend how it was that the Chevalier Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio came to be at his feet.

An indifference to bodily pain was another of the precepts

most carefully instilled by our father, and as usual the lesson was made more impressive by example whenever an opportunity presented itself. If, for instance, we complained of any slight pain or accident, our father used to say, half in fun, half in earnest: "When a Piedmontese has both his arms and legs broken, and has received two sword thrusts in the body, he may be allowed to say, but not till then, 'Really, I almost think I am not quite well.'

The moral authority he had acquired over me was so great that in no case would I have disobeyed him, even had he ordered me to jump out of window.

I recollect that when my first tooth was drawn, I was in an agony of fright as we went to the dentist, but outwardly I was brave enough, and tried to seem as indifferent as possible. On another occasion my childish courage and also my father's firmness were put to a more serious test. He had hired a house called the Villa Billi, which stands about half a mile from San Domenico di Fiesole, on the right winding up towards the hill. Only two years ago I visited the place, and found the same family of peasants still there, and my two old playmates, Nando and Sandro, who had both become even greater fogies than myself, and we had a hearty chat together about bygone times.

Whilst living at this villa, our father was accustomed to take us out for long walks, which were the subject of special regulations. We were strictly forbidden to ask, "Have we still far to go?" "What o'clock is it?" or to say, "I am thirsty;" "I am hungry;" "I am tired;" but in everything else we had full liberty of speech and action. Returning from one of these excursions, we one day found ourselves below Castel di Poggio, a rugged, stony path leading towards Vincigliata.

In one hand I had a nosegay of wild flowers, gathered by the way, and in the other a stick, when I happened to stumble, and fell awkwardly. My father sprang forward to pick me up, and seeing that one arm pained me, he examined it and found that in fact the bone was broken below the elbow. All this time my eyes were fixed upon him, and I could see his countenance change, and assume such an expression of tenderness and anxiety that he no longer appeared to be the same man. He bound up my arm as well as he could, and we then continued our way homewards. After a few moments, during which my father had resumed his usual calmness, he said to me:—

"Listen, Mammolino; your mother is not well. If she knows you are hurt, it will make her worse. You must be brave, my boy; to-morrow morning we will go to Florence, where all that is needful can be done for you; but this evening you must not show you are in pain. Do you understand?"

All this was said with his usual firmness and authority, but also with the greatest affection. I was only too glad to have so important and difficult a task intrusted to me. The whole evening I sat quietly in a corner, supporting my poor little broken arm as best I could, and my mother only thought me tired by the long walk, and had no suspicion of the truth.

The next day I was taken to Florence and my arm was set; but to complete the cure I had to be sent to the Baths of Vinadio a few years afterwards. Some people may, in this instance, think my father was cruel. I remember the fact as if it were but yesterday, and I am sure such an idea never for one moment entered my mind. The expression of ineffable tenderness which I had read in his eyes had so delighted me, it seemed so reasonable to avoid alarming my mother, that I looked on the hard task allotted to me as a fine opportunity of displaying my courage. I did so because I had not been spoilt, and good principles had been early implanted within me; and now that I am an old man and have known the world, I bless the severity of my father; and I could wish every Italian child might have one like him, and derive more profit than I did; in thirty years' time Italy would then be the first of nations.

Moreover, it is a fact that children are much more observant than is commonly supposed, and never regard as hostile a just but affectionate severity. I have always seen them disposed to prefer persons who keep them in order to those who constantly yield to their caprices; and soldiers are just the same in this respect.

The following is another example to prove that my father did not deserve to be called cruel: —

He thought it a bad practice to awaken children suddenly, or to let their sleep be abruptly disturbed. If we had to rise early for a journey, he would come to my bedside and softly hum a popular song, two lines of which still ring in my ears: —

Chi vuol veder l' aurora
Lasci le molli piume.

He who the early dawn would view
Downy pillows must eschew.

And by gradually raising his voice, he woke me without the slightest start. In truth, with all his severity, Heaven knows how I loved him. . . .

I could never understand why M. de La Rochefoucauld makes so light of pity. It is true that in his time the slightest headache felt by a *noble* met with attention; but who felt any sympathy for a *manant* condemned to the rack? The pity then in fashion was relative. Yet the Gospel says, "*Beati misericordes;*" and, after all, the Gospel existed even in those days.

This shows how long men who styled themselves Christians remained in reality worse than pagans. And if, taking this principle for our guide, we examine closely the actual state of society, we might perhaps find that Christian civilization is even now far from deserving its name.

Let us take, for instance, one of the great buildings at Genoa, eight or ten stories high, divided into several apartments, inhabited by as many families. If we saw these apparently peaceful tenants always adding bolts, double locks, and iron clamps to their doors, and never coming out on the common staircase unless armed to the teeth with weapons of war, should we say that this community had attained the ideal of Christian civilization, even though its members when they met overflowed with protestations of their love and esteem for one another?

And is not Europe nowadays in the exact condition of such a house?



TARTARIN OF TARASCON.[1]

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[ALPHONSE DAUDET, the celebrated French novelist, was born of poor parents at Nimes, May 13, 1840, and attended school in Lyons. At [illegible] he went to Paris with his elder brother Ernest, who afterwards distinguished himself as a novelist and historian, and obtained a position as secretary to the Duc de Morny. He began contributing to the *Figaro* and other Parisian journals, and in 1858 published a volume of poems, entitled "The Lovers." Daudet's reputation rests chiefly upon his novels and stories, such as "Tartarin of Tarascon" (continued in "Tartarin in the Alps" and "Port Tarascon"); "Jack", "Fromont, Jr., and Risler, Sr.," crowned by the French Academy;

[1] By permission of J. M. Dent & Co.

"The Nabob"; "Kings in Exile", "Numa Roumestan"; "Sapho"; and "L'Immortel," a satire on the French Academy. "L'Arlésienne" (with music by Bizet, composer of "Carmen") is his chief contribution to dramatic literature. Daudet died in Paris, December 16, 1897.]

Tartarin's Garden.

My first visit to Tartarin of Tarascon has remained a never-to-be-forgotten date in my life; although quite ten or a dozen years ago, I remember it better than yesterday.

At that time the intrepid Tartarin lived in the third house on the left as the town begins, on the Avignon road. A pretty little villa in the local style, with a front garden and a balcony behind, the walls glaringly white and the venetians very green; and always about the doorsteps a brood of little Savoyard shoe-blackguards playing hopscotch, or dozing in the broad sunshine with their heads pillowed on their boxes.

Outwardly the dwelling had no remarkable features, and none would ever believe it the abode of a hero; but when you stepped inside, ye gods and little fishes! what a change! From turret to foundation stone — I mean, from cellar to garret — the whole building wore a heroic front; even so the garden.

O that garden of Tartarin's! there's not its match in Europe! Not a native tree was there — not one flower of France; nothing but exotic plants, gum trees, gourds, cottonwoods, cocoa and cacao, mangoes, bananas, palms, a baobab, nopals, cacti, Barbary figs — well, you would believe yourself in the very midst of Central Africa, ten thousand leagues away. It is but fair to say that these were none of full growth; indeed, the cocoa palms were no bigger than beet root, and the baobab (*arbos gigantea* — "giant tree," you know) was easily enough circumscribed by a window pot; but, notwithstanding this, it was rather a sensation for Tarascon, and the townsfolk who were admitted on Sundays to the honor of contemplating Tartarin's baobab, went home choke-full of admiration.

Try to conceive my own emotion, which I was bound to feel on that day of days when I crossed through this marvelous garden; and that was capped when I was ushered into the hero's sanctum.

His study, one of the lions — I should say, lions' dens — of the town, was at the end of the garden, its glass door opening right on to the baobab.

You are to picture a capacious apartment adorned with fire-

arms and steel blades from top to bottom: all the weapons of all the countries in the wide world — carbines, rifles, blunderbusses, Corsican, Catalan, and dagger knives, Malay kreeses, revolvers with spring bayonets, Carib and flint arrows, knuckle dusters, life-preservers, Hottentot clubs, Mexican lassos, — now, can you expect me to name the rest? Upon the whole fell a fierce sunlight, which made the blades and the brass butt plate of the muskets gleam as if all the more to set your flesh creeping. Still, the beholder was soothed a little by the tame air of order and tidiness reigning over the arsenal. Everything was in place, brushed, dusted, labeled, as in a museum; from point to point the eye descried some obliging little card reading: —

Poisoned Arrows! *Do not touch!*

Or,

Loaded! *Take care, please!*

If it had not been for these cautions I never should have dared venture in.

In the middle of the room was an occasional table, on which stood a decanter of rum, a siphon of soda water, a Turkish tobacco pouch, "Captain Cook's Voyages," the Indian tales of Fenimore Cooper and Gustave Aimard, stories of hunting the bear, eagle, elephant, and so on. Lastly, beside the table sat a man of between forty and forty-five, short, stout, thick-set, ruddy, with flaming eyes and a strong stubbly beard; he wore flannel tights, and was in his shirt sleeves; one hand held a book, and the other brandished a very large pipe with an iron bowl cap. Whilst reading heaven only knows what startling adventure of scalp hunters, he pouted out his lower lip in a terrifying way, which gave the honest phiz of the man living placidly on his means the same impression of kindly ferocity which abounded throughout the house.

This man was Tartarin himself — the Tartarin of Tarascon, the great, dreadnaught, incomparable Tartarin of Tarascon.

his life! He is very well known at Tarascon, and a name has been given him. "Rapid" is what they call him. It is known that he has his form on M. Bompard's grounds—which, by the way, has doubled, ay, tripled, the value of the property—but nobody has yet managed to lay him low. At present, only two or three inveterate fellows worry themselves about him. The rest have given him up as a bad job, and old Rapid has long ago passed into the legendary world, although your Tarasconer is very slightly superstitious naturally, and would eat cock robins on toast, or the swallow, which is Our Lady's own bird, for that matter, if he could find any.

"But that won't do!" you will say. Inasmuch as game is so scarce, what can the sportsmen do every Sunday?

What can they do?

Why, goodness gracious! they go out into the real country two or three leagues from town. They gather in knots of five or six, recline tranquilly in the shade of some well, old wall, or olive tree, extract from their game bags a good-sized piece of boiled beef, raw onions, a sausage, and anchovies, and commence a next to endless snack, washed down with one of those nice Rhône wines, which sets a toper laughing and singing. After that, when thoroughly braced up, they rise, whistle the dogs to heel, set the guns on half-cock, and go "on the shoot"—another way of saying that every man plucks off his cap, "shies" it up with all his might, and pops it on the fly with No. 5, 6, or 2 shot, according to what he is loaded for.

The man who lodges most shot in his cap is hailed as king of the hunt, and stalks back triumphantly at dusk into Tarascon, with his riddled cap on the end of his gun barrel, amid any quantity of dog barks and horn blasts.

It is needless to say that cap selling is a fine business in the town. There are even some hatters who sell hunting caps ready shot, torn, and perforated for the bad shots; but the only buyer known is the chemist Bézuquet. This *is* dishonorable!

As a marksman at caps, Tartarin of Tarascon never had his match.

Every Sunday morning out he would march in a new cap, and back he would strut every Sunday evening with a mere thing of shreds. The loft of Baobab Villa was full of these glorious trophies. Hence all Tarascon acknowledged him as master; and as Tartarin thoroughly understood hunting, and

that bites, claws, scalps, whoops, and yells — the Sioux Indians dancing around the war stake to which the unfortunate paleface prisoner is lashed. The grizzly of the Rocky Mountains, who wabbles on his hind legs, and licks himself with a tongue full of blood. The Touareg, too, in the desert, the Malay pirate, the brigand of the Abruzzi — in short, "they" was warfare, travel, adventure, and glory.

But, alas! it was to no avail that the fearless Tarasconer called for and defied *them;* never did they come. Odsboddikins! what would they have come to do in Tarascon?

Nevertheless, Tartarin always expected to run up against them, particularly some evening in going to the club.



THE STORY OF A SILK DRESS.[1]

BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK.

[ELLEN WARNER (OLNEY) KIRK: American novelist; wife of John Foster Kirk, born at Southington, Conn., 1842. Among her published works are: "A Midsummer Madness" (1885), "The Story of Margaret Kent" (1885), "A Daughter of Eve" (1889), "Better Times, a Collection of Short Stories" (1889).]

WHEN the two Miss Singletons had first shown Miss Barrymore's check for forty dollars, and explained that the good old lady had told Emma to buy something with it for her personal adornment, there had been much crude and startling advice on the subject. The two Miss Singletons were not rich, and the forty dollars might, with good effect, have been invested in little household comforts. But Miss Almira grimly negatived this whim, feeling some natural resentment that her own claim to Miss Barrymore's friendship had been for years persistently overlooked. Her decrees were absolute in the maiden household. Emma was to buy an article for her personal adornment; it must be something in which no other than herself should have part or lot, Miss Almira remarked with a quiet malice, which made the younger sister tearful all day. A black silk dress was the best purchase possible, under the cir-

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cumstances, and one which Miss Barrymore herself had declared to be her own idea. Accordingly, a black silk dress it was to be.

The forty dollars might have been spent fifty times over, had not Miss Barrymore's directions been so explicitly worded as to defy misconstruction. It was really astonishing to the two Miss Singletons how the news of their good fortune spread, and what high hopes it seemed to inspire in the breasts of all the people in Swallowfield who wanted money.

Miss Tucker and Miss Green called to ask the two ladies to increase their contribution to the missions.

A committee of gentlemen waited on them and told them they could have the opportunity of heading the list of subscribers to the new bell for the lecture room.

The managers of the book club begged them for a donation.

Mrs. Leonard Jones from North Swallowfield came three times, to implore them to pay half her expenses out to Iowa, where she wanted to go and spend the summer with her daughter.

Mr. Byron Courtenay, the village poet, brought his manuscript poems, and tried to induce them to advance the necessary sum for their publication in book form.

Several people, remote connections of the Singletons, put their claims forward and wanted their children educated.

The Rev. John Ferguson, their pastor, recommended Miss Emma to expend the money for the church.

It was Miss Almira who bore the brunt of this siege, and, in fact, it is doubtful if Miss Emma could have stood out against the hungry pack who assailed her. The elder sister bore a distinct grudge against the world, and did not think it necessary to be overdelicate in repelling these invitations; she rather enjoyed telling everybody that Emma was to spend her money on herself. The Rev. John Ferguson preached a sermon on female vanity and the dangers which lurk in unbridled extravagance in dress; he alluded so pointedly and with such vivid picturing to Herodias and other rather gay characters in Scripture that his hearers were aghast, and while Miss Emma Singleton sat at home in tears between morning and afternoon service, unable to eat her luncheon, the rest of Swallowfield were discussing what the parson could have meant. It did not occur to them that little shabby Miss Emma Singleton,

with her soft brown eyes and shy smile, could have suggested his text and exemplifications.

But Miss Almira's spirit and resolution enabled the two Miss Singletons to ride over these difficulties. Miss Barrymore's check was cashed in crisp five-dollar notes, and one morning in May Miss Emma left Swallowfield by the 7.29 train bound for S——, where she was to buy her black silk dress. The city was thirty miles away, and she expected to arrive there about nine o'clock, make her purchase, and then spend the remaining interval of time until half-past three with Mrs. Thomas Singleton, the widow of her cousin, who kept a small school in —— Street. It was not often that a day opened so pleasantly for Miss Emma. The morning was a true May morning, and the railroad train ran a pretty course between orchards of fruit trees in full blossom, while at every stopping place passengers got in laden with great bunches of lilacs. Then, while the morning was still fresh and cool, and before the lilacs had drooped or the air grown too heavily odorous, she was in town with all her strength and interest unspoiled, to begin her shopping. There was no happier woman in S—— that day than Miss Emma as she stepped trimly out of the car, her brown eyes shining, her sweet lips smiling. She made such a pretty picture as she stood on the crossing waiting for a market wagon to pass, that Mr. Simeon English, who was just behind her, stepped aside to watch her, and when she happened to turn and meet his eyes raised his hat and bowed with a flourish.

There was a little feverish red flush on Miss Emma's face when she took the cars at half-past four. She had been unable to catch the earlier train. The heat of the day had been excessive, and there had been some slight difficulties to contend with. But finally the purchase had been made, and at half-past four here sat Miss Emma in the cars, her eyes fixed on a long roll covered with brown paper which contained eighteen yards of black silk at two dollars the yard. The day had been full of difficulties. Miss Emma could not pique herself on any strength of mind displayed; responsibility, which always inspired Miss Almira, had paralyzed her; then the result of her weak-mindedness had been to show her certain pettinesses of temper in Mrs. Thomas Singleton which she had never before suspected, and the revelation was depressing. Nevertheless, Miss Emma had never been used to anything more than

half successes, and certainly there was the dress before her eyes, in itself a tangible good. She began to feel soothed and happy. Visions stole over her of the day when Miss Hooper, the Swallowfield dressmaker, would come and make those lengths of crispy silk into a gown. Modest visions assailed her of what that gown would be! Miss Emma did not dream of conquest; not even by the easy processes of a romantic admiration and a flattering fancy could any woman dream of making the poorest sort of male conquest in Swallowfield. What few men remained in that New England village had been conquered long ago, and matrimony was not at present in vogue among the inhabitants. Miss Emma had always looked upon her friends who had become happy wives and mothers with a purely admiring and disinterested pleasure, and had no thoughts of such a fate for herself; it would have seemed an impropriety.

No, she nursed no dreams of delighting the other sex with the pretty fittings of her black silk dress; but she hoped Mrs. May might admire it, that Kitty would offer some cajoling flatteries, that Mrs. Grimes might not condemn it, and above all that her sister Almira might pronounce it neat, ladylike, and respectable. Never in all her life had Miss Emma been actually well dressed; what wonder then that her present prospects were thoroughly charming!

She had taken her place a quarter of an hour before the cars were to start, thus making sure of a whole seat. They had to wait the arrival of the New York train, which came puffing in presently on the other side of the depot, and in another moment, simultaneously with the first preparatory jerk of the Swallowfield "accommodation," a flood of fresh passengers poured in.

"Is this seat taken, madam?" inquired a loud, rather flurried-looking man, with a wife and three children pressing behind him.

Miss Emma disclaimed all intention of appropriating more than her one half of the cushion, and lifted her precious parcel to her lap.

"I will put it out of your way," said the man, peremptorily, and seizing it, in spite of her efforts to keep it secure in her own possession, he swung it up with half a dozen bundles of his own into the rack a little above their heads. His wife and children had huddled into the seat in front, and he sank down with a wearied air beside Miss Emma and took out his paper,

showing an evident intention of resting to the extent of his ability during the remainder of his journey.

Mr. Simeon English was a little late in reaching the cars, and came in puffing with a very red face, after the train was in motion. He was in a capital humor, nevertheless, and the moment he entered had a cordial recognition for a certain pair of soft brown eyes and a shy, fluttering smile which he had seen that morning, and which had haunted him agreeably all day.

"Why, there's my pretty friend," said he to himself; and he noticed with some complacency that although the fair stranger quickly averted her glance when it met his, she blushed, — a pretty, soft, girlish blush. For be it understood that my heroine, although past thirty-six, was attractive in a winning, womanly way, and carried something of girlishness still in her timid, demure face.

And as good luck would have it, Mr. Simeon English knew the gentleman who was sitting beside her, — was on business terms with him, and had at the present moment no less than twenty questions to ask him. He went up and addressed them at once, and continued sitting on the arm of the seat opposite talking at the top of his voice for the next twenty miles. While he talked he looked all the time at Miss Emma. He liked to look at her; the oval of her cheek was fair and round; he fancied the modest style of her bonnet, and the pretty rippling waves of the brown hair which was brushed smoothly down over her forehead. Besides, she listened to him; in spite of her quiet air he was sure she followed all he was saying. Once he made a joke, and before she remembered that they were strangers she looked up at him, her eyes dancing and two little dimples playing on her cheeks. She pulled herself up, as it were, blushing painfully at such a lapse of decorum, and for the next fifteen minutes stared out of the window at the flying landscape; but he seemed to know that he had made an impression, and felt pleased, as men will.

In the midst of the conversation the train stopped at Farmersville, but the name was shrieked in such different intonations at each end of the car that one might well doubt if the two words had any relation to each other.

"Isn't this Farmersville?" inquired the wife of Mr. Simeon English's companion, who had until this moment kept herself discreetly in the background with her offspring.

"Why, bless my soul, is it?" ejaculated her husband.

There was no time to be lost. It was Farmersville, and the delay of another half-minute would have been fatal to the chances of the party. Madam grasped her youngest and the gentleman the next in age, taking the third by the hand. Instinctively, too, he had clutched at umbrella, portmanteau, and hand bag, and with these not inconsiderable impedimenta made his way out. But the moment he reached the platform of the country station, sense and memory returned.

He ran along the side of the car, already in motion, and shouted at the top of his lungs in at the open window, —

"English, English! Just pitch me out my bundles — up in the rack by my seat."

"Bundles! bundles!" cried Mr. Simeon English. "Bundles?" He looked up. "Are those his bundles?" He pointed to the packages over his head.

"Yes, yes," said a zealous fellow-passenger, warming to the crisis. "I remember seeing him put 'em up there."

In a moment more the thing was done. The train was by this time five hundred feet from the station, but the dozen brown-paper-covered parcels were flung out.

"Eh, what is it?" said Mr. Simeon English, considerably surprised and flattered at the discovery that a little slim hand had fastened on his arm, and that a wistful, flushed, actually tearful face was raised to his with some murmurs of entreaty he could not make out.

"Oh sir," burst forth Miss Emma, in tones of anguish, "*you have thrown out my black silk dress!*"

"*Your black silk dress!*" gasped Mr. Simeon English, absolutely frozen with astonishment. He looked down at her as if expecting to find he had despoiled her of necessary raiment. "Your black silk dress?" he repeated, utterly aghast.

"Yes, sir. He insisted upon putting it up there with his own packages, and I — I — I forgot it for a moment."

"Oh, you mean it was among Smith's bundles! Was it done up in brown paper?"

"Yes, sir; it was fresh from the store."

The anguish in those words penetrated the dull masculine consciousness.

"What a blundering idiot I always am!" ejaculated Mr. Simeon English. "What a stupid ninny! What a thundering fool to go meddling in matters I don't understand!" He

sister brought Rolfe a ghastly answer. This one had been spared, because of her youth and vigor, to be a servant to the squaws.

With these facts in mind, the young Captain realized that his chances of escape with the rescued prisoner were very, very slight. Peggy Baker, who had now recovered from the shock of her friendly abduction, begged to be allowed to march beside them, and proved herself to be as plucky as she was patient. As their course on the retreat ran parallel with the river, here widened between steep banks, and swollen with recent heavy rains, there was no hope of escaping pursuit; and, before long, they knew the Indians were upon their trail.

When the sound of the battle yell drew nearer, Rolfe braced himself for action. Giving the girl a weapon, and bidding her fly for her life in the direction of her home, he put his men into ambuscade behind a mass of brushwood and fallen trees.

"Swift death, an honest bullet in the brain, who fears them?" he said, as the horrid band approached. "'Tis the stake, boys, the burning splinters, we have got to fight, so — fire!"

Two of Rolfe's men fell in the ensuing skirmish, but owing to their protected situation, not until after the scouts had strewn the forest carpet with dead braves. A party of Indians coming around to the rear dislodged them, and, with foes on both sides, the Virginians at last gave up the fight and fled, two of the survivors escaping in the woods. Rolfe, the daring leader, who had worked such havoc in the Indian ranks, the especial object of their wrath, was cut off and driven before a whirlwind of savage runners. On the river's bank, near the steep verge of the stream, here a boiling torrent, the Mingoes, now certain of their prey, threw down their guns, and moved up to close in a ring around him, flourishing their tomahawks. But Rolfe, casting a glance at the chasm, exceeding twenty feet in breadth, gathered his full strength, and, suddenly running to the edge of the bluff, with the activity of a panther leaped out of their grasp. When the Indians, crowding to the cliff, looked down, expecting to see their enemy struggling helpless in the flood, they beheld him, instead, landed safely upon his feet upon the lower shore, opposite, where, quick as light, he turned to confront them with his rifle.

At no moment had Rolfe considered his peril greater than at this. But while the savages made haste to pick up their

own guns, a chief of lofty figure who had been foremost in the pursuit stood on the edge of the chasm, and waved them back, calling out to Rolfe in English: —

"Good jump! Captain make good jump!"

Rolfe lowered his rifle in astonishment. Although he had never laid eyes upon the son of Shikellemus, who had so long been in the confidence of the government and of the Six Nations, as an arbitrator of disputes, he could not doubt this stately being was the famous Logan.

"You go this time safe, Captain," resumed the chief. "You track me, you kill my men, you steal my prisoner, but in fair fight. You fought well; you jumped like a deer, and you are fit to be a brave; so I let you go. But tell your people that I have not done killing, yet. If I believed in them I would not kill, but I believe no more. The next time I get you while I am killing, you do not go free."

So saying, the Indian turned and stalked away, followed by his band. In the deep forest, Rolfe heard presently arising the death chant over the bodies of their slain.

The portion of the great woods in which Rolfe now found himself isolated was, on his side of the river, almost untrodden by the foot of man; but, inured to solitude in nature, to nights and days at large, to finding his way by guidance of the sun and stars, this did not serve to depress him. His hope that poor Peggy Baker and his two surviving comrades had escaped unhurt, the possibility that the Indians were now moving in an opposite direction from the fugitives, and a determination to cross the stream again and return to the settlements as soon as he should think the attempt safe, relaxed for a time the tense strain of his nerves. That he should, meantime, be counted by his friends the victim of a miserable death was a foregone conclusion. But Rolfe could afford to be cheerful about that!

Presently, for the first time, he became conscious of a wound in the hip and a twist in the ankle, these bars to progress making him feel very grave. He limped for a while, paused, limped more painfully, and then sat down on a bank of moss, covering the roots of a great pine tree that hung its branches over the river's brink. Quenching his thirst by crawling down to scoop water with his hand, he returned, yielded to the invitation of the verdant couch beneath, and sank into its deep elastic mattress. Here subtle sleep overtook him, and tried to

blot out all cares from his brain; but fever, interposing, sent new images and fancies trooping through it. Amid the scenes of black tragedy that haunted him, his dreams were filled with his Cousin Betty. Betty mocking, Betty smiling, enticing in her ripe young beauty, then evading him as he drew near. In the murmur of the stream, he caught his name spoken by her; in the wind passing through the pines, her sigh over his misfortunes. Opening his eyes, he expected to find her at his side, her cool hand resting on his head; then, disappointed, fell asleep again; and lo! it was not Betty after all, who sat by and soothed him, but loving little May.

"May! May! You won't forsake me, dear?" he pleaded, in the despair of tortured dreams; then started, broad awake, to hear only the voice of the wilderness at night. It was clear, and the stars shone through the canopy of leaves. He felt sore, stiff, confused, but still master of himself. Again he crawled down to drink, and returned to lie on his back, staring upward, and wondering if this were to be the end of his bright hopes and strong ambition for a soldier's life. To die, starving, in the trackless woods where it might be years before a wayfarer would find his bones, if ever. Better to have fallen in the skirmish yesterday, with the Indians, bullets singing around his ears!

Then his thoughts played with the effect of his loss upon individuals. His mother, stern, cold, unselfish in her devotion, might mourn, but no one would see her tears. His uncles were too much like her to give token of any grief. His cousins, far away at happy, sheltered Vue de l'Eau, the generous Colonel, kind if hasty Cousin Bess, the household, the stablemen, all would remember him in sorrow, and speak gently of his presence in their home. His General would say he had done well. That was something, that was much; Rolfe could even die for that, he thought, turning laboriously on his bed, with an impulse of soldier's pride swelling in his stout young heart. But Betty — that pricked him sorely! Betty! Flower would get her, Rolfe had not a doubt. Flower was worthy of her — a gentleman — a soldier — with a place in the world fit to offer the peerless Rose of the Potomac, as he had heard her called. Ah! well. It was little to Rolfe now. Provided Flower made Betty happy, it was little to a man so near to the last gasp.

Again his fancy took up little May. True-hearted, merry, imperious, tender little May. What a wife she would make

for somebody, one day! What a comrade to fight life's battles with. Rolfe hoped his mother would remember to send to May the parcel of choice skins he had cured and had set aside for her on a cupboard shelf in the Lodge, the third shelf in the left-hand cupboard. Then Rolfe fell asleep again to dream of Logan's majestic figure, standing facing him upon the cliff.



PRISCILLA.[1]

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(From "Three Heroines of New England Romance.")

[Harriet Elizabeth (Prescott) Spofford: An American author, born at Calais, Me., April 3, 1835, the daughter of Joseph N Prescott. She was taken in her early youth to Newburyport, Mass., and in 1865 was married to Mr Richard Spofford, a lawyer of Boston. Her first story, "In a Cellar," was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1859, and at once established her literary reputation. Her subsequent writings include "Sir Rohan's Ghost" (1859), "The Amber Gods" (1863), "Azarian" (1863), "New England Legends" (1871), "The Thief in the Night" (1872), "The Marquis of Carabas" (1882), "Poems" (1882), "Hester Stanley at St. Mark's" (1883), "Ballads about Authors" (1888), "A Master Spirit" (1888), "House and Hearth" (1891), and "In Titian's Garden" (1897).]

The swallow with summer
  Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
  Will visit thy trees,
The ship that it hastens
  Thy ports will contain,
But me — I shall never
  See England again!

I often fancy John Alden, and others, too, among his companions of kindly fame, wandering down the long Plymouth beach and murmuring to themselves thoughts like these. And I like to look in the annals of the gentle Pilgrims and the sterner Puritans for any pages where one may find muffled for a moment the strain of high emprise which wins our awe and our praise, but not so surely our love, and gain access on their

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more human side to the men and women who lived the noblest romance in all history. . . .

Certainly Miles Standish was not of the demigods, if he was of the heroes. No Puritan ascetic he, by nature or belief. One might imagine him some soul that failed to find incarnation among the captains and pirates of the great Elizabeth's time, the Raleighs and Drakes and Frobishers, and who, coming along a hundred years too late, did his best to repair the mistake. A choleric fellow, who had quarreled with his kin, and held himself wronged by them of his patrimony; of a quarrelsome race, indeed, that had long divided itself into the Catholic Standishes of Standish and the Protestant Standishes of Duxbury; a soldier who served the Queen in a foreign garrison, and of habits and tastes the more emphasized because he was a little man; supposed never to have been of the same communion as those with whom he cast in his lot,—it is not easy to see the reason of his attraction to the Pilgrims in Holland. Perhaps he chose his wife, Rose, from among them, and so united himself to them; if not that, then possibly she herself may have been inclined to their faith, and have drawn him with her; or it may have been that his doughty spirit could not brook to see oppression, and must needs espouse and champion the side crushed by authority. For the rest, at the age of thirty-five the love of adventure was still an active passion with him. That he was of quick but not deep affections is plain from the swiftness with which he would fain have consoled himself after the death of Rose, his wife; and, that effort failing, by his sending to England for his wife's sister, Barbara, as it is supposed, and marrying her out of hand. That he was behind the spirit of the movement with which he was connected may be judged by his bringing home and setting up the gory head of his conquered foe; for although he was not alone in that retrograde act, since he only did what he had been ordered to do by the elders, yet the holy John Robinson, the inspirer and conscience of them all, cried out at that, "Oh that he had converted some before he killed any!" Nevertheless, that and other bloody deeds seem to have been thoroughly informed with his own satisfaction in them. His armor, his sword, his inconceivable courage, his rough piety, that "swore a prayer or two,"—all give a flavor of even earlier times to the story of his day, and bring into the life when certain dainties were forbidden, as smacking of Papistry, a goodly flavor of wassail

bowls, and a certain powerful reminiscence of the troops in Flanders.

That such a nature as the fiery Captain's could not exist without the soothing touch of love, could not brook loneliness, and could not endure grief, but must needs arm himself with forgetfulness and a new love when sorrow came to him in the loss of the old, is of course to be expected. If he were a little precipitate in asking for Priscilla's affection before Rose had been in her unnamed grave three months, something of the blame is due to the condition of the colony, which made sentimental considerations of less value than practical ones, — an evident fact, when Mr. Winslow almost immediately on the death of his wife married the mother of Peregrine White, not two months a widow, hardly more a mother.

Apparently there were not a great many young girls in the little company. The gentle Priscilla Mullins and the high-minded Mary Chilton were the most prominent ones, at any rate. One knows instinctively that it would not be Mary Chilton towards whom the soldier would be drawn, — the daring and spirited girl who must be the first to spring ashore when the boat touched land. It is true that John Alden's descendants ungallantly declare that he was before her in that act; but no one disputes her claim to be the first woman whose foot touched shore; and that is quite enough for one who loves to think of her and of the noble and serene Ann Hutchinson as the far-away mothers of the loftiest and loveliest soul she ever knew. . . .

One might suppose that Priscilla, gentle as tradition represents her, would have been attracted by the fire and spirit of the brave Captain. But perhaps she was not so very gentle. Was there a spice of feminine coquetry in her famous speech to John Alden, for all her sweet Puritanism? Or was it that she understood the dignity and worth of womanhood, and was the first in this new land to take her stand upon it?

The whole story of the courtship which her two lovers paid to her is a bit of human nature suddenly revealing itself in the flame of a great passion, — a mighty drama moving before us, and a chance light thrown upon the stage giving the life and motion of a scene within a scene. There is a touching quality in the modest feeling of the soldier; he is still a young man, not at all grizzled, or old, or gray, as the poet paints him, — perhaps thirty-five or thirty-six years old. Daring death at

every daily exposure of the colony to dangers from disease, from the tomahawk, from the sea, from the forest, always the one to go foremost and receive the brunt, to put his own life and safety a barrier against the common enemy, — yet he shrank from telling a girl that she had fired his inflammable heart, and would fain let her know the fact by the one who, if he has left no record of polished tongue or ready phrase, was the one he loved as the hero loves the man of peace, the one who loved him equally, — the youth of twenty-three whose "countenance of gospel looks" could hardly at that time have carried in its delicate lineaments much of the greatness of nature that may have belonged to the ancestor of two of our Presidents.

For the purposes of romance, fathers and mothers are often much in the way; and the poet and the romancer, with a reckless disregard of the life and safety of Mr. William Mullins, her respected parent, represent Priscilla as orphaned while her father was yet alive. It was to Mr. Mullins that John Alden, torn between duty and passion, and doubtless pale with suffering, presented the Captain's claims. If the matter was urged rather perfunctorily, Mr. Mullins seemed not to have noticed it, as he gave his ready consent. But we may be confident that Priscilla did; and that, after all, maidenly delicacy would never have suffered her to utter her historic words, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" if the deadly sinking of his heart had not been evident in his downcast face. Does it need any chronicle to tell us what a flame of joy shot through John Alden's heart at the instant of those words, — what an icy wave of despair quenched it, — what a horror of shame overcame Priscilla till her blushes became a pain? For when she had dared so much, and dared in vain, what else but shame could be her portion?

They must have been dark days that followed for the two young lovers. Can you not see John Alden trying to walk away his trouble on the stretch of the long beach, to escape his sense of treachery, his sorrow in his friend's displeasure, his joy and his shame together?

There, my cloak about my face,
Up and down the sands I'd pace,
Making footprints for the spray
To wash away.

* * * * *

Up and down the barren beaches,
  Round the ragged belts of land,
In along the curving reaches,
  Out along the horns of sand.

There, too, came Priscilla, without much doubt, when the closeness of the little cluster of log huts, within a few feet of one another, grew too oppressive, or the notion that others looked askance at her, lest in any recklessness of desperation the Captain, the mainstay of the colony, threw his life away in the daily expeditions he undertook, — came not as girls stroll along the shore to gather shells, to write their names on the sand, to pick up the seaweed with hues like those

Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of Kings
Who dwell beneath the waters,

as very likely she had done ere this, but to forget her trouble, to diffuse and lose it. For here, added to homesickness and horror and impending famine, was a new trouble, worse perhaps than all the rest. If her lover had been lost at sea, she might have watched for his sail,

And hope at her yearning heart would knock
When a sunbeam on a far-off rock
Married a wreath of wandering foam.

But this was more unbearable than loss: she had dishonored herself in his eyes; she had betrayed herself, and he had scorned her; and she came to the sea for the comfort which nearness to the vast and the infinite always gives. Even that was not solitude; for there, a mile away, lay the "Mayflower," still at anchor, where the spyglass made her prisoner, while it was not safe for a lonely girl to tread the shore at night, watching the glow of the evening star or the moonswale on the sea. Perhaps, with Mary Chilton by her side, or with some of the smaller children of the colony, she climbed a hill, protected by the minion and the other piece of ordnance, which were afterwards mounted on the roof of the rude church, and looked down over the cluster of cabins where now the fair town lies, and thought life hard and sorry, and longed, as John Alden himself did, for the shelter of Old England. Perhaps she had no time for lovesick fancies, anyway, in the growing sickness among the people, which tasked the strength and love of all;

and when, watching with the sick at night, she thrust aside a casement latticed with oiled paper, or chanced to go outside the door for fresh water to cool a fevered lip, she saw a planet rising out of the sea, or the immeasurable universe of stars wheeling overhead, over desolate shore, and water, and wilderness, she felt her own woe too trivial to be dwelt upon; and when on the third of March her father died and was laid in the field where the wheat was planted over the level graves for fear of the Indians, we may be sure that she saw her trouble as part of the cross she was to bear, and waited in patience and meekness either till the rumor came of the death of Miles Standish in the Indian skirmish, — of which we know nothing, — or till John Alden had made it up with his conscience and found his chance, not in the crowded little log huts, not on the open shore, but within the leafy covert of the freshly springing wood side, with none but the fallow deer to see them, to put an end to her unrest.

Probably that period of bliss now dawned which makes most lovers feel themselves lifted into a region just above the earth and when they tread on air. It was in the hallowed time of this courtship, on the skirts of the deep pine forests, that they first happened on the mayflower, the epigea, full of the sweetest essence of the earth which lends it her name, and felt as if love and youth and joy and innocence had invented a flower for them alone, — the deeply rosy and ineffably fragrant mayflower, that blooms only in the Plymouth woods in its pink perfection, and whose breath must have seemed like a breath blown out of the open doors of the new life awaiting them together. If they had ventured as far as any of the numberless ponds, set like jewels in the ring of the green woods about them, something later in their new year, they would have found the blushing sabbatia in all its pristine loveliness, — the flower most typical of Priscilla herself.



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[WENDELL PHILLIPS: An American orator and abolitionist, born at Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811. He was head orator of the abolitionists, 1837-1861; president of the Antislavery Society, 1865-1870; and candidate of the

labor reformers and prohibitionists for governor of Massachusetts. He was also an advocate of woman suffrage and labor and penal reform. His speeches were published in 1863. He died at Boston, February 2, 1884.]

He had been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island, — an unmixed negro, — his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night moves your admiration, remember, the black race claims it all, — we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods, he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty, he joined the army as physician. Before he went he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add that, of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family. [Cheering.]

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. [Applause.] I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards, — men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is

painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his twenty-five thousand soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders,—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown [cheers],—he could preach as well as fight,—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief, only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside;"—and he saved fifteen hundred lives. [Applause.]

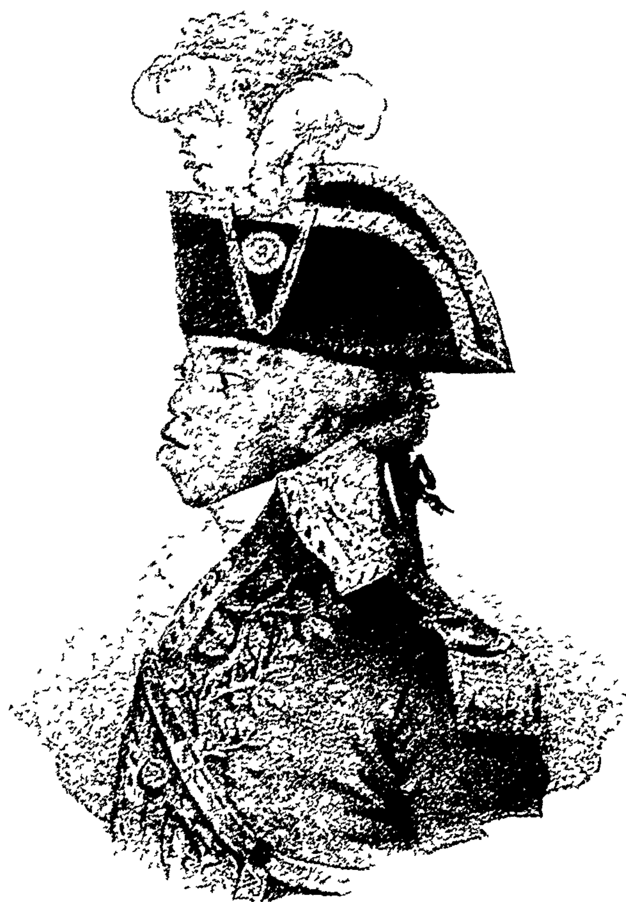
I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him General in Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*, said one,—"This man makes an opening everywhere,"—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, *the opening*.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty, while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant

that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized, by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered [cheers]; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. [Applause.] Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further, — Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the Peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen," — and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;" —

thousand republican soldiers: I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint, the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you of the present Napoleon, that when the epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles, *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, he deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush Toussaint from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance, — which was very close. If either imitated the other, it must have been the white, since the negro preceded him several years. They were very much alike, and they were very French, — French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vainglorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate, "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me." Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the gray coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow Madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro, and so, in him, they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the north in a carriage, he would be in the south on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They



expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and, when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. [Cheers.] He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and, scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white, there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and, repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?" "No, sir." "What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then, again, like Napoleon, — like genius always, — he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, offering his breast to their muskets, and saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that four of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms, and said, "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" The blacks fell on their knees, praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and, on its verdict, ordered his own nephew to be shot, sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. [Loud and long-continued applause.] England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. [Laughter.] Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe, — soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti: they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life, — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;" — and he was obeyed. [Applause.] When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and

clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains in safety, then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought on its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. [Cheers.] Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the "Marseilles Hymn," and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the "Marseillaise." And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years, — could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. [Cheers.] He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand

SIRE,—I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice.

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that, in Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed there, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, "Take it away,—it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death.



BALACCHI BROTHERS.[1]

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

[MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, American novelist, was born at Washington, Pa, June 24, 1831, and passed her early life in West Virginia. In 1863 she married L. C Davis, and went to reside in Philadelphia, where her husband was an editorial writer for various papers, and from 1869 editor of the *Inquirer* "Life in the Iron Mills," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1861), was the first of her stories to attract attention. Since then have been published "Waiting for the Verdict," "Dallas Galbraith," "John Andross," "Doctor Warrick's Daughters," and "Natasqua" Mrs Davis is the mother of Richard Harding Davis, war correspondent and novelist]

"THERE'S a man, now, that has been famous in his time," said Davidge, as we passed the mill, glancing in at the sunny gap in the side of the building.

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I paused incredulously: Phil's lion so often turned out to be Snug the joiner. Phil was my chum at college, and in inviting me home to spend the vacation with him I thought he had fancied the resources of his village larger than they proved. In the two days since we came we had examined the old doctor's cabinet, listened superciliously to a debate in the literary club upon the Evils of the Stage, and passed two solid afternoons in the circle about the stove in the drug shop, where the squire and the Methodist parson, and even the mild, white-cravated young rector of St. Mark's, were wont to sharpen their wits by friction. What more was left? I was positive that I knew the mental gauge of every man in the village.

A little earlier or later in life a gun or fishing rod would have satisfied me. The sleepy, sunny little market town was shut in by the bronzed autumn meadows, that sent their long groping fingers of grass or party-colored weeds drowsily up into the very streets: there were ranges of hills and heavy stretches of oak and beech woods, too, through which crept glittering creeks full of trout. But I was just at that age when the soul disdains all aimless pleasures: my game was Man. I was busy in philosophically testing, weighing, labeling human nature.

"Famous, eh?" I said, looking after the pursy figure of the miller in his floury canvas roundabout and corduroy trousers, trotting up and down among the bags.

"That is one of the Balacchi Brothers," Phil answered as we walked on. "You've heard of them when you were a boy?"

I had heard of them. The great acrobats were as noted in their line of art as Ellsler and Jenny Lind in theirs. But acrobats and danseuses had been alike brilliant, wicked impossibilities to my youth, for I had been reared a Covenanter of the Covenanters. In spite of the doubting philosophies with which I had clothed myself at college, that old Presbyterian training clung to me in everyday life close as my skin.

After that day I loitered about the mill, watching this man, whose life had been spent in one godless theater after another, very much as the Florentine peasants looked after Dante when they knew he had come back from hell. I was on the lookout for the taint, the abnormal signs, of vice. It was about that time that I was fevered with the missionary enthusiasm, and in Polynesia, where I meant to go (but where I never did go),

I declared to Phil daily that I should find in every cannibal the half-effaced image of God, only waiting to be quickened into grace and virtue. That was quite conceivable. But that a flashy, God-defying actor could be the same man at heart as this fat, good-tempered, gossiping miller, who jogged to the butcher's every morning for his wife, a basket on one arm and a baby on the other, was not conceivable. He was a close dealer at the butcher's, too, though dribbling gossip there as everywhere; a regular attendant at St. Mark's, with his sandy-headed flock about him, among whom he slept comfortably enough, it is true, but with as pious dispositions as the rest of us.

I remember how I watched this man, week in and week out. It was a trivial matter, but it irritated me unendurably to find that this circus rider had human blood precisely like my own: it outraged my early religion.

We talk a great deal of the rose-colored illusions in which youth wraps the world, and the agony it suffers as they are stripped from its bare, hard face. But the fact is that youth (aside from its narrow, passionate friendships) is usually apt to be acrid and watery and sour in its judgment and creeds — it has the quality of any other unripe fruit: it is middle age that is just and tolerant, that has found room enough in the world for itself and all human flies to buzz out their lives good-humoredly together. It is youth who can see a tangible devil at work in every party or sect opposed to its own, whose enemy is always a villain, and who finds treachery and falsehood in the friend who is occasionally bored or indifferent: it is middle age that has discovered the reasonable sweet *juste milieu* of human nature — who knows few saints perhaps, but is apt to find its friend and grocer and shoemaker agreeable and honest fellows. It is these vehement illusions, these inherited bigotries and prejudices, that tear and cripple a young man as they are taken from him one by one. He creeps out of them as a crab from the shell that has grown too small for him, but he thinks he has left his identity behind him.

It was such a reason as this that made me follow the miller assiduously. and cultivate a quasi intimacy with him, in the course of which I picked the following story from him. It was told at divers times, and with many interruptions and questions from me. But for obvious reasons I have made it continuous. It had its meaning to me, coarse and common though it was —

the same which Christ taught in the divine beauty of His parables. Whether that meaning might not be found in the history of every human life, if we had eyes to read it, is matter for question.

Balacchi Brothers? And you've heard of them, eh? Well, well! (with a pleased nod, rubbing his hands on his knees). Yes, sir. Fifteen years ago they were known as The Admirable Crichtons of the Ring. It was George who got up that name: I did not see the force of it. But no name could claim too much for us. Why, I could show you notices in the newspapers that— I used to clip them out and stuff my pocket-book with them as we went along, but after I quit the business I pasted them in an old ledger, and I often now read them of nights. No doubt I lost a good many, too.

Yes, sir: I was one of Balacchi Brothers. My name *is* Zack Loper. And it was then, of course.

You think we would have plenty of adventures? Well, no—not a great many. There's a good deal of monotony in the business. Towns seem always pretty much alike to me. And there was such a deal of rehearsing to be done by day and at night. I looked at nothing but the rope and George: the audience was nothing but a packed flat surface of upturned, staring eyes and half-open mouths. It was an odd sight, yes, when you come to think of it. I never was one for adventures. I was mostly set upon shaving close through the week, so that when Saturday night came I'd have something to lay by: I had this mill in my mind, you see. I was married, and had my wife and a baby that I'd never seen waiting for me at home. I was brought up to milling, but the trapeze paid better. I took to it naturally, as one might say.

But George!—he had adventures every week. And as for acquaintances! Why, before we'd be in a town two days he'd be hail-fellow-well-met with half the people in it. That fellow could scent a dance or a joke half a mile off. You never see such wide-awake men nowadays. People seem to me half dead or asleep when I think of him.

Oh, I thought you knew. My partner Balacchi. It was Balacchi on the bill: the actors called him Signor, and people like the manager, South, and we, who knew him well, George. I asked him his real name once or twice, but he joked it off. "How many names must a man be saddled with?" he said.

I don't know it to this day, nor who he had been. They hinted there was something queer about his story, but I'll go my bail it was a clean one, whatever it was.

You never heard how "Balacchi Brothers" broke up? That was as near to an adventure as I ever had. Come over to this bench and I'll tell it to you. You don't dislike the dust of the mill? The sun's pleasanter on this side.

It was early in August of '56 when George and I came to an old town on the Ohio, half city, half village, to play an engagement. We were under contract with South then, who provided the rest of the troupe, three or four posture girls, Stradi the pianist, and a Madame Somebody, who gave readings and sang. "Concert" was the heading in large caps on the bills, "Balacchi Brothers will give their æsthetic *tableaux vivants* in the interludes," in agate below.

"I've got to cover you fellows over with respectability here," South said. "Ropedancing won't go down with these aristocratic churchgoers."

I remember how George was irritated. "When I was my own agent," he said, "I only went to the cities. Educated people can appreciate what we do, but in these country towns we rank with circus riders."

George had some queer notions about his business. He followed it for sheer love of it, as I did for money. I've seen all the great athletes since, but I never saw one with his wonderful skill and strength, and with the grace of a woman too, or a deer. Now that takes hard, steady work, but he never flinched from it, as I did; and when night came, and the people and lights, and I thought of nothing but to get through, I used to think he had the pride of a thousand women in every one of his muscles and nerves: a little applause would fill him with a mad kind of fury of delight and triumph. South had a story that George belonged to some old Knickerbocker family, and had run off from home years ago. I don't know. There was that wild restless blood in him that no home could have kept him.

We were to stay so long in this town that I found rooms for us with an old couple named Peters, who had but lately moved in from the country, and had half a dozen carpenters and masons boarding with them. It was cheaper than the hotel, and George preferred that kind of people to educated men, which made me doubt that story of his having been a

gentleman. The old woman Peters was uneasy about taking us, and spoke out quite freely about it when we called, not knowing that George and I were Balacchi Brothers ourselves.

"The house has been respectable so far, gentlemen," she said. "I don't know what about taking in them half-naked, drunken play actors. What do you say, Susy?" to her granddaughter.

"Wait till you see them, grandmother," the girl said gently. "I should think that men whose lives depended every night on their steady eyes and nerves would not dare to touch liquor."

"You are quite right — nor even tobacco," said George. It was such a prompt, sensible thing for the little girl to say that he looked at her attentively a minute, and then went up to the old lady smiling: "We don't look like drinking men, do we, madam?"

"No, no, sir. I did not know that you were the I-talians." She was quite flustered and frightened, and said cordially enough how glad she was to have us both. But it was George she shook hands with. There was something clean and strong and inspiring about that man that made most women friendly to him on sight.

Why, in two days you'd have thought he'd never had another home than the Peters'. He helped the old man milk, and had tinkered up the broken kitchen table, and put in half a dozen window panes, and was intimate with all the boarders; could give the masons the prices of job work at the East, and put Stoll the carpenter on the idea of contract houses, out of which he afterward made a fortune. It was nothing but jokes and fun and shouts of laughter when he was in the house: even the old man brightened up and told some capital stories. But from the first I noticed that George's eye followed Susy watchfully wherever she went, though he was as distant and respectful with her as he was with most women. He had a curious kind of respect for women, George had. Even the Slingsbys, that all the men in the theater joked with, he used to pass by as though they were logs leaning against the wall. They were the posture girls, and anything worse besides the name *I* never saw.

There was a thing happened once on that point which I often thought might have given me a clew to his history if I'd followed it up. We were playing in one of the best

theaters in New York (they brought us into some opera), and the boxes were filled with fine ladies beautifully dressed, or, I might say, half dressed.

George was in one of the wings. "It's a pretty sight," I said to him.

"It's a shameful sight," he said with an oath. "The Slingsbys do it for their living, but these women ——"

I said they were ladies, and ought to be treated with respect. I was amazed at the heat he was in.

"I had a sister, Zack, and there's where I learned what a woman should be."

"I never heard of your sister, George," said I. I knew he would not have spoken of her but for the heat he was in.

"No. I'm as dead to her, being what I am, as if I were six feet under ground."

I turned and looked at him, and when I saw his face I said no more, and I never spoke of it again. It was something neither I nor any other man had any business with.

So, when I saw how he was touched by Susy and drawn toward her, it raised her in my opinion, though I'd seen myself how pretty and sensible a little body she was. But I was sorry, for I knew 'twan't no use. The Peterses were Methodists, and Susy more strict than any of them; and I saw she looked on the theater as the gate of hell, and George and me swinging over it.

I don't think, though, that George saw how strong her feeling about it was, for after we'd been there a week or two he began to ask her to go and see us perform, if only for once. I believe he thought the girl would come to love him if she saw him at his best. I don't wonder at it, sir. I've seen those pictures and statues they've made of the old gods, and I reckon they put in them the best they thought a man could be; but I never knew what real manhood was until I saw my partner when he stood quiet on the stage waiting the signal to begin, the light full on his keen blue eyes, the gold-worked velvet tunic, and his perfect figure.

He looked more like other men in his ordinary clothing. George liked a bit of flash, too, in his dress — a red necktie or gold chain stretched over his waistcoat.

Susy refused at first, steadily. At last, however, came our final night, when George was to produce his great leaping feat, never yet performed in public. We had been practicing it for

months, and South judged it best to try it first before a small, quiet audience, for the risk was horrible. Whether, because it was to be the last night, and her kind heart disliked to hurt him by refusal, or whether she loved him better than either she or he knew, I could not tell, but I saw she was strongly tempted to go. She was an innocent little thing, and not used to hide what she felt. Her eyes were red that morning, as though she had been crying all the night. Perhaps, because I was a married man, and quieter than George, she acted more freely with me than him.

"I wish I knew what to do," she said, looking up to me with her eyes full of tears. There was nobody in the room but her grandmother.

"I couldn't advise you, Miss Susy," says I. "Your church discipline goes against our trade, I know."

"I know what's right myself: I don't need church discipline to teach me," she said sharply.

"I think I'd go, Susy," said her grandmother. "It is a concert, after all: it's not a play."

"The name doesn't alter it."

Seeing the temper she was in, I thought it best to say no more, but the old lady added, "It's Mr. George's last night. Dear, dear! how I'll miss him!"

Susy turned quickly to the window. "Why does he follow such godless ways, then?" she cried. She stood still a good while, and when she turned about her pale little face made my heart ache. "I'll take home Mrs. Tyson's dress, now, grandmother," she said, and went out of the room. I forgot to tell you Susy was a seamstress. Well, the bundle was large, and I offered to carry it for her, as the time for rehearsal did not come till noon. She crept alongside of me without a word, looking weak and done-out: she was always so busy and bright, it was the more noticeable. The house where the dress was to go was one of the largest in the town. The servant showed us into a back parlor, and took the dress up to her mistress. I looked around me a good deal, for I'd never been in such a house before; but very soon I caught sight of a lady who made me forget carpets and pictures. I only saw her in the mirror, for she was standing by the fireplace in the front room. The door was open between. It wasn't that she was especially pretty, but in her white morning dress, with lace about her throat and her fair hair drawn back from her face, I thought

she was the delicatest, softest, finest thing of man- or woman-kind I ever saw.

"Look there, Susy! look there!" I whispered.

"It is a Mrs. Lloyd from New York. She is here on a visit. That is her husband;" and then she went down into her own gloomy thoughts again.

Her husband was a grave middle-aged man. He had had his paper up before his face, so that I had not seen him before.

"You will go for the tickets, then, Edward?" she said.

"If you make a point of it, yes," in an annoyed tone. "But I don't know why you make a point of it. The musical part of the performance is beneath contempt, I understand, and the real attraction is the exhibition of these mountebanks of trapezists, which will be simply disgusting to you. You would not encourage such people at home: why would you do it here?"

"They are not necessarily wicked." I noticed there was a curious unsteadiness in her voice, as though she was hurt and agitated. I thought perhaps she knew I was there.

"There is very little hope of any redeeming qualities in men who make a trade of twisting their bodies like apes," he said. "Contortionists and ballet dancers and clowns and harlequins——" he rattled all the names over with a good deal of uncalled-for sharpness, I thought, calling them "dissolute and degraded, the very offal of humanity." I could not understand his heat until he added, "I never could comprehend your interest and sympathy for that especial class, Ellinor."

"No, you could not, Edward," she said quietly. "But I have it. I never have seen an exhibition of the kind. But I want to see this to-night, if you will gratify me. I have no reason," she added when he looked at her curiously. "The desire is unaccountable to myself."

The straightforward look of her blue eyes as she met his seemed strangely familiar and friendly to me.

At that moment Susy stood up to go. Her cheeks were burning and her eyes sparkling. "Dissolute and degraded!" she said again and again when we were outside. But I took no notice.

As we reached the house she stopped me when I turned off to go to rehearsal. "You'll get seats for grandmother and me, Mr. Balacchi?" she said.

"You're going, then, Susy?"

"Yes, I'm going."

Now the house in which we performed was a queer structure. A stock company, thinking there was a field for a theater in the town, had taken a four-story building, gutted the interior, and fitted it up with tiers of seats and scenery. The stock company was starved out, however, and left the town, and the theater was used as a gymnasium, a concert room, or a church by turns. Its peculiarity was that it was both exceedingly lofty and narrow, which suited our purpose exactly.

It was packed that night from dome to pit. George and I had rehearsed our new act both morning and afternoon, South watching us without intermission. South was terribly nervous and anxious, half disposed, at the last minute, to forbid it, although it had been announced on the bills for a week. But a feat which is successful in an empty house, with but one spectator, when your nerves are quiet and blood cool, is a different thing before an excited, terrified, noisy audience, your whole body at fever heat. However, George was cool as a cucumber, indeed almost indifferent about the act, but in a mad, boyish glee all day about everything else. I suppose the reason was that Susy was going.

South had lighted the house brilliantly and brought in a band. And all classes of people poured into the theater until it could hold no more. I saw Mrs. Peters in one of the side seats, with Susy's blushing, frightened little face beside her. George, standing back among the scenes, saw her too: I think, indeed, it was all he did see.

There were the usual readings from Shakespeare at first.

While Madame was on, South came to us. "Boys," said he, "let this matter go over a few weeks. A little more practice will do you no harm. You can substitute some other trick, and these people will be none the wiser."

George shrugged his shoulders impatiently: "Nonsense! When did you grow so chicken-hearted, South? It is I who have to run the risk, I fancy."

I suppose South's uneasiness had infected me. "I am quite willing to put it off," I said. I had felt gloomy and superstitious all day. But I never ventured to oppose George more decidedly than that.

He only laughed by way of reply, and went off to dress. South looked after him, I remember, saying what a magnificently built fellow he was. If we could only have seen the end of that night's work!

As I went to my dressing room, I saw Mrs. Lloyd and her husband in one of the stage boxes, with one or two other ladies and gentlemen. She was plainly and darkly dressed, but to my mind she looked like a princess among them all. I could not but wonder what interest she could have in such a rough set as we, although her husband, I confess, did judge us hardly.

After the readings came the concert part of the performance, and then what South chose to call the Moving Tableaux, which was really nothing in the world but ballet dancing. George and I were left to crown the whole. I had some ordinary trapeze work to do at first, but George was reserved for the new feat in order that his nerves might be perfectly unshaken. When I went out alone and bowed to the audience, I observed that Mrs. Lloyd was leaning eagerly forward, but at the first glance at my face she sank back with a look of relief, and turned away, that she might not see my exploits. It nettled me a little, I think, yet they were worth watching.

Well, I finished, and then there was a song to give me time to cool. I went to the side scenes where I could be alone, for that five minutes. I had no risk to run in the grand feat, you see, but I had George's life in my hands. I haven't told you yet — have I? — what it was he proposed to do.

A rope was suspended from the center of the dome, the lower end of which I held, standing in the highest gallery opposite the stage. Above the stage hung the trapeze on which George and the two posture girls were to be. At a certain signal I was to let the rope go, and George, springing from the trapeze across the full width of the dome, was to catch it in mid air, a hundred feet above the heads of the people. You understand? The mistake of an instant of time on either his part or mine, and death was almost certain. The plan we had thought surest was for South to give the word, and then that both should count — One, Two, Three! At Three the rope fell, and he leaped. We had practiced so often that we thought we counted as one man.

When the song was over the men hung the rope and the trapeze. Jenny and Lou Slingsby swung themselves up to it, turned a few somersaults, and then were quiet. They were only meant to give effect to the scene in their gauzy dresses and spangles. Then South came forward and told the audience what we meant to do. It was a feat, he said, which had never been produced before in any theater, and in which

failure was death. No one but that most daring of all acrobats, Balacchi, would attempt it. Now I knew South so well that I saw under all his confident, bragging tone he was more anxious and doubtful than he had ever been. He hesitated a moment, and then requested that after we took our places the audience should preserve absolute silence, and refrain from even the slightest movement until the feat was over. The merest trifle might distract the attention of the performers and render their eyes and hold unsteady, he said. He left the stage, and the music began.

I went round to take my place in the gallery. George had not yet left his room. As I passed I tapped at the door and called, "Good luck, old fellow!"

"That's certain now, Zack," he answered, with a joyous laugh. He was so exultant, you see, that Susy had come.

But the shadow of death seemed to have crept over me. When I took my stand in the lofty gallery, and looked down at the brilliant lights and the great mass of people, who followed my every motion as one man, and the two glittering, half-naked girls swinging in the distance, and heard the music rolling up thunders of sound, it was all ghastly and horrible to me, sir. Some men have such presentiments, they say: I never had before or since. South remained on the stage perfectly motionless, in order, I think, to maintain his control over the audience.

The trumpets sounded a call, and in the middle of a burst of triumphant music George came on the stage. There was a deafening outbreak of applause, and then a dead silence, but I think every man and woman felt a thrill of admiration of the noble figure. Poor George! the new, tight-fitting dress of purple velvet that he had bought for this night set off his white skin, and his fine head was bare, with no covering but the short curls that Susy liked.

It was for Susy! He gave one quick glance up at her, and a bright, boyish smile, as if telling her not to be afraid, which all the audience understood, and answered by an involuntary, long-drawn breath. I looked at Susy. The girl's colorless face was turned to George, and her hands were clasped as though she already saw him dead before her; but she could be trusted, I saw. *She* would utter no sound. I had only time to glance at her, and then turned to my work. George and I dared not take our eyes from each other.

There was a single bugle note, and then George swung himself up to the trapeze. The silence was like death as he steadied himself and slowly turned so as to front me. As he turned he faced the stage box for the first time. He had reached the level of the posture girls, who fluttered on either side, and stood on the swaying rod poised on one foot, his arms folded, when in the breathless stillness there came a sudden cry and the words, "Oh, Charley! Charley!"

Even at the distance where I stood I saw George start and a shiver pass over his body. He looked wildly about him.

"To! to me!" I shouted.

He fixed his eye on mine and steadied himself. There was a terrible silent excitement in the people, in the very air.

There was the mistake. We should have stopped then, shaken as he was, but South, bewildered and terrified, lost control of himself: he gave the word.

I held the rope loose — held George with my eyes — One!

I saw his lips move: he was counting with me.

Two!

His eye wandered, turned to the stage box.

Three!

Like a flash I saw the white upturned faces below me, the posture girls' gestures of horror, the dark springing figure through the air, that wavered — and fell, a shapeless mass on the floor.

There was a moment of deathlike silence, and then a wild outcry — women fainting, men cursing and crying out in that senseless, helpless way they have when there is sudden danger. By the time I had reached the floor they had straightened out his shattered limbs, and two or three doctors were fighting their way through the great crowd that was surging about him.

Well, sir, at that minute what did I hear but George's voice above all the rest, choked and hollow as it was, like a man calling out of the grave: "The women! Good God! don't you see the women?" he gasped.

Looking up then, I saw those miserable Slingsbys hanging on to the trapeze for life. What with the scare and shock, they'd lost what little sense they had, and there they hung helpless as limp rags high over our heads.

"Damn the Slingsbys!" said I. God forgive me! But I saw this battered wreck at my feet that had been George.

Nobody seemed to have any mind left. Even South stared stupidly up at them and then back at George. The doctors were making ready to lift him, and half of the crowd were gaping in horror, and the rest yelling for ladders or ropes, and scrambling over each other, and there hung the poor flimsy wretches, their eyes starting out of their heads from horror, and their lean fingers loosing their hold every minute. But, sir — I couldn't help it — I turned from them to watch George as the doctors lifted him.

"It's hardly worth while," whispered one.

But they raised him and, sir — the body went one way and the legs another.

I thought he was dead. I couldn't see that he breathed, when he opened his eyes and looked up for the Slingsbys. "Put me down," he said, and the doctors obeyed him. There was that in his voice that they had to obey him, though it wasn't but a whisper.

"Ladders are of no use," he said. "Loper!"

"Yes, George."

"You can swing yourself up. Do it."

I went. I remember the queer stunned feeling I had: my joints moved like a machine.

When I had reached the trapeze, he said, as cool as if he were calling the figures for a Virginia reel, "Support them, you — Loper. Now, lower the trapeze, men — carefully!"

It was the only way their lives could be saved, and he was the only man to see it. He watched us until the girls touched the floor more dead than alive, and then his head fell back and the life seemed to go suddenly out of him like the flame out of a candle, leaving only the dead wick.

As they were carrying him out I noticed for the first time that a woman was holding his hand. It was that frail little wisp of a Susy, that used to blush and tremble if you spoke to her suddenly, and here she was quite quiet and steady in the midst of this great crowd.

"His sister, I suppose?" one of the doctors said to her.

"No, sir. If he lives I will be his wife." The old gentleman was very respectful to her after that, I noticed.

Now, the rest of my story is very muddled, you'll say, and confused. But the truth is, I don't understand it myself. I ran on ahead to Mrs. Peters' to prepare his bed for him, but they did not bring him to Peters'. After I waited an hour or

two I found George had been taken to the principal hotel in the place, and a bedroom and every comfort that money could buy were there for him. Susy came home sobbing late in the night, but she told me nothing, except that those who had a right to have charge of him had taken him. I found afterward the poor girl was driven from the door of his room, where she was waiting like a faithful dog. I went myself, but I fared no better. What with surgeons and professional nurses, and the gentlemen that crowded about with their solemn looks of authority, I dared not ask to see him. Yet I believe still George would rather have had old Loper by him in his extremity than any of them. Once, when the door was opened, I thought I saw Mrs. Lloyd stooping over the bed between the lace curtains, and just then her husband came out talking to one of the surgeons.

He said: "It is certain there were here the finest elements of manhood. And I will do my part to rescue him from the abyss into which he has fallen."

"Will you tell me how George is, sir?" I asked, pushing up. "Balacchi? My partner?"

Mr. Lloyd turned away directly, but the surgeon told me civilly enough that if George's life could be saved, it must be with the loss of one or perhaps both of his legs.

"He'll never mount a trapeze again, then," I said, and I suppose I groaned; for to think of George helpless —

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Lloyd, sharply. "Now look here, my good man: you can be of no possible use to Mr. — Balacchi, as you call him. He is in the hands of his own people, and he will feel, as they do, that the kindest thing you can do is to let him alone."

There was nothing to be done after that but to touch my hat and go out, but as I went I heard him talking of "inexplicable madness and years of wasted opportunities."

Well, sir, I never went again: the words hurt like the cut of a whip, though 'twa'n't George that spoke them. But I quit business, and hung around the town till I heard he was going to live, and I broke up my contract with South. I never went on a trapeze again. I felt as if the infernal thing was always dripping with his blood after that day. Anyhow, all the heart went out of the business for me with George. So I came back here and settled down to the milling, and by degrees I learned to think of George as a rich and fortunate man.

I've nearly done now — only a word or two more. About six years afterward there was a circus came to town, and I took the wife and children and went. I always did when I had the chance. It was the old Adam in me yet, likely.

Well, sir, among the attractions of the circus was the great and unrivaled Hercules, who could play with cannon balls as other men would with dice. I don't know what made me restless and excited when I read about this man. It seemed as though the old spirit was coming back to me again. I could hardly keep still when the time drew near for him to appear. I don't know what I expected, but when he came out from behind the curtain I shouted out like a madman, "Balacchi! George! George!"

He stopped short, looked about, and catching sight of me tossed up his cap with his old boyish shout; then he remembered himself and went on with his performance.

He was lame — yes, in one leg. The other was gone altogether. He walked on crutches. Whether the strength had gone into his chest and arms, I don't know; but there he stood tossing about the cannon balls as I might marbles. So full of hearty good humor too, joking with his audience, and so delighted when they gave him a round of applause.

After the performance I hurried around the tent, and you may be sure there was rejoicing that made the manager and other fellows laugh.

George haled me off with him down the street. He cleared the ground with that crutch and wooden leg like a steam engine. "Come! come along!" he cried; "I've something to show you, Loper."

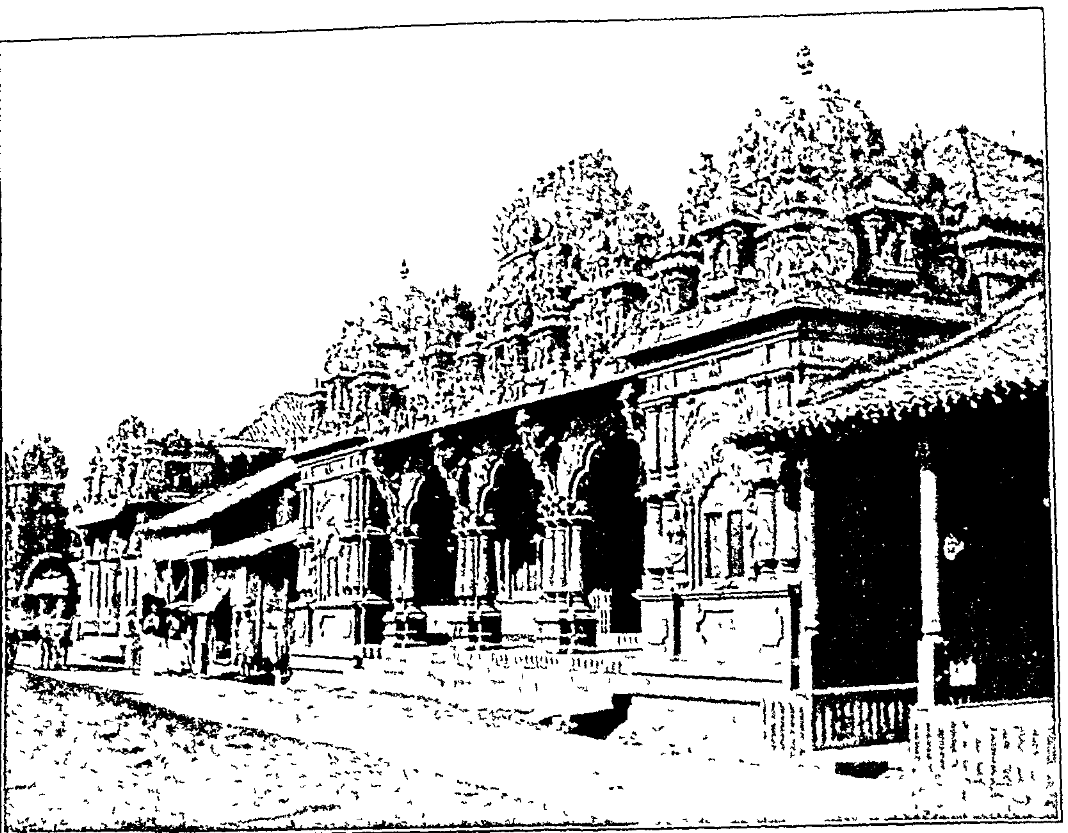
He took me to a quiet boarding house, and there, in a cozy room, was Susy with a four-year-old girl.

"We were married as soon as I could hobble about," he said, "and she goes with me and makes a home wherever I am."

Susy nodded and blushed and laughed. "Baby and I," she said. "Do you see Baby? She has her father's eyes, do you see?"

"She *is* her mother, Loper," said George — "just as innocent and pure and foolish — just as sure of the Father in heaven taking care of her. They've made a different man of me in some ways — a different man," bending his head reverently.

After a while I began, "You did not stay with ——"



HINDU TEMPLE, CEYLON

But Balacchi frowned. "I knew where *I* belonged," he said.

Well, he's young yet. He's the best Hercules in the profession, and has laid up a snug sum. Why doesn't he invest it and retire? I doubt if he'll ever do that, sir. He may do it, but I doubt it. He can't change his blood, and there's that in Balacchi that makes me suspect he will die with the velvet and gilt on, and in the height of good humor and fun with his audience.



SCENERY AND LIFE IN CEYLON.[1]

By ERNST HAECKEL

[Ernst Heinrich Haeckel: A famous German naturalist and writer upon biological topics, born at Potsdam, 1834. In German literature he occupies a similar position to that of Huxley in English literature, as a popular expounder of the Evolutionary Theory. He wrote a book "On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race," and has also published at various times the results of his deep research into the phenomena of marine life.]

A most beautiful feature of the Galle and Colombo road are the numerous river mouths, which intersect the cocus wood, and the wide lagoons which stretch between them, particularly along the northern portion from Colombo to Caltura. The former lords of the island, the Dutch, were so delighted with these water ways, which reminded them of their native land, that they adapted them to a regular system of canals and neglected the land roads. Under their rule numerous barges and canal boats, like the *Trekschuit* of the low countries, traveled from town to town, and were the chief means of communication. Since the English have made the capital highroad, the water traffic has fallen into desuetude. But they still afford a succession of pleasing pictures to the traveler as he is hurried by, with their banks covered with dense thickets of bamboo and lofty palms, and their pretty little islands and rocks; the tall cocoanut palms tower above the undergrowth, "like a forest above the forest," as Humboldt aptly describes it. The undulating hills in the blue distance supply an appropriate background, where, here and there, the high heads of the mountains are visible, and loftiest of all the noble cone of Adam's Peak.

[1] From "A Visit to Ceylon" By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co (Post 8vo Price 7s 6d)

At the mouths of the larger rivers, several of which are crossed on the road, the smiling landscape assumes a graver character; the somber mangroves are a particularly conspicuous feature. The shore of these estuaries is generally thickly covered with them, and their aërial roots form an impenetrable tangle. Formerly they used to be infested with crocodiles, but the progress of civilization and agriculture has driven these reptiles up the rivers. The finest of the rivers is the noble Kalu Ganga, or Black River, which I afterwards explored for the greater part of its length. The lower reaches are as wide as the Rhine at Cologne. At the mouth stands Caltura, a large village, and the terminus of the railway. At the southernmost end of Caltura a magnificent banyan tree grows across the highroad, like a triumphal arch. The aerial roots of this huge tree have taken hold on the soil on the opposite side of the road and grown to be large trunks, and these and the main trunk form a lofty Gothic vault, which is all the more striking because a number of parasitic ferns, orchids, wild vines, and other parasitic plants have overgrown the stems. Not far from the shore near Caltura I found, on a subsequent visit, another wonderful tree,—an india-rubber tree,—of which the snakelike roots, twisted and plaited till they look like a close lattice, form a perfect labyrinth. Troops of merry children were playing in the nooks between these root trellises.

Another delightful spot is the rest house of Bentotte, where the "Royal Mail" stops for an hour to allow the passengers to rest and recruit their powers of endurance by breakfast. A particular delicacy here are the oysters, for which the place is famous. They are served raw, or baked, or pickled in vinegar. The rest house is beautifully situated on a hill, among tall tamarind trees, and has a splendid view over the sunlit sea and the bridge which spans the river mouth. After breakfast I watched the oyster fishery below this bridge, and then spent a quarter of an hour in lounging through the picturesque bazaar of the straggling town. The wares and traffic in this bazaar are in perfect keeping with the idyllic character of the surroundings, with the primitive furniture of the native huts, and the elementary character of their owners' dress. By far the most important articles of commerce are rice and curry, the staples of food, and betel and areca, the favorite luxury. These and other matters for sale lie temptingly spread on wide green banana leaves in simple booths, with an open front, serving at

once as door and window. Between them are heaps of cocoanuts, monstrous bunches of bananas, and piles of scented pineapples; the starchy roots of the yam, the *Colocasia*, and other plants; enormous breadfruit, weighing from thirty to forty pounds each, and the nearly allied jack fruit; and then, as delicacies, the noble mango and the dainty anona, or custard apple. While we are strongly attracted to these fruit stalls — which the Cinghalese often decorate very prettily with flowers and boughs — by their delicious perfume, we are equally repelled from certain others by a pungent odor, which is anything rather than tempting. This "ancient and fishlike smell" proceeds from heaps of fresh and dried marine creatures, principally fish and crustacea; among these the prime favorites are shrimps or prawns, an important ingredient in the preparation of the native spiced dish curry.

There can be no greater mistake than to expect to find in these Cinghalese markets the noise and clamor and confusion which are characteristic of market scenes among most nations, and more particularly in the southern countries of Europe. Any one who has looked on, for instance, at the bustle and hurry on the pretty piazza at Verona, or the vehement tumult of Santa Lucia at Naples, might imagine that in a tropical bazaar in Ceylon the crowd and uproar would rise to a still higher pitch. Nothing of the kind. The gentle, subdued nature of the Cinghalese affects even their way of trading; buyers and sellers alike seem to take but a feeble interest in the transaction, small in proportion to the trifling copper coin for which the most splendid fruits may be purchased. These coins, I may mention, are pieces of one cent and of five cents, and there are a hundred cents to a rupee (worth two shillings); they are stamped with a cocoa palm. The Cinghalese, however, are not indifferent to the value of money, but they need less of the commodity, perhaps, than any other people on earth; for there are few spots, indeed, where kindly mother Nature pours out so inexhaustible and uninterrupted a supply of her richest and choicest gifts as on this privileged isle. The poorest Cinghalese can with the greatest ease earn as much as will buy the rice which is absolutely indispensable to life; ten to fifteen cents are ample for a day's food. The abundance of vegetable produce on land and the quantity of fish obtained from the sea are so enormous that there is no lack of curry with the rice and other variety in their diet.

Why, then, should the Cinghalese make life bitter by labor? Nay, nay — they have far too much of the easy-going nature, the true philosophy of life. So they may be seen stretched at full length and reposing in their simple dwellings, or squatting in groups and chatting to their hearts' content. The small amount of labor required in their garden plots is soon accomplished, and the rest of the time is theirs to play in. But their very play is anything rather than exciting or energetic. On the contrary, a spell of peace and languor seems to have been cast over all the life and doings of these happy children of nature, which is amazingly fascinating and strange. Enviable Cinghalese! you have no care either for the morrow or for the more distant future. All that you and your children need to keep you alive grows under your hand, and what more you may desire by way of luxury you can procure with the very smallest amount of exertion. You are, indeed, like "the lilies of the field" which grow round your humble homes. "They toil not, neither do they spin," and their mother, Nature, feeds them. You, like them, have no warlike ambitions; no anxious reflections on the increasing competition in trade, or the rise and fall of stock, ever disturb your slumbers. Titles and Orders, the highest aim of civilized men, are to you unknown. And in spite of that you enjoy life! Nay, I almost think it has never occurred to you to envy us Europeans our thousand superfluous requirements. You are quite content to be simple human souls, children of nature, living in paradise, and enjoying it. There you lie, at full length, under the palm roof of your huts, contemplating the dancing lights and shadows among the plumes of the cocoanuts; perennially refreshed by the unequaled luxury of chewing betel nut, and playing at intervals with your sweet little children, or taking a delicious bath in the river that flows by the road, and devoting your whole attention to the subsequent toilet, so as to set the tortoise-shell comb at the most bewitching angle in that elaborately twisted topknot. Where is the careworn son of culture who would not envy you your harmless mode of existence and your Eden-like simplicity!

These and similar reflections irresistibly rose in my mind as I stood gazing at the groups of Cinghalese enjoying life in their blameless fashion in the peaceful silence of their banana groves, while the coach changed horses at the last stage before reaching Galle. Here the struggle for existence seemed to

have ceased; *seemed*, at any rate. I was first roused from my reverie by being asked by the two horse boys to mount again to my box seat. These worthy Malabars then informed me in broken English, that this was an appropriate moment for presenting them with the usual "tip," or "backsheesh," for drink, since, when we should arrive in Galle, they would be too busy and the time would be too short for this important matter to meet with due attention. As I had seen a highly respectable Cinghalese, who had been set down some time previously, give each of these two fellows a double anna, a little silver coin worth about threepence, I thought I was doing ample credit to my higher dignity as a white man by offering four times as much — half a rupee apiece. But the coachman and the conductor alike held up my donation with indignant gestures, and gave me a lecture on the superiority of my white skin, which was, no doubt, highly flattering. The upshot of it was that every white gentleman must give at least double — a rupee — to each of them as drink money, and that a man as white as I was and with such light hair must certainly be very high caste, and must expect to be fleeced accordingly. Although to be so highly taxed for my fair complexion could not be otherwise than delightful, I was not to be persuaded to pay more on that score than a rupee to each as a "white man's" tax; and I finally had the satisfaction of hearing myself pronounced to be a "perfect gentleman."

However, when I thought of the exquisite enjoyment of nature I had derived from my five hours' ride, I thought the fare well laid out, and in spite of the heat and fatigue I was sorry when, at about four in the afternoon, the lighthouse of Galle came in sight. Soon after the "mail coach" rattled over the drawbridge of the old moat, and then through a long dark barbican, pulling up finally in front of the elegant "Oriental Hotel" of Punto Galla.

THE RECONCILIATION.[1]

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

(From "A Princess of Thule.")

[WILLIAM BLACK. A Scottish novelist, born in Glasgow, Scotland, November 6, 1841. He was educated in Scotland, and was a journalist in London from 1864 to 1875, when he gave his time wholly to writing novels and traveling. His books, which are many and popular, include: "Love or Marriage" (1867), "In Silk Attire" (1869), "A Daughter of Heth" (1871), "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" (1872), "A Princess of Thule" (1873), "Madcap Violet" (1876), "Macleod of Dare" (1878), "White Wings" (1880), "Shandon Bells" (1883), "Judith Shakespeare" (1884), "The Strange Adventures of a House Boat" (1888), "In Far Lochaber" (1888), "Prince Fortunatus" (1890), "Stand fast, Craig-Royston!" (1890), "Wolfenberg" (1892), "The Penance of John Logan" (1893), "Adventures in Thule" (1893), "The Handsome Humes" (1894), "Highland Cousins" (1894), and "Briseis" (1896).]

THAT same night Sheila dreamed a strange dream, and it seemed to her that an angel of God came to her and stood before her, and looked at her with his shining face and his sad eyes. And he said, "Are you a woman, and yet slow to forgive? Are you a mother, and have you no love for the father of your child?" It seemed to her that she could not answer. She fell on her knees before him, and covered her face with her hands and wept. And when she raised her eyes again the angel was gone, and in his place Ingram was there, stretching out his hand to her and bidding her rise and be comforted. Yet he, too, spoke in the same reproachful tones, and said, "What would become of us all, Sheila, if none of our actions were to be condoned by time and repentance? What would become of us if we could not say, at some particular point of our lives, to the bygone time, that we had left it, with all its errors and blunders and follies, behind us, and would, with the help of God, start clear on a new sort of life? What would it be if there were no forgetfulness for any of us — no kindly veil to come down and shut out the memory of what we have done — if the staring record were to be kept forever before our eyes? And you are a woman, Sheila; it should be easy for you to forgive and to encourage, and to hope for better things of the man you love. Has he not suffered enough? Have you no word for him?"

The sound of her sobbing in the nighttime brought her

[1] By permission of Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd (Cr 8vo. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)



WILLIAM BLACK

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

father to the door. He tapped at the door, and said, "What is the matter, Sheila?"

She awoke with a slight cry, and he went into the room and found her in a strangely troubled state, her hands outstretched to him, her eyes wet and wild: "Papa, I have been very cruel. I am not fit to live any more. There is no woman in the world would have done what I have done."

"Sheila," he said, "you hef been dreaming again about all that folly and nonsense. Lie down, like a good lass. You will wake the boy if you don't lie down and go to sleep; and to-morrow we will pay a visit to the yacht that hass come in, and you will ask the gentlemen to look at the Meighdean-mhara."

"Papa," she said, "to-morrow I want you to take me to Jura."

"To Jura, Sheila? You cannot go to Jura. You cannot leave the baby with Mairi, Sheila."

"I will take him with me," she said.

"Oh, it is not possible at all, Sheila. But I will go to Jura — oh yes, I will go to Jura. Indeed, I was thinking last night that I would go to Jura."

"Oh no, *you* must not go," she cried. "You would speak harshly — and he is very proud — and we should never see each other again. Papa, I know you will do this for me — you will let me go."

"It is foolish of you, Sheila," her father said, "to think that I do not know how to arrange such a thing without making a quarrel of it. But you will see all about it in the morning. Just now you will lie down, like a good lass, and go to sleep. So good night, Sheila, and do not think of it any more till the morning."

She thought of it all through the night, however. She thought of her sailing away down through the cold wintry seas to search that lonely coast. Would the gray dawn break with snow, or would the kindly heavens lend her some fair sunlight as she set forth on her lonely quest? And all the night through she accused herself of being hard of heart and blamed herself, indeed, for all that had happened in the bygone time. Just as the day was coming in she fell asleep, and she dreamed that she went to the angel whom she had seen before, and knelt down at his feet and repeated in some vague way the promises she had made on her marriage morning. With her head bent down

she said that she would live and die a true wife if only another chance were given her. The angel answered nothing, but he smiled with his sad eyes and put his hand for a moment on her head, and then disappeared. When she awoke, Mairi was in the room silently stealing away the child, and the white daylight was clear in the windows.

She dressed with trembling hands, and yet there was a faint suffused sense of joy in her heart. She wondered if her father would keep to his promise of the night before, or whether it had been made to get her to rest. In any case she knew that he could not refuse her much; and had not he himself said that he had intended going away down to Jura?

"Sheila, you are not looking well this morning," her father said: "it is foolish of you to lie awake and think of such things. And as for what you wass saying about Jura, how can you go to Jura? We hef no boat big enough for that. I could go — oh yes, *I* could go — but the boat I would get at Stornoway you could not get in at all, Sheila; and as for the baby ——"

"But then, papa," she said, "did not the gentleman who was here last night say that they were going back by Jura? And it is a big yacht, and he has only two friends on board. He might take us down."

"You cannot ask a stranger, Sheila. Besides, the boat is too small a one for this time of the year. I should not like to see you go in her, Sheila."

"I have no fear," the girl said.

"No fear!" her father said impatiently. "No, of course you hef no fear; that is the mischief. You will tek no care of yourself whatever."

"When is the young gentleman coming up this morning?"

"Oh, he will not come up again till I go down. Will you go down to the boat, Sheila, and go on board of her?"

Sheila assented, and some half-hour thereafter she stood at the door, clad in her tight-fitting blue serge, with the hat and sea gull's wings over her splendid masses of hair. It was an angry-looking morning enough: rags of gray clouds were being hurried past the shoulders of Suainabhal: a heavy surf was beating on the shore.

"There is going to be rain, Sheila," her father said, smelling the moisture in the keen air. "Will you hef your waterproof?"

"Oh, no," she said, "if I am to meet strangers, I cannot wear a waterproof."

The sharp wind had brought back the color to her cheeks, and there was some gladness in her eyes. She knew she might have a fight for it before she could persuade her father to set sail in this strange boat; but she never doubted for a moment, recollecting the gentle face and modest manner of the youthful owner, that he would be really glad to do her a service, and she knew that her father's opposition would give way.

"Shall we take Bras, papa?"

"No, no," her father said; "we will hef to go in a small boat. I hope you will not get wet, Sheila: there is a good breeze on the water this morning."

"I think they are much safer in here than going around the islands just at present," Sheila said.

"Ay, you are right there, Sheila," her father said, looking at the direction of the wind. "They got in in a ferry good time. And they may hef to stay for a while before they can face the sea again."

"And we shall become very great friends with them, papa, and they will be glad to take us to Jura," she said with a smile, for she knew there was not much of the hospitality of Borvabost bestowed with ulterior motives.

They went down the steep path to the bay, where the "Phœbe" was lurching and heaving in the rough swell, her bowsprit sometimes nearly catching the crest of a wave. No one was on deck. How were they to get on board!

"They can't hear you in this wind," Sheila said. "We will have to haul down our own boat."

And that, indeed, they had to do, though the work of getting the little thing down the beach was not very arduous for a man of Mackenzie's build.

"I am going to pull out to the yacht, papa," Sheila said.

"Indeed, you will do no such thing," her father said indignantly. "As if you wass a fisherman's lass, and the gentlemen never wass seeing you before! Sit down in the stern, Sheila, and hold on ferry tight, for it is a rough water for this little boat."

They had almost got out indeed to the yacht before any one was aware of their approach, but Pate appeared in time to seize the rope that Mackenzie flung him, and with a little scrambling they were at last safely on board. The noise of their arrival,

however, startled Johnny Eyre, who was lying on his back smoking a pipe after breakfast. He jumped up and said to Mosenberg, who was his only companion, "Halloo! here's this old gentleman come on board. He knows you. What's to be done?"

"Done?" said the boy, with a moment's hesitation; and then a flush of decision sprang into his face: "Ask him to come down. Yes, I will speak to him, and tell him that Lavender is on the island. Perhaps he meant to go into the house; who knows? If he did not, let us make him."

"All right!" said Johnny; "let's go a buster."

Then he called up the companion to Pate to send the gentleman below, while he flung a few things aside to make the place more presentable. Johnny had been engaged a few minutes before in sewing a button on a woolen shirt, and that article of attire does not look well beside a breakfast table.

His visitors began to descend the narrow wooden steps, and presently Mackenzie was heard to say, "Tek great care, Sheila; the brass is ferry slippery."

"Oh, thunder!" Johnny said, looking at Mosenberg.

"Good morning, Mr. Eyre," said the old King of Borva, stooping to get into the cabin: "it is a rough day you are getting. Sheila, mind your head till you have passed the door."

Mackenzie came forward to shake hands, and in doing so caught sight of Mosenberg. The whole truth flashed upon him in a moment, and he instantaneously turned to Sheila and said quickly, "Sheila, go up on deck for a moment."

But she, too, had seen the lad, and she came forward, with a pale face, but with a perfectly self-possessed manner, and said, "How do you do? It is a surprise your coming to the island, but you often used to talk of it."

"Yes," he stammered as he shook hands with her and her father, "I often wished to come here. What a wild place it is! And have you lived here, Mrs. Lavender, all the time since you left London?"

"Yes, I have."

Mackenzie was getting very uneasy. Every moment he expected Lavender would enter this confined little cabin; and was this the place for these two to meet, before a lot of acquaintances?"

"Sheila," he said, "it is too close for you here, and I am going to have a pipe with the gentlemen. Now if you wass a

good lass you would go ashore again, and go up to the house, and say to Mairi that we will all come for luncheon at one o'clock, and she must get some fish up from Borvabost. Mr. Eyre, he will send a man ashore with you in his own boat, that is bigger than mine, and you will show him the creek to put into. Now go away, like a good lass, and we will be up ferry soon — oh, yes, we will be up directly at the house."

"I am sure," Sheila said to Johnny Eyre, "we can make you more comfortable up at the house than you are here, although it is a nice little cabin." And then she turned to Mosenberg and said, "And we have a great many things to talk about."

"Could she suspect?" Johnny asked himself, as he escorted her to the boat and pulled her in himself to the shore. Her face was pale and her manner a trifle formal; otherwise she showed no sign. He watched her go along the stones till she reached the path; then he pulled out to the "Phœbe" again, and went down below to entertain his host of the previous evening.

Sheila walked slowly up the rude little path, taking little heed of the blustering wind and the hurrying clouds. Her eyes were bent down, her face was pale. When she got to the top of the hill she looked, in a blank sort of way, all around the bleak moorland, but probably she did not expect to see any one there. Then she walked, with rather an uncertain step, into the house. She looked into the room, the door of which stood open. Her husband sat there, with his arms outstretched on the table and his head buried in his hands. He did not hear her approach, her footfall was so light, and it was with the same silent step she went into the room and knelt down beside him and put her hands and face on his knee, and said simply, "I beg for your forgiveness."

He started up and looked at her as though she were some spirit, and his own face was haggard and strange. "Sheila," he said in a low voice, laying his hand gently on her head, "it is I who ought to be there, and you know it. But I cannot meet your eyes. I am not going to ask for your forgiveness just yet; I have no right to expect it. All I want is this: if you will let me come and see you just as before we were married, and if you will give me a chance of winning your consent over again, we can at least be friends until then. But why do you cry, Sheila? You have nothing to reproach yourself with?"

She rose and regarded him for a moment with her streaming eyes, and then, moved by the passionate entreaty of her face,

and forgetting altogether the separation and time of trial he had proposed, he caught her to his bosom and kissed her forehead, and talked soothingly and caressingly to her as if she were a child.

"I cry," she said, "because I am happy, because I believe all that time is over — because I think you will be kind to me. And I will try to be a good wife to you, and you will forgive me all that I have done."

"You are heaping coals of fire on my head, Sheila," he said humbly. "You know I have nothing to forgive. As for you, I tell you I have no right to expect your forgiveness yet. But I think you will find out by and by that my repentance is not a mere momentary thing. I have had a long time to think over what has happened, and what I lost when I lost you, Sheila."

"But you have found me again," the girl said, pale a little, and glad to sit down on the nighest couch, while she held his hand and drew him toward her. "And now I must ask you for one thing."

He was sitting beside her; he feared no longer to meet the look of those earnest, meek, affectionate eyes.

"This is it," she said. "If we are to be together — not what we were, but something quite different from that — will you promise me never to say one word about what is past — to shut it out altogether — to forget it!"

"I cannot, Sheila," he said. "Am I to have no chance of telling you how well I know how cruel I was to you — how sorry I am for it?"

"No," she said firmly. "If you have some things to regret, so have I; and what is the use of competing with each other as to which has the most forgiveness to ask for? Frank dear, you will do this for me? You will promise never to speak one word about that time?"

How earnest the beautiful sad face was! He could not withstand the entreaty of the piteous eyes. He said to her, abashed by the great love that she showed, and hopeless of making other reparation than obedience to her generous wish, "Let it be so, Sheila. I will never speak a word about it. You will see otherwise than in words whether I forget what is past, and your goodness in letting it go. But, Sheila," he added, with downcast face, "Johnny Eyre was here last night, he told me ——" He had to say no more. She took his hand and led him gently and silently out of the room.



SIR WALTER BESANT IN HIS STUDY

THE INSURRECTION.[1]

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

(From "St Katherine's by the Tower.")

[SIR WALTER BESANT, novelist, essayist, and collaborator of James Rice, was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1838, and distinguished himself as a scholar at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge. Having abandoned his intention of becoming a minister, he was appointed to a professorship in Mauritius Ill health compelled him to return, and thenceforth he devoted himself to literature In 1871 he entered into a literary partnership with James Rice (1844–1882), a native of Northampton, and editor of *Once a Week*, and together they wrote. "Ready-money Mortiboy," "The Golden Butterfly," "By Celia's Arbor," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," etc Since Mr. Rice's death Sir Walter Besant has published. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Children of Gibeon," "Armorel of Lyonesse," "The Ivory Gate," "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," "The Master Craftsman," and several other novels. He received the honor of knighthood in 1895.]

ON Sunday afternoon there was a great gathering of people in a certain field at the back of Whitechapel Mount. It is a field much frequented on Sunday, because there is a pond in it where the young men can enjoy their favorite sport of duck or cat hunting. In this field they also cause their dogs to fight; they bait bulls, bears, and badgers; they throw at cocks, and hold their prize fights—such being their chosen method of spending the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath. On every fine Sunday there are a good number in this field: on this day, for instance, there were assembled a great many who took no part in the sports, but waited about in little groups, expectant of something. By what secret agency they were moved to assemble, what messengers summoned them, why they obeyed the summons, I know not. If you were to ask one man why he went there, he would reply that it was because his friend bade him go as his companion. If you asked that companion, you would receive much the same answer. There was nothing unusual in a walk down Whitechapel Road towards the green fields of Bow and Stepney: these men take that walk every Sunday. In the winter they get no farther than Halfway House; in the summer they stretch out as far as Bow and Bromley, Forest Gate and West Ham. Everywhere there are wayside taverns where they can drink, and in summer there are leafy bowers and daisied fields where the people can walk after the confinement of the week.

[1] By permission of Chatto & Windus (Cr 8vo Price 3s 6d)

The groups of two or three stood about patiently, though showers fell and the clouds threatened. They talked in low tones; they whispered; they were excited about something. Some encouraged those who were faint-hearted; others hung back, and said that they would look on and see what came of it.

About four of the clock there walked through the open gate a small company of half a dozen, headed by a young man, a stranger to everybody present. He was tall and broad-shouldered. He swung his shoulders as he walked, and he had the rolling gait which one expects in a sailor — a handsome and proper lad as one would see anywhere; his face was flushed a rosy red; and his eyes, which were bright, kept looking around him, as if expecting some person or persons not yet arrived.

When they had advanced a little way into the field, one of them laid a bundle on the grass and opened it. He took from it a sword with a crimson sash, and a belt with a brace of pistols. With these symbols of leadership he invested the tall young man, who was attired as a sober London merchant.

Another of his companions, who carried a pole with something wrapped round it, threw it open and unfurled it. The folds shook out in the air and showed the red Republican flag.

Another placed a three-legged stool firmly on the grass. A third blew a shrill, loud whistle; the groups began to close in round this rostrum, or pulpit, made by the stool. And since a small crowd always becomes a great crowd, unless it is dispersed, just as a small fire quickly becomes a great fire if it is not quenched, in two or three minutes the whole multitude gathered about this stool, though I am persuaded that not a quarter of the people present understood what was proposed to be said or done.

The young man — the leader — mounted this tribune. He was already a head taller than the men around him; your London mechanic is short of stature — and now he was raised two feet and more above them, so that he commanded the crowd.

"Citizens," he began, in a sonorous voice, that would be heard a mile away. The crowd understood the full meaning of that word; no one present but knew that the crimes of the French Republicans were committed by so-called citizens. The word had never before been used at a meeting of London men:

but they knew what it meant. There was going to be a seditious assembly, the more pleasant because it was illegal; but there were no constables within reach of Whitechapel Mount.

"Citizens," the speaker went on, "the time for discussion is over; the time for action has arrived. To-day — this very moment — we strike the first and decisive blow. I am here to give all brave men who are resolved on liberty the honor and glory of being the first to proclaim the commencement of a new era. First — are we agreed that king, lords, and church must all be swept away?"

It appeared that they were agreed — but not with enthusiasm.

"Next, are we agreed that all men are born to equal rights?"

Again they were agreed; but without enthusiasm.

"Why, then, what need more words? Throw up your hats, citizens, and shout for the British republic, proclaimed this day."

One who was present, and informed me of this scene, said, further, that though the words were fiery, the manner was formal. "He appeared," said this witness, "to be one who learned a lesson by heart, and was now saying it as a boy repeats his lines. His gestures were artificial, as if taught him with the words: his voice was cold. No one was moved. Those who shouted were the men who only wanted the opportunity for a riot, and welcomed it with all its chances of plunder. This brave young gentleman had been put on to the work by some others too careful of their own skins to risk such a danger. He was but a cat's-paw."

"All those who mean business will follow me." Here he drew his sword and flourished it over his head. "Citizens, this day is the beginning of the republic. All over England this day, and at this moment, there are risings of the people. It is a grand, combined effort. Ours is only one of many meetings in London. We march into the city; there we meet our comrades; we seize the town; we arm ourselves; the soldiers join us; everything falls into our hands; to-morrow the king is dethroned; the princes fly; the lords go hang themselves for fear; the republic is founded and firmly established in a single day. Who follows me, I say?"

He leaped from his stool and led the way from the field, followed by his companions, one of whom was actively distributing

the Phrygian cap, which everybody knows is the cap of Liberty. Some put them on; others, however, stuck them on their sticks and waved them about, laughing.

The procession speedily reached the streets of the city, quiet this afternoon but for their noise.

At Houndsditch a few of the lads broke away, moved by some impulse, and ran down that thoroughfare frightening the Jews standing about the doorways, talking and bargaining. What became of these fellows I do not know. The rest, still headed by George with his drawn sword, marched tumultuously along Leadenhall Street and Cornhill till they came to the Royal Exchange, where the captain called a halt.

"Here," he said, "we are to wait for reënforcements. Here our comrades meet us." They assembled in the triangular space opposite to the Royal Exchange. Then the rain began again, and some, with no stomach left for the fight, sneaked off. Everybody else would probably have followed their example but that some one — Heaven knows who — rolled up a barrel of rum, broached it, and began to hand round pannikins of this divine liquor. What is rain, which draws a man home, compared with rum, which bids him stay? So they stayed and drank about, pressing round and fighting for the drink.

As for George, he paid no heed at all to what was done; he stood in the front of all, sword in hand, waiting, looking steadily down the street, as if for the promised reenforcements.

Presently there came out of the Mansion House a messenger from the lord mayor. It was one of his lordship's footmen. The varlet came forth with all the importance inspired by a fine livery, with epaulets and silver lace, but recoiled at the shouts of the mob. Then a dead cat was hurled at his head; he ducked to avoid it, and lost his hat, which was speedily caught up and kicked about by the crowd. But the fellow had the courage to single out the leader, and to address him.

"Sir," he said, "my master, the lord mayor, wishes to know who you are, and for what purpose you are here."

"Tell him," said George, "we wait for reenforcements."

"And tell the lord mayor," said one of the hotheads with him, "that we are the advance guard of the great republican army, and that we will enlist his lordship if he chooses to join us."

"Sir," said the footman, "I will tell him."

He turned: another shout greeted him: another dead cat

came flying at his head: he ran. One would not look for dead cats at an unexpected Sunday meeting. At every pillory they abound, of course: they lie in the pockets of the mob, with the addled eggs and the rotten apples — a dainty pocketful.

There is, I believe, a back way — perhaps several — out of the Mansion House into Walbrook. Had these insurgents been keeping any kind of watch, they would have seen another messenger steal out of this postern and hasten westward.

"What is to be done?" asked he who bore the flag. "The men are getting drunk, and the rain does not leave off."

"We must wait for reenforcements," said George. "Those are my orders. See! here they come."

There advanced rapidly up Cheapside a body of men marching with some kind of order; yet not the military step, nor were they shouting or carrying flags.

"Reenforcements!" cried the standard bearer. "Never! They are constables! Shall we fight them?"

They were constables — as many as could be hastily got together — about sixty or seventy in all. They were led by the upper marshal himself, and were armed with their staves. They did not attack the crowd, but drew up before the Mansion House in order. Then the lord mayor came out in his robes and called upon the assembly to disperse. The assembly, now partly drunk, jeered and shouted. Then the lord mayor read the Riot Act. This done, he retired. Then the constables threw themselves upon the mob, and the fight began.

By this time the streets were crowded with curious spectators always ready to look on at a fight. At every window appeared frightened faces; and still in the midst of the fighting some there were who lay before the cask, pannikin in hand, drinking as fast as they could get the rum.

Then there was a cry raised. "The Guards! the Guards!"

At the double-quick they came along Cheapside, bayonets fixed, muskets loaded. At the very sound of their feet and the aspect of their red coats, the whole mob, including all the spectators in the street, turned and fled. They fled every way; down Throgmorton Street, Threadneedle Street, and the Cornhill; but most by the narrow winding courts and lanes which make the city at this part a labyrinth. Before the soldiers had time to form, there was no enemy left. Half a dozen fellows lay helplessly drunk beside the cask. The rest had vanished.

"I know not," George told me afterwards, "what happened. I remember seeing the soldiers marching in good order up Cheapside. Now, thought I, they will fire, and I shall be killed. Whether they fired or not — whether we fought any longer — I know not. All I know is that I found myself alone in one of the city courts. I had lost my sash and sword, and my belt with the pistols. I was quite alone. Presently I came into Thames Street — and that, my lad, is all I can tell you, and all I shall ever know."

We were gazing upon each other with dismayed faces when Sister Katherine sprang to her feet, crying, "There is the boy's footstep!" There were many footsteps outside, but her ears distinguished one. "Quick, Nevill, quick — let him in! Lock and bar the door! If they look to take him here, he may climb over the back wall. That will gain him a little time at least."

I ran to open the door. George stood without on the doorstep. I dragged him in, and hurriedly closed, locked, and barred the door. As if a wooden bar would keep him from the hands of the law!

For his part, he appeared in no hurry at all; nor did his face show the least disquiet. He seemed astonished at my haste, slowly rolled in, leisurely hung up his hat, and, going into the parlor, took a chair and sat down without a word.

"Sir," said his father, rising from his seat, "is it true that you — you, my son — my tongue sticks — I can hardly say the words — you — you have led a band of miserable insurgents — rebels, radical scoundrels, filth and scum — from Whitechapel Mount to the city, bawling all together for a republic — you?"

"I think," George replied, unmoved, "that I did hear some talk of a republic."

"Is it true, sir, I ask again, that you led these villains?"

"I think," said George, still unconcerned, "that we all marched together, and I went first. Oh! yes, undoubtedly I was the first; otherwise I would not have joined them. That was the condition, you know."

Heavens! How could a man answer such a question in a manner so unconcerned?

"Is it true," his father continued, "that you refused to disperse, and fought the constables?"

"If," said George, "there was to be no fighting, why should

I make or meddle with the matter? It was no affair of mine. It was but a poor fight — a miserable business. Before the soldiers could fire upon us — but — I forget." He spoke with stark, staring insensibility.

"Oh!" cried Sister Katherine, wringing her hands. "We are bewitched indeed! What have I said from the beginning? Witchcraft! Witchcraft! Would that I knew the witch!"

"Rebel and traitor!" thundered the lieutenant. "Insensate, hardened villain! Shall one who has borne his majesty's commission, and still wears his majesty's uniform, harbor such a wretch? Go forth from my sight! Go forth! I say. Let me never see thy face again! Go forth, before I call down a curse from Heaven!"

"Brother! brother!" Sister Katherine threw her arms round George's neck. "Do not curse him — forbear! Have patience. He is bewitched. He is thine only son, George! — George!"

She turned to him. "Oh!" she cried in despair, "he marks nothing, he is bewitched! George! kneel to thy father for forgiveness! Oh! he hears nothing! he heeds nothing! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Go!" repeated the lieutenant — pointing to the door. "Go! Lest I myself with my own hands hale mine own son to a traitor's prison and a traitor's death."

"Brother! brother! George! George!" cried the unhappy sister, turning from one to the other, helplessly.

George, however, rose slowly.

"I am ordered to go. I obey. Henceforth ——"

But here he paused and looked about him strangely. No one in his right mind could so look and so behave.

"Something," he added, "was said about a prison and a death. Perhaps I may find both — outside. I wish you good evening, Mr. Comines," as if he had not perceived my father's presence until then. "It is a cold night and rainy. But for the time of year ——"

"Rebel and traitor," cried my father, with flushing cheek. And, indeed, that at such a moment this man could begin to speak of the weather was too much.

"Nevill," said Sister Katherine, "go with him. Do not leave him. Let him not go out of your sight. Stay with him. Perhaps this storm may blow over. Perhaps they will never find out who led the mob. Take him over to his dock, and stay

with him there. Oh, George — George — what can I do but pray for thee? Nay — what better can we do for any man than pray for him? Thou shalt have the prayers of the church day by day — yea, of this ancient and religious Foundation. Go now, George, my dear. Oh, go quickly."

We went out together, George making no reply. 'Twas the last time that the poor lad saw his father.

I led him — he showed no will or desire of his own, but was quite docile — to St. Katherine's Stairs. The night was dark and rainy. The wind had now risen, and blew cold up the river. We took oars and rowed out into the middle of the Pool, and so downstream between the lines of shipping moored together, waiting to be discharged or take in cargo. Lights gleamed from the cabin windows, and every ship had her great lantern showing lights like lines of stars above the dark waters. Our watermen were silent, refraining even from bad words, and you may be sure that I had no desire to talk. The rain fell faster, and the wind blew colder. I was glad indeed when we landed at the Globe Stairs, Rotherhithe, close to Oak-apple Dock, which was marked even on this dark night by the black masts of the ship lying there for repairs.

In every dock along the river, north and south, there is within the gates a small cottage or lodge for the residence of the watchman. He lives here, and never leaves the dock from the time when the workmen go at evening until they resume their labors in the morning. Here, I thought, George might, perhaps, remain for a while in safety, provided that no one in the crowd, either of those who followed him or of those who looked on, should have recognized him. Certainly there could be few to recognize the face of this sailor, who spent his life upon the sea.

I dismissed the watchman — astonished at our appearance — to his bed in the room above. The room was furnished with two chairs, a table, and a cupboard. Over the mantelshelf hung a blunderbuss, with a fly-marked card explaining that it was loaded. The watchman's bludgeon stood in the corner; his rattle (which would have been useless in so lonely a spot) lay on the mantelshelf, where were also his pipe and tobacco jar. Fortunately, there was a good fire of ship's wood (the best in the world), and an inch or two of candle was left. So we sat down, each in a chair beside the fire, to dry and warm ourselves.

For a long time neither spoke. As for myself, I knew not what to say; and as for George, he was in no mood for talking.

Presently the candle flickered and went out. But there was plenty of wood, and the light of the fire was enough. George sat back in his chair, his long legs stretched out and his hands in his pockets. But he was not asleep. Outside the wind whistled in the shrouds of the ship, and the lines rattled against the masts; we heard the plashing and lapping of the waters among the timber piles at the dock gates. Now and then there was the dropping of oars as some boat, manned by night plunderers, made its way upstream to rob the ships, or returned home laden with their booty.

"George," I said at last, "are you sleeping?"

"Nay, lad, why should I sleep? I am waiting."

"For what?"

"For the traitor's prison and the traitor's death."

"Nay, I hope that you shall escape prison. No one could have known you in the crowd." Here a thought pierced my heart like a knife. No one? Then who could have told the story to the lieutenant? Perhaps, however, 'twas a friend who would tell no one else.

"Since," said George, "I am not to die by fire or by water, or by bullet or by sword, or by bludgeon, the Lord hath reserved for me another kind of death. What matters? Who am I that I should rebel against the will of the Lord?"

"Oh, George! put that thought away. Why should the Lord desire thy death?"

"Nay, that is already settled. Why talk like that? Dick Archer was a wiser man. He told me that the only certain way of death, next to murder, poison, or stabbing, with which I will have nothing at all to do, is to lead an insurrection. 'Look you, brother,' said Dick, 'if there is fighting — there can never be an insurrection without fighting — those who lead are mostly killed at the outset' — at the outset, Nevill, think of that — 'or if the rising fail, they are afterwards killed for their share in it. Or if the rising succeed, they are generally killed by the ingratitude of the mob. So, you see, the end of such an undertaking is certain.'"

"Then it was in order to get killed, and for no other reason whatever, that you consented to lead a revolutionary mob?"

"That was my purpose. What else should I do it for?"

"Could you not think of your father, George? Was it well

done?" Then I could say no more on this head, because alas! what about myself? Had I thought upon my father and his opinions?

"I thought that I should be killed in the fight; that was all I thought upon. Now I consider, nothing could more anger my father. When it is all over, lad, you will tell him that I was no rebel, indeed, only that I was constrained to find a way of death. As for the fight, it was a mere fizzle; yet very much astonished I was to find myself out of it without a scratch. Well, but Dick Archer knew. If not in the fight, then after the fight a traitor's death. Why not?"

"Dick Archer," I said hotly, "is a wise man, and so is the devil, his master. Why, George, they will hang up all your followers with you for high treason if they can."

"Ay; they are a villainous lot. 'Twill do them good to hang up all."

I groaned aloud.

"Now, my lad, Dick was right, you see, and I have, after all, found out the way. Now I shall trouble myself no more. I have done my part. The Lord will do the rest. My mind is at peace, and for Sylvia's sake will I cheerfully endure all that is to follow."

With these words, the firelight showing a cheerful and even a happy face, he laid his head upon the table and instantly fell into a profound sleep, breathing like a child, disturbed by no terrors, startled by no anxieties.

I, too, presently fell asleep. In the morning I was awakened by the watchman coming down the stairs to ring the workmen's bell. But I fell asleep again. When I awoke an hour or two later, everybody was at work upon the ship in the hold; the carpenters were shaping and sawing, the calkers were tapping, the painters were chattering as they sat on their hanging boards, and from the river came the daily tumult from the ships going up and down, the boats, and the lighters.

George was still sleeping. He had changed his position, and now slept leaning back in his chair. Heavens! could this man, strong and comely in his early manhood, with all the promise of a long life before him, be doomed to a shameful death upon the gallows, before many days were gone? There was a little spark of fire still left in the embers; I placed some more wood upon them. Then I opened the door and stepped out. The clouds and rain had passed away. The morning

was cold and clear. The river sparkled in the sunlight; from the marshes of Rotherhithe I heard the note of a bird; across the water three corpses hung on their gibbets, and turned the joy of the morning into bitterness, for thinking of what might be the fate of the poor lad in the lodge.

The cold air awakened him. He rose and stretched out his arms.

"Nevill, my lad," said he, cheerfully, "all my troubles are over. Dick Archer is a wise physician." He went forth into the fresh air and looked about him. "Ha!" he said, breathing the air with satisfaction, "I smell salt water. This puts life into a man."

"Life, and not death, George."

He turned, and smiled with great seriousness in his eyes. "We are in the hands of the Lord," he replied. "Since it is death — well — it is not my ordering, but his. Come, let us have breakfast, I am hungry."

Breakfast dispatched, George became once more a man of business. He remembered that he was the proprietor of Oak-apple Dock, and that these workmen were his. He therefore proceeded to make an inspection of the work in hand. First he walked round the quay, which was strewn with spars, chains, ropes, blocks, and all kinds of gear — some under sheds, some lying in the open. The dock was dry, and the tall gates closed against the river. Within stood a fine vessel of five hundred tons, shored up by timbers. She was brought in for repairs, and thirty or forty men were at work upon her within and without, scraping, painting, calking, taking out rotten timbers, making her once more seaworthy. The only way of getting on board this ship was by means of a plank, one end of which rested on the quay and the other on the bulwarks over the upper deck of the ship. To run across this narrow bridge, which springs up and down beneath the weight of a man, is accounted nothing by sailors and dock carpenters; but a landsman, considering the depth below, and the certainty of broken bones if one were to fall, hesitates before he trusts himself to cross. According to the followers of the False Prophet, on the day of judgment a bridge no broader than the edge of a razor will be stretched across the Valley of Hinnom. All souls must pass over this bridge. The righteous will be supported by angels; but there will be no angels for the wicked.

To see George pass lightly over this shaky plank reminded

one of that fable. I was watching him from the door of the lodge, when I became aware of footsteps outside, the plashing of boots in mire, and the voices of men. At first I paid no heed, thinking they must be workmen of the dock. But they were all engaged. There is no other dock till you get round the Point, and near to Deptford.

The men halted at the gates. Still, I felt no anxiety. Then the side door was opened, and a head looked in. My heart sank low, my pulse stood still, my hair well-nigh rose on end. For, by the gold upon his hat and by the crown upon his staff, the man was proclaimed a peace officer. Then the worst and heaviest blow of all had fallen. They were come to arrest George for last night's business. He had sought death once too often. This man, a deputy marshal, was followed by eight constables. They were stout and sturdy fellows, their coats buttoned tight, carrying stout bludgeons, and of resolute appearance. The deputy marshal, for his part, kept looking behind him, as if for their protection; certainly, in single encounter with George, he would have come off second best.

He looked about the dock. I, standing at the door of the lodge, made no sign. At that moment George stepped from the ship upon the plank, intending to come on shore again.

"That's our man," cried one of the constables, with an oath. "He it was who gave me this plaguy knock over the eye;" indeed, his left eye presented a lamentable spectacle. "I'll swear to him anywhere. 'Twas him that led the mob."

"And I," cried another. "I will swear to him as well."

George, at sight of the men, stopped halfway across the bridge.

The deputy marshal stepped briskly along the quay.

"George Bayssallance?" he said.

"That is my name," George replied, still standing on the plank.

"Proprietor of the Oak-apple Dock, Rotherhithe?"

"The same, at your service."

"Lately mate on board an East-Indiaman?"

"My case, exactly," he said, smiling cheerfully.

"I arrest you, George Bayssallance, on a charge of high treason. Here is my warrant." He pulled it out.

"Bring it across, my friend," said George.

By this time the workmen of the yard had become aware of something stirring — something out of the way. Now with

one consent they climbed up their ropes, and stood upon the deck, every man armed with something — and at the word arrest they murmured ominously.

"Bring it across, my friend," repeated George.

The deputy marshal put one foot on the plank.

Then the men brawled altogether, "Let him come — let him come," and brandished their hatchets and hammers.

If the deputy marshal had ventured across, it would, I am persuaded, have been bad for him.

"Quiet, men," said George; "I know how to tackle him."

With that he set his foot on the other end of the plank, and caused it to dance up and down — a schoolboy's trick, but disquieting to a man unaccustomed to this kind of bridge. The deputy marshal fell back terrified.

"Let one of your men bring it across, my friend," said George.

The men advanced one after the other and looked first at the depths below — a dry dock with a ship in it looks dark and dreadful — and at the shaking bridge and the stalwart man upon it; nay, one or two, as you have seen, had proved that strength and valor — and at the threatening man beyond, and they returned.

"Surrender, George Bayssallance," said the deputy marshal.

George turned, and walked back to the ship.

"Will you choose to walk aboard, gentlemen?" he asked.

They looked at each other and at the plank. Not one ventured.

"Then, gentlemen, if no one will come on board ——" He kicked the plank, and it fell down into the depth with a crash. "There! what a misfortune! Because now you cannot come to me, and I cannot get across to you — what shall be done?"

The workmen laughed aloud. The deputy marshal looked solemn.

"Come, sir," he said, trying conciliation. "You must not resist the law. You can't escape, you know, and we are prepared to wait here all day — all night, too, if necessary; we can get ladders. In short, we must take you in the long run."

"You think I cannot escape?"

"You cannot possibly escape. There are eight constables, all resolute men, and you must leave the ship some time or other."

"Oh, yes; I shall leave the ship some time or other."

"There can't be much provision on board, I take it. Come, Mr. Bayssallance, listen to reason. Think how much better it will look when your trial comes on, if I can step into the box and say that the prisoner gave himself up without any trouble. I might even add with tears of contrition, if you made it worth my while. Come, sir, you are a substantial man: all of us would be glad to get you off if we could. You must surrender, however, but we will give our evidence for you—won't we, men?—if so be you make it worth our while."

The honest fellows all murmured their extreme readiness to oblige in this particular.

"Besides, sir," the deputy marshal continued, "who is to swear that you led the mob? 'Tis true, one or two of us show the marks of your bludgeon. But these are marks which a substantial gentleman like yourself can easily rub out, and no malice left. Very well, then. Where is the evidence of the crown? Some may be got to swear that you were fighting. Well, the afternoon was gloomy. They might very well be mistaken. Anybody might be mistaken, particularly in the face of a stranger; and you don't look as if you were much hurt. Now, it stands to reason that in such a fight you ought to have your head broken; and, again, it was Sunday afternoon, and you were probably taking a nap at home after dinner. Lord! It's nothing. The case will break down before the magistrates on the very outset. If I were your honor, I should think nothing at all about it. Any good lawyer will see you through with it."

"So I can't escape," said George, taking no notice of this long harangue. "That is what you think, is it?"

He laughed so cheerfully, and his face so beamed with good humor, that I began to have some hopes that he might intend something. For instance, we were all on one side of the dock, but there was a quay on the other side as well. How if he were to get off the ship to that side and so escape over the wall while the constables were still considering how to get at him.

"Don't talk of escape, sir," said the deputy marshal. "I implore you to consider how it will seem to a jury if we have to swear that you refused to surrender and tried to escape. We should be justified in firing upon you if we carried muskets. Consider, sir, the charge is most serious. If it ends in a conviction, 'twill be a capital offense; the temper of the people is roused against revolutionaries. You must be careful. Once

more, Mr. Bayssallance — once more, sir, you cannot escape; we must take you. Surrender, therefore, and come with us without further shilly-shally."

"You think I cannot escape, do you?" asked George again.

"What odds what we think?" replied the officer. "You have played us a trick — Lord! we bear no malice, therefore, but you are trapped. Come down quickly, and you shall see how my evidence shall move the court. That is, if you are otherwise reasonable," he added.

George made no reply, but walked aft. The ship, an old-fashioned craft, high in the poop and low in the waist, lay with her bows inland, her bowsprit sticking out over the dock gates, and her stern towards the river. By reason of her length and the shortness of the dock, her stern cabins almost hung over the great tide gates, opened only to float a ship in or out.

We crowded along the quay, the deputy marshal first, curious to see what George was going to do. There was a coil of rope lying beside the wheel. First he lashed one end of this to the wheel itself. Then he took up the coil, and, with the practiced hand of a sailor, he threw the rope over the tide gates into the river beyond. Then I understood what he was going to do, and I rejoiced, because if he had the sense to put himself on board a king's ship or a volunteer, or even a trading vessel on the point of sailing, as an able seaman, he would surely be in perfect safety. He was going to escape by means of this rope.

There are two things to understand. The top beam of the gates, being about a foot in breadth, presented a way from one side of the dock to the other without going all round. But, as some dock carpenters might have their heads turned with looking down into flowing water on one side and the depths of the dock on the other, a light hand rail was run along, except for a space in the middle where the gates joined. This was unprotected.

That is the first thing. The next is that we were close to Globe Stairs, and that about all the stairs down the river there are always a number of boats belonging to the watermen, the building-yard men, and the dock men. George knew perfectly well that moored to the piles outside his dock, and belonging to the stairs, there were plenty of boats. I knew this, too, and waited to see how he would carry out his design.

Having cast his rope over, he went below for a minute or two, and returned bearing two light sculls with him. He then

threw himself over, and slid, by the aid of the rope, from the ship to the bridge of the gates, where he stood for a moment and laughed at the constables.

Now, had they known of this way over the gates, they might, perhaps, have prevented him by occupying it. I say perhaps, because there was only room for one man at a time. That is, the whole *posse comitatus* might have ranged themselves along the bridge; yet it was so narrow that only one man could fight at a time, and he only at a great disadvantage, as, being unused to the situation, and fighting with a man who knew not the fear of height and dangerous places, and was accustomed to running backward and forward by this way. The constables, however, saw only a narrow beam; and as for crossing it in order to arrest their prisoner, even the deputy marshal did not so much as propose it to them.

We waited, therefore, to see what he would do next.

He walked along the bridge to the other side, that nearest the stairs. Then he took the rope in his hands, swung off, and disappeared.

A moment afterwards, as we looked over the wooden parapet upon the river, he floated out in a little dingy, adjusting his sculls.

"Good day, gentlemen," he shouted. "Pleasant journey back again. Send out for some liquor, Nevill; don't let them go home empty."

So he dropped his sculls into the water, and crossed over to the opposite bank. The workmen burst into cheering of derision as well as of triumph.

"He has escaped you," I said to the deputy marshal, who with his *posse* now looked little better than so many fools, crestfallen and astonished, while the workmen on board laughed at their discomfiture.

CHRISTINE'S ESCAPE.[1]

By E. P. ROE.

(From "Barriers Burned Away.")

[Edward Payson Roe: An American novelist; born in Orange County, N.Y., March 7, 1838. His works include: "Barriers Burned Away" (1872), "What Can She Do?" (1873), "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr" (1874), "From Jest to Earnest" (1875), "Near to Nature's Heart" (1876), "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" (1877), "A Face Illumined" (1878), "A Day of Fate" (1880), "Without a Home" (1880), "His London Rivals" (1883), "A Young Girl's Wooing" (1884), "Nature's Serial Story" (1884), "An Original Belle" (1885), "Driven Back to Eden" (1885), "He fell in Love with his Wife" (1886), "The Earth Trembled" (1887), "A Hornet's Nest" (1887), "Found, Yet Lost" (1888), "Miss Lou" (1888), and "Taken Alive, and Other Stories." He died at Cornwall, N.Y., July 19, 1888.]

With eyes ablaze with excitement, Dennis plunged into the region just before the main line of fire, knowing that there the danger would be greatest. None realized the rapidity of its advance. At the door of a tenement house he found a pale, thin, half-clad woman tugging at a sewing machine.

"Madam," cried Dennis, "you have no time to waste over that burden if you wish to escape."

"What is the use of escaping without it?" she answered sullenly. "It is the only way I have of making a living."

"Give it to me, then, and follow as fast as you can." Shouldering what meant to the poor creature shelter, clothing, and bread, he led the way to the southeast, out of the line of fire. It was a long, hard struggle, but they got through safely.

"How can I ever pay you?" cried the grateful woman.

But he did not stay to answer, and now determined to make his way to the west and windward of the fire, as he could then judge better of the chances of its spreading. He thought it safer to go around and back of the flames, as they now seemed much wider, and nearer the south branch of the Chicago River.

He found that he could cross the burnt district a little to the southwest, for the small wooden houses were swept so utterly away that there were no heated, blazing ruins to contend with. He also saw that he could do better by making quite a wide circuit, as he thus avoided streets choked by fugitives.

Reaching a point near the river on the west side of the fire, he climbed a high pile of lumber, and then discovered to his horror that the fire had caught in several places on the south side, and that the nearest bridges were burning.

To those not familiar with the topography of the city, it should be stated that it is separated by the Chicago River, a slow, narrow stream, into three main divisions, known as the south, the north, and the west side.

By a triumph of engineering, the former mouth of this river at the lake is now its source, the main stream being turned back upon itself, and dividing into two branches at a point a little over half a mile from the lake, one flowing to the southwest into the Illinois, and the other from the northwest into the main stream.

The south division includes all the territory bounded on the east by the lake, on the north by the main river, and on the west by the south branch. The north division includes the area bounded on the east by the lake, on the south by the main river, and on the west by the north branch, while the west division embraces all that part of the city west of the two branches. The fire originated in De Koven Street, the southeastern part of the west side, and it was carried steadily to the north and east by an increasing gale. The south side, with all its magnificent buildings, was soon directly in the line of the fire.

When Dennis saw that the flames had crossed the south branch, and were burning furiously beyond, he knew that the best part of the city was threatened with destruction. He hastened to the Washington Street tunnel, where he found a vast throng, carrying all sorts of burdens, rushing either way. He plunged in with the rest, and soon found himself hustled hither and thither by a surging mass of humanity. A little piping voice that seemed under his feet cried: "O mamma! mamma! Where are you? I'm gettin' lost."

"Here I am, my child," answered a voice some steps in advance, and Dennis saw a lady carrying another child; but the rushing tide would not let her wait,—all, in the place where they were wedged, being carried right along. Stooping down, he put the little girl on his shoulder where she could see her mother, and so they pressed on. Suddenly, in the very midst of the tunnel, the gas ceased, by reason of the destruction of the works, and utter darkness filled the place.

There was a loud cry of consternation, and then a momentary and dreadful silence, which would have been the preface of a fatal panic, had not Dennis cried out, in a ringing voice, "All keep to the right!"

This cry was taken up and repeated on every hand, and side by side, to right and left, the two living streams of humanity, with steady tramp! tramp! rushed past each other.

When they emerged into the glare of the south side, Dennis gave the child to its mother and said, "Madam, your only chance is to escape in that direction," pointing northwest.

He then tried to make his way to the hotel where Professor and Mrs. Leonard were staying, but it was in the midst of an unapproachable sea of fire. If they had not escaped some little time before, they had already perished. He then tried to make his way to the windward toward his own room. His two thousand dollars and all his possessions were there, and the instinct of self-preservation caused him to think it was time to look after his own. But progress was now very difficult. The streets were choked by drays, carriages, furniture, trunks, and every degree and condition of humanity. Besides, his steps were often stayed by thrilling scenes and the need of a helping hand. In order to make his way faster he took a street nearer the fire, from which the people had mostly been driven. As he was hurrying along with his hat drawn over his eyes to avoid the sparks that were driven about like fiery hail, he suddenly heard a piercing shriek. Looking up he saw the figure of a woman at the third-story window of a fine mansion that was already burning, though not so rapidly as those in the direct line of the fire. He with a number of others stopped at the sound.

"Who will volunteer with me to save that woman?" cried he.

"Wal, stranger, you can reckon on this old stager for one," answered a familiar voice.

Dennis turned and recognized his old friend, the Good Samaritan.

"Why, Cronk," he cried, "don't you know me? Don't you remember the young man you saved from starving by suggesting the snow-shovel business?"

"Hollo! my young colt. How are you? Give us yer hand. But come, don't let's stop to talk about snow in this hell of a place with that young filly whinnying up there."

"Right!" cried Dennis. "Let us find a ladder and rope; quick ——"

At a paint shop around the corner a ladder was found that reached to the second story, and some one procured a rope.

"A thousand dollars," cried another familiar voice, "to the man who saves that woman!"

Looking round, Dennis saw the burly form of Mr. Brown, the brewer, his features distorted by agony and fear; then glancing up he discovered in the red glare upon her face that the woman was no other than his daughter. She had come to spend the night with a friend, and, being a sound sleeper, had not escaped with the family.

"Who wants yer thousand dollars?" replied Bill Cronk's gruff voice. "D'ye s'pose we'd hang out here over the bottomless pit for any such trifle as that? We want to save the gal."

Before Cronk had ended his characteristic speech, Dennis was halfway up the ladder. He entered the second story, only to be driven back by fire and smoke.

"A pole of some kind!" he cried.

The thills of a broken-down buggy supplied this, but the flames had already reached Miss Brown. Being a girl of a good deal of nerve and physical courage, however, she tore off her outer clothing with her own hands. Dennis now passed her the rope on the end of the buggy thill and told her to fasten it to something in the room that would support her weight, and lower herself to the second story. She fastened it, but did not seem to know how to lower herself. Dennis tied the rope, found it would sustain his weight; then, bringing into use an art learned in his college gymnasium, he over-handed rapidly till he stood at Miss Brown's side. Drawing up the rope he fastened her to it and lowered her to the ladder, where Bill Cronk caught her; and in a moment more she was in her father's arms, who at once shielded her from exposure with his overcoat. Dennis followed the rope down, and had hardly got away before the building fell in. . . .

Struggling off to windward through the choked streets for a little distance, Dennis ascended the side stairs of a tall building, in order to get more accurately the bearings of the fire. He now for the first time realized its magnitude, and was appalled. It appeared as if the whole south side must go. At certain points the very heavens seemed on fire. The sparks filled the air like flakes of fiery snow, and great blazing

fragments of roofs, and boards from lumber yards, sailed over his head, with the ill-omened glare of meteors. The rush and roar of the wind and flames were like the thunder of Niagara, and to this awful monotone accompaniment was added a Babel of sounds, — shrieks, and shouts of human voices, the sharp crash of falling buildings, and ever and anon heavy detonations, as the fire reached explosive material. As he looked down into the white upturned faces in the thronged streets, it seemed to him as if the people might be gathering for the last great day. Above all the uproar, the courthouse bell could be heard, with its heavy, solemn clangor, no longer ringing alarm, but the city's knell.

But he saw that if he reached his own little room in time to save anything he must hasten. His course lay near the Art Building, the place so thronged with associations to him. An irresistible impulse drew him to it. It was evident that it must soon go, for an immense building to the southwest, on the same block, was burning, and the walls were already swaying.

Suddenly a man rushed past him, and Mr. Ludolph put his pass key in the side door.

"Mr. Ludolph, it is not safe to enter," said Dennis.

"What are you doing here with your ill-omened face?" retorted his old employer, turning toward him a countenance terrible in its expression. As we have seen, anything that threatened Mr. Ludolph's interests, even that which most men bow before, as sickness and disaster, only awakened his anger; and his face was black with passion and distorted with rage.

The door yielded, and he passed in.

"Come back, quick, Mr. Ludolph, or you are lost!" cried Dennis, at the door.

"I will get certain papers, though the heavens fall!" yelled back the infuriated man, with an oath.

Dennis heard an awful rushing sound in the air. He drew his hat over his face as he ran, crouching. Hot bricks rained around him, but fortunately he escaped.

When he turned to look, the Art Building was a crushed and blazing ruin. Sweet girlish faces that had smiled upon him from the walls, beautiful classical faces that had inspired his artist soul, stern Roman faces that had made the past seem real, the human faces of gods and goddesses that made mythology seem not wholly a myth, and the white marble faces

of the statuary, that ever reminded him of Christine, were now all blackened and defaced forever. But not of these he thought, as he shudderingly covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the vision, but of that terrible face that in the darkness had yelled defiance to heaven.

Dennis was too much stunned and bewildered to do more than instinctively work his way to the windward as the only point of safety, but the fire was now becoming so broad in its sweep that to do this was difficult. The awful event he had witnessed seemed partially to paralyze him; for he knew that the oath, hot as the scorching flames, was scarcely uttered before Mr. Ludolph's lips were closed forever. He and his ambitious dream perished in a moment, and he was summoned to the other world to learn what his proud reason scoffed at in this.

For a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a voice seemed to shout almost in his ear, "The north side is burning!" and he started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing perhaps in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he had never imagined that she could be imperiled by the burning of the north side.

In an agony of fear and anxiety he put forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle Street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly pursuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shrieking, frenzied, terror-stricken throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral grade was represented there. Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the awful democracy of the hour, brushed against thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled underfoot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes than those in which they had sprung from their beds. Altogether it was a strange, incongruous, writhing mass of

humanity, such as the world had never looked upon, pouring into what might seem, in its horrors, the mouth of hell.

As Dennis entered the utter darkness, a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now oblivious to everything save Christine's danger. With set teeth he put his shoulder against the living mass and pushed with the strongest till he emerged into the glare of the north side. Here, escaping somewhat from the throng, he made his way rapidly to the Ludolph mansion, which to his joy he found was still considerably to the windward of the fire. But he saw that from the southwest another line of flame was bearing down upon it.

The front door was locked, and the house utterly dark. He rang the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a reverberation.

"They must have escaped," he said; "but, merciful heaven! there must be no uncertainty in this case. What shall I do?"

The windows of the lower story were all strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the New England woods of his early home he had learned to climb for nuts like a squirrel, and so with no great difficulty he mounted the trunk and dropped from an overhanging branch to the point he sought. The window was down at the top, but the lower sash was fastened. He could see the catch by the light of the fire. He broke the pane of glass nearest it, hoping that the crash might awaken Christine, if she were still there. But after the clatter died away there was no sound. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in.

He called loudly: "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!"

There was no answer. "She must be gone," he said. The front room, facing toward the west, he knew to be her sleeping apartment. Going through the passage, he knocked loudly, and called again; but in the silence that followed he heard his own watch tick, and his heart beat. He pushed the door open with the feeling of one profaning a shrine, and looked timidly in. Even in that thrilling hour of peril and anxiety, his eye

was enraptured by the beauty of the room. Not only was it furnished with the utmost luxuriance, but everything spoke of a quaint and cultured taste, from the curious marble clock and bronze on the mantel, even to the pattern of the Turkey carpet on which the glare of the fire, as it glinted through the shutters, played faintly. One of the most marked features, however, was an exquisite life-size statue of Diana at the foot of the bed, grasping her bow with one hand, and in the act of seizing an arrow with the other, as if aroused to self-defense. When Dennis first saw it, he was so startled by its lifelike attitude that he stepped back into the passage. But, with all the beauty of the room, it was utterly pagan; not a single thing suggested Christian faith or a knowledge of the true God. With the exception of its modern air, it might just as well have been the resting place of a Greek or Roman maiden of rank.

Reassured, he timidly advanced again, and then for the first time, between the two marble statuettes holding back the curtains of the bed, saw Christine, but looking more white and deathlike than the marble itself.

She lay with her face toward him. Her hair of gold, unconfined, streamed over the pillow; one fair round arm, from which her night robe had slipped back, was clasped around her head, and a flickering ray of light, finding access at the window, played upon her face and neck with the strangest and most weird effect.

So deep was her slumber that she seemed dead, and Dennis, in his overwrought state, thought that she was. For a moment his heart stood still, and his tongue was paralyzed. A distant explosion aroused him. Approaching softly he said, in an awed whisper (he seemed powerless to speak louder), "Miss Ludolph! — Christine!"

But the light of the coming fire played and flickered over the still, white face, that never before had seemed so strangely beautiful.

"Miss Ludolph! — O Christine, awake!" cried Dennis, louder.

To his wonder and unbounded perplexity, he saw the hitherto motionless lips wreathe themselves into a lovely smile, but otherwise there was no response, and the ghostly light played and flickered on, dancing on temple, brow, and snowy throat, and clasping the white arm in wavy circlets of gold.

It was all so weird and strange that he was growing superstitious, and losing faith in his own senses. He could not know that she was under the influence of an opiate, and that his voice of all others could, like a faint echo, find access to her mind so deeply sunk in lethargy.

But a louder and nearer explosion, like a warning voice, made him wholly desperate; and he roughly seized her hand, determining to dispel the illusion, and learn the truth at once.

Christine's blue eyes opened wide with a bewildered stare; a look of the wildest terror came into them, and she started up and shrieked, "Father! father!"

Then turning toward the as yet unknown invader, she cried piteously: "Oh, spare my life! Take everything; I will give you anything you ask, only spare my life."

She evidently thought herself addressing a ruthless robber.

Dennis retreated toward the door the moment she awakened, and this somewhat reassured her.

In the firm, quiet tone that always calms excitement, he replied, "I only ask you to give me your confidence, Miss Ludolph, and to join with me, Dennis Fleet, in my effort to save your life."

"Dennis Fleet! Dennis Fleet! save my life! O ye gods, what does it all mean?" and she passed her hand in bewilderment across her brow, as if to brush away the wild fancies of a dream.

"Miss Ludolph, as you love your life, arouse yourself and escape! The city is burning!"

"I don't believe it!" she cried, in an agony of terror and anger. "Leave the room! How dare you! You are not Dennis Fleet; he is a white man, and you are black! You are an impostor! Leave quick, or my father will come and take your life! Father! father!"

Dennis without a word stepped to the window, tore aside the curtain, threw open the shutters, and the fire filled the room with the glare of noonday. At that moment an explosion occurred which shook the very earth. Everything rattled, and a beautiful porcelain vase fell crashing to the floor.

Christine shrieked and covered her face with her hands.

Dennis approached the bedside, and said in a gentle, firm tone that she knew to be his: "Miss Ludolph, I *am* Mr. Fleet. My face is blackened through smoke and dust, as is every one's out in the streets to-night. You know something of me, and

I think you know nothing dishonorable. Can you not trust me? Indeed you must; your life depends upon it!"

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Fleet!" she cried eagerly. "I am not worthy of this, but now that I know you, I do trust you from the depth of my soul!"

"Prove it then by doing just as I bid you," he replied in a voice so firm and prompt that it seemed almost stern. Retreating to the door, he continued: "I give you just five minutes in which to make your toilet and gather a light bundle of your choicest valuables. Dress in woolen throughout, and dress warmly. I will see that the servants are aroused. Your father is on the south side, and cannot reach you. You must trust in God and what I can do for you."

"I must trust to you *alone*," she said. "Please send my maid to me."

Mr. Ludolph had sipped his wine during the evening, and his servants had sipped, in no dainty way, something stronger, and therefore had not awakened readily. But the uproar in the streets had aroused them, and Dennis found them scuttling down the upper stairs in a half-clad state, each bearing a large bundle, which had been made up without regard to *meum* and *tuum*.

"Och, murther! is the wourld burning up?" cried the cook.

"Be still, ye howlin' fool," said the cool and traveled maid. "It's only von big fire!"

"Go to your mistress and help her, quick!" cried Dennis.

"Go to my meestress! I go to de street and save my life."

"O Janette!" cried Christine. "Come and help me!"

"I am meeserable zat I cannot. I must bid mademoiselle quick adieu," said the heartless creature, still keeping up the veneer of French politeness.

Dennis looked through the upper rooms and was satisfied that they were empty. Suddenly a piercing shriek from Christine sent him flying to her room. As he ran he heard her cry, "O Mr. Fleet! come! help!"

To go back a little (for on that awful night events marched as rapidly as the flames, and the experience of years was crowded into hours, and that of hours into moments), Christine had sought as best she could to obey Dennis' directions, but she was sadly helpless, having been trained to a foolish dependence on her maid. She had accomplished but little

when she heard a heavy step in the room. Looking up, she saw a strange man regarding her with an evil eye.

"What do you want?" she faltered.

"You, for one thing, and all you have got, for another," was the brutal reply.

"Leave this room!" she cried, in a voice she vainly tried to render firm.

"Not just yet," he answered with a satanic grin. She sought to escape by him with the loud cry that Dennis heard, but the ruffian planted his big grimy hand in the delicate frill of her night robe where it clasped her throat, and with a coarse laugh said: "Not so fast, my dainty!"

Trembling and half fainting (for she had no physical courage), she cried for Dennis, and never did knightly heart respond with more brave and loving throb to the cry of helpless woman than his. He came with almost the impetus of a thunderbolt, and the man, startled, looked around, and catching a glimpse of Dennis' blazing eyes, dropped his hold on Christine, and shrank and cowered from the blow he could not avert. Before his hand could instinctively reach the pistol it sought, there was a thud, and he fell like a log to the floor. Then, springing upon him, Dennis took away his weapons, and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, dragged him backward downstairs and thrust him into the street. Pointing his own pistol at him, he said, "If you trouble us again, I will shoot you like a dog!"

When Dennis returned, he found Christine panting helplessly on a chair.

"Oh, dress! dress!" he cried. "We have not a moment to spare."

The sparks and cinders were falling about the house, a perfect storm of fire. The roof was already blazing, and smoke was pouring down the stairs.

At his suggestion she had at first laid out a heavy woolen dress and Scotch plaid shawl. She nervously sought to put on the dress, but her trembling fingers could not fasten it over her wildly throbbing bosom. Dennis saw that in the terrible emergency he must act the part of a brother or husband, and springing forward he assisted her with the dexterity he had learned in childhood.

Just then a blazing piece of roof, borne on the wings of the gale, crashed through the window, and in a moment the apart-

ment, that had seemed like a beautiful casket for a still more exquisite jewel, was in flames.

Hastily wrapping Christine in the blanket shawl, he snatched her, crying and wringing her hands, into the street.

Holding his hand she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them out of immediate peril, and brought them into the flying throng pressing their way northward and westward. Wedged into the multitude, they could only move on with it in the desperate struggle forward. But fire was falling about them like a meteoric shower.

Suddenly Christine uttered a sharp cry of pain. She had stepped on a burning cinder, and then realized for the first time, in her excitement, that her feet were bare.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried piteously, limping and leaning heavily on Dennis' arm.

"Indeed, Miss Ludolph, from my heart I pity you."

"Can you save me? Oh, do you think you can save me?" she moaned, in an agony of fear.

"Yes, I feel sure I can. At any rate I shall not leave you;" and taking her a little out of the jostling crowd he knelt and bound up the burned foot with his handkerchief. A little farther on they came to a shoe store with doors open and owners gone. Almost carrying Christine into it, for her other foot was cut and bleeding, he snatched down a pair of boy's stout gaiters, and wiping with another handkerchief the blood and dust from her tender little feet, he made the handkerchiefs answer for stockings, and drew the shoes on over them.

In the brief moment so occupied, Christine said, with tears in her eyes: "Mr. Fleet, how kind you are! How little I deserve all this!"

He looked up with a happy smile, and she little knew that her few words amply repaid him.

There was a crash in the direction of the fire. With a cry of fear, Christine put out her hands and clung to him.

"Oh, we shall perish! Are you not afraid?"

"I tremble for you, Miss Ludolph."

"Not for yourself?"

"No! why should I? I am safe. Heaven and mother are just beyond this tempest."

"I would give worlds for your belief."

"Come quick!" cried he, and they joined the fugitives, and for a half-hour pressed forward as fast as was possible through the choked streets, Dennis merely saying an encouraging word now and then. Suddenly she felt herself carried to one side, and falling to the ground with him. In a moment he lifted her up, and she saw with sickening terror an infuriated dray horse plunging through the crowd, striking down men, women, and children.

"Are you hurt?" he asked gently, passing his arm around her and helping her forward, that they might not lose a single step.

"Awful! Awful!" she said in a low, shuddering tone.

The dreadful scenes and the danger were beginning to overpower her.

A little farther on they reached an avenue to the northwest through which Dennis hoped to escape. But they could make but little headway through the dense masses of drays, carriages, and human beings, and at last everything came to a deadlock. Their only hope was to stand in their place till the living mass moved on again.

Strange, grotesque, and sad beyond measure were the scenes by which they were surrounded. By the side of the aristocratic Christine, now Baroness Ludolph, stood a stout Irishwoman, hugging a grunting, squealing pig to her breast. A little in advance a hook-nosed spinster carried in a cage a hook-nosed parrot that kept discordantly crying, "Polly want a cracker." At Dennis' left a delicate lady of the highest social standing clasped to her bare bosom a babe that slept as peacefully as in the luxurious nursery at home. At her side was a little girl carrying as tenderly a large wax doll. A diamond necklace sparkled like a circlet of fire around the lady's neck. Her husband had gone to the south side, and she had had but time to snatch this and her children. A crowd of obscene and profane rowdies stood just behind them, and with brutal jest and coarse laughter they passed around a whisky bottle. One of these roughs caught a glimpse of the diamond necklace, and was putting forth his blackened hand to grasp it, when Dennis pointed the captured pistol at him and said, "This is law now!"

The fellow slunk back.

Just before them was a dray with a corpse half covered with a blanket. The family sat around crying and ringing their hands, and the driver stood in his seat, cursing and gesticulat-

ing for those in advance to move on. Some moments passed, but there was no progress. Dennis became very anxious, for the fire was rapidly approaching, and the sparks were falling like hail. Every few moments some woman's dress was ablaze, or some one was struck by the flying brands, and shrieks for help were heard on every side. Christine, being clad in woolen, escaped this peril in part. She stood at Dennis' side trembling like a leaf, with her hands over her face to shut out the terrible sights.

At this moment a blazing brand fell upon the horses' head. The animals, being thoroughly terrified, turned sharp around the sidewalk, and tore their way right toward the fire, trampling down those in their track, and so vanished with their strangely assorted load.

Dennis, fearing to stay any longer where he was, determined to follow in their wake and find a street leading north less choked, even though it might be nearer the fire, and so with his trembling companion he pressed forward again.

Two blocks below he found one comparatively clear, but in terrible proximity to the conflagration. Indeed, the houses were burning on each side, but the street seemed clear of flame. He thought that by swiftly running they could get through. But Christine's strength was fast failing her, and just as they reached the middle of the block a tall brick building fell across the street before them! Thus their only path of escape was blocked by a blazing mass of ruins that it would have been death to cross.

They seemed hemmed in on every side, and Dennis groaned in agony.

Christine looked for a moment at the impassable fiery barrier, then at Dennis, in whose face and manner she read unutterable sympathy for herself, and the truth flashed upon her.

With a piercing shriek she fainted dead away in his arms.

Dennis stood a second helpless and hopeless. Christine rested a heavy burden in his arms, happily unconscious. Breathing an agonized prayer to Heaven, he looked around for any possibility of escape. Just then an express wagon was driven furiously toward them, its driver seeking his way out by the same path that Dennis had chosen. As he reached them the man saw the hopeless obstruction, and wheeled his horses. As he did so, quick as thought, Dennis threw Christine into the bottom of the wagon, and, clinging to it, climbed into it him-

self. He turned her face downward from the fire, and, covering his own, he crouched beside her, trusting all now to God.

The driver urged his horses toward the lake, believing that his only chance. They tore away through the blazing streets. The poor man was soon swept from his seat and perished, but his horses rushed madly on till they plunged into the lake.

At the sound of water Dennis lifted his head and gave a cry of joy. It seemed that the hand of God had snatched them from death. Gently he lifted Christine out upon the sands and commenced bathing her face from the water that broke in spray at his feet. She soon revived and looked around. In a voice full of awe and wonder she whispered, "Ah! there is another world and another life, after all."

"Indeed there is, Miss Ludolph," said Dennis, supporting her on his arm and bending over her, "but, thanks to a merciful Providence, you are still in this one."



THE RED COW GROUP.[1]

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

(From "Tales of Mean Streets.")

[ARTHUR MORRISON, English story-writer, was born in 1864. He was secretary of a charity organization in the East End of London, and utilized that material in his "Tales of Mean Streets" (1895) and "The Child of the Jago" (1896). He has written also "Martin Hewitt, Investigator," detective stories (1896).]

THE Red Cow Anarchist Group no longer exists. Its leading spirit appears no more among his devoted comrades, and without him they are ineffectual.

He was but a young man, this leading spirit (his name, by the bye, was Sotcher), but of his commanding influence among the older but unlettered men about him, read and judge. For themselves, they had long been plunged in a beery apathy, neither regarding nor caring for the fearful iniquities of the social system that oppressed them. A Red Cow group they had always been, before the coming of Sotcher to make Anarchists of them: forgathering in a remote compartment of the Red Cow bar, reached by a side door in an alley — a compart-

[1] By permission of Author and Methuen & Co. (Fourth Edition Cr. 8vo Price 6s.)

theirselves in with, that's all. Becos o' the paid myrmidons armed an' kep' to make slaves o' the people. Becos o' the magistrates an' p'lice. Then wy not git rid o' the magistrates an' p'lice? They're no good, are they? 'Oo wants 'em, I ask? 'Oo?"

"They *are* a noosance," admitted Snorkey, who had done a little time himself. He was a mere groundling, and persisted in regarding the proceedings as simple conversation, instead of as an oration with pauses at the proper places.

"Nobody wants 'em—nobody as is any good. Then don't 'ave 'em, me frien's—don't 'ave 'em! It all rests with you. Don't 'ave no magistrates, nor p'lice, nor gover'ment, nor parliament, nor monarchy, nor county council, nor nothink. Make a clean sweep of 'em. Blow 'em up. Then you'll 'ave yer rights. The time's comin', I tell you. It's comin', take my word for it. Now you toil an' slave; then everybody'll 'ave to work w'ether 'e likes it or not, and two hours' work a day'll be all you'll 'ave to do."

Old Baker looked a little alarmed, and for a moment paused in his smoking.

"Two hours a day at most, that's all; an' all yer wants provided for, free an' liberal." Some of the group gave a lickerish look across the bar. "No a'thority, no gover'ment, no privilege, an' nothink to interfere. Free contrack between man an' man, subjick to free revision an' change."

"Wot's that?" demanded Jerry Shand, who was the slowest convert.

"Wy, that," Sotcher explained, "means that everybody can make wot arrangements with 'is feller-men 'e likes for to carry on the business of life, but nothink can't bind you. You chuck over the arrangement if it suits best."

"Ah," said Gunno Polson, musingly, rotating his pot horizontally before him to stir the beer; "that 'ud be 'andy sometimes. They call it welshin' now."

The light spread fast and free, and in a few nights the Red Cow group was a very promising little bed of Anarchy. Sotcher was at pains to have it reported at two places west of Tottenham Court Road and at another in Dean Street, Soho, that at last a comrade had secured an excellent footing with a party of the proletariat of East London, hitherto looked on as hopeless material. More: that an early manifestation of activity might be expected in that quarter. Such activity

had been held advisable of late, in view of certain extraditions.

And Sotcher's discourse at the Red Cow turned, lightly and easily, toward the question of explosives. Anybody could make them, he explained; nothing simpler, with care. And here he posed at large in the character of mysterious desperado, the wonder and admiration of all the Red Cow group. They should buy nitric acid, he said, of the strongest sort, and twice as much sulphuric acid. The shops where they sold photographic materials were best and cheapest for these things, and no questions were asked. They should mix the acids, and then add gently, drop by drop, the best glycerine, taking care to keep everything cool. After which the whole lot must be poured into water, to stand for an hour. Then a thick, yellowish, oily stuff would be found to have sunk to the bottom, which must be passed through several pails of water to be cleansed: and there it was, a terrible explosive. You handled it with care and poured it on brick dust or dry sand, or anything of that sort that would soak it up, and then it could be used with safety to the operator.

The group listened with rapt attention, more than one pot stopping halfway on its passage mouthwards. Then Jerry Shand wanted to know if Sotcher had ever blown up anything or anybody himself.

The missionary admitted that that glory had not been his. "I'm one o' the teachers, me frien's — one o' the pioneers that goes to show the way for the active workers like you. I on'y come to explain the principles an' set you in the right road to the social revolution, so as you may get yer rights at last. It's for you to act."

Then he explained that action might be taken in two ways: either individually or by mutual aid in the group. Individual work was much to be preferred, being safer; but a particular undertaking often necessitated cooperation. But that was for the workers to settle as the occasion arose. However, one thing must be remembered. If the group operated, each man must be watchful of the rest; there must be no half-measures, no timorousness; any comrade wavering, temporizing, or behaving in any way suspiciously, must be straightway *suppressed.* There must be no mistake about that. It was desperate and glorious work, and there must be desperate and rapid methods both of striking and guarding. These things

he made clear in his best conspirator's manner: with nods and scowls and a shaken forefinger, as of one accustomed to oversetting empires.

The men of the Red Cow group looked at each other, and spat thoughtfully. Then a comrade asked what had better be blown up first. Sotcher's opinion was that there was most glory in blowing up people, in a crowd or at a theater. But a building was safer, as there was more chance of getting away. Of buildings, a public office was probably to be preferred — something in Whitehall, say. Or a bank — nobody seemed to have tried a bank: he offered the suggestion now. Of course there were not many public buildings in the East End, but possibly the group would like to act in their own neighborhood: it would be a novelty, and would attract notice; the question was one for their own decision, independent freedom of judgment being the right thing in these matters. There were churches, of course, and the factories of the bloated capitalist. Particularly, he might suggest the gas works close by. There was a large gasometer abutting on the street, and probably an explosion there would prove tremendously effective, putting the lights out everywhere, and attracting great attention in the papers. That was glory.

Jerry Shand hazarded a remark about the lives of the men in the gas works; but Sotcher explained that that was a trivial matter. Revolutions were never accomplished without bloodshed, and a few casual lives were not to be weighed in the balance against the glorious consummation of the social upheaval. He repeated his contention, when some weaker comrade spoke of the chance of danger to the operator, and repeated it with a proper scorn of the soft-handed pusillanimity that shrank from danger to life and limb in the cause. Look at the glory, and consider the hundredfold vengeance on the enemy in the day to come! The martyr's crown was his who should die at the post of duty.

His eloquence prevailed: there were murmurs no more. "'Ere, tell us the name of the stuff agin," broke out Gunno Polson, resolutely, feeling for a pencil and paper. "Blimy, I'll make some to-morrer."

He wrote down the name of the ingredients with much spelling. "Thick, yuller, oily stuff, ain't it, wot you make?" he asked.

"Yus — an' keep it cool."

The group broke up, stern and resolute, and Sotcher strode to his home exultant, a man of power.

For the next night or two the enthusiasm at the Red Cow was unbounded. There was no longer any questioning of principles or action — every man was an eager Anarchist — strong and devoted in the cause. The little chemical experiment was going on well, Gunno Polson reported, with confident nods and winks. Sotcher repeated his discourse, as a matter of routine, to maintain the general ardor, which had, however, to endure a temporary check as the result of a delicate inquiry of Snorkey's, as to what funds might be expected from headquarters. For there were no funds, said Sotcher, somewhat surprised at the question.

"Wot?" demanded Jerry Shand, opening his mouth and putting down his pipe: "ain't we goin' to get nothink for all this?"

They would get the glory, Sotcher assured him, and the consciousness of striking a mighty blow at this, and that, and the other; but that was all. And instantly the faces of the group grew long.

"But," said Old Baker, "I thought all you blokes always got somethink from the — the committee?"

There was no committee, and no funds: there was nothing but glory, and victory, and triumph, and the social revolution, and things of that kind. For a little, the comrades looked at each other awkwardly, but they soon regained their cheerfulness, with zeal no whit abated. The sitting closed with promises of an early gathering for the next night.

But when the next night came Sotcher was later than usual. "'Ullo," shouted Gunno Polson, as he entered, "'ere you are at last. We've 'ad to do important business without you. See," he added in a lower tone, "'ere's the stuff!" And he produced an old physic bottle nearly full of a thick, yellowish fluid.

Sotcher started back half a pace, and slightly paled. "Don't shake it," he whispered hoarsely. "Don't shake it, for Gawd's sake! . . . Wot — wotjer bring it 'ere for, like that? It's — it's awful stuff, blimy." He looked uneasily about the group, and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. "I — I thought you'd git the job over soon as the stuff was ready. . . . 'Ere, my Gawd!" he squeaked under his breath,

"don't put it down'ard on the table like that. It's sich—sich awful stuff." He wiped his forehead again, and, still standing, glanced once more apprehensively round the circle of impassive faces. Then, after a pause, he asked, with an effort, "Wot—wotjer goin' to do now?"

"Blow up the bleed'n' gas works, o' course," answered Gunno Polson, complacently. "'Ere's a penn'orth o' silver sand, an' a 'bacca canister, an' some wire, an' a big cracker with a long touch-paper, so as to stick out o' the canister lid. That ought to set it auf, oughtn't it? 'Ere, you pour the stuff over the sand, doncher?" And he pulled out the cork and made ready to mix.

"'Old on—'old on—don't! Wait a bit, for Gawd's sake!" cried Sotcher, in a sweat of terror. "You—you dunno wot awful stuff it is—s'elp me, you don't! You—you'll blow us all up if you don't keep it still. Y—you'll want some—other things. I'll go an'——"

But Jerry Shand stood grimly against the door. "This 'ere conspiracy'll 'ave to be gawn through proper," he said. "We can't 'ave no waverers nor blokes wot want to clear out in the middle of it, and p'r'aps go an' tell the p'lice. Them sort we 'as to *suppress*, see? There's all the stuff there, me lad, an' you know it. Wot's more, it's you as is got to put it up agin the gas works an' set it auf."

The hapless Sotcher turned a yellower pallor and asked faintly, "Me? Wy me?"

"All done reg'lar and proper," Jerry replied, "'fore you come. We voted it—by ballot, all square. If you'd 'a' come earlier you'd 'a' 'ad a vote yerself."

Sotcher pushed at Jerry's shoulder despairingly. "I won't, I won't!" he gasped. 'Lemme go—it ain't fair—I wasn't 'ere—lemme go!"

"None o' yer shovin', young man," said Jerry, severely. "None o' yer shovin', else I'll 'ave to punch you on the jore. You're a bleed'n' nice conspirator, you are. It's pretty plain we can't depend on you, an' you know wot that means—eh! Doncher? You're one o' the sort as 'as to be suppressed, that's wot it means. 'Ere, 'ave a drink o' this 'ere beer, an' see if that can't put a little 'art in ye. You got to do it, so you may as well do it cheerful. Snorkey, give 'im a drink."

But the wretched revolutionary would not drink. He sank in a corner—the furthest from the table where Gunno Polson

was packing his dreadful canister — a picture of stupefied affright.

Presently he thought of the bar — a mere yard of counter in an angle of the room, with a screen standing above it — and conceived a wild notion of escape by scrambling over. But scarce had he risen ere the watchful Jerry divined his purpose.

"'Old 'im, Snorkey," he said. "Keep 'im in the corner. An' if 'e won't drink that beer, pour it over 'is 'ead."

Snorkey obeyed gravely and conscientiously, and the bedraggled Sotcher, cowed from protest, whined and sobbed desolately.

When all was ready, Jerry Shand said: "I s'pose it's no good askin' you to do it willin', like a man?"

"Oh, let me go, I — I ain't well — s'elp me, I ain't. I — I might do it wrong — an' — an' — I'm a — a teacher — a speaker; not the active branch, s'elp me. Put it auf — for to-night — wait till to-morrer. I ain't well an' — an' you're very 'ard on me!"

"Desp'rit work, desp'rit ways," Jerry replied laconically. "You're be'avin' very suspicious, an' you're rebellin' agin the orders o' the group. There's only one physic for that, ain't there, in the rules? You're got to be suppressed. Question is 'ow. We'll 'ave to kill 'im quiet somehow," he proceeded, turning to the group. "Quiet an' quick. It's my belief 'e's spyin' for the p'lice, an' wants to git out to split on us. Question is 'ow to do for 'im?"

Sotcher rose, a staring specter. He opened his mouth to call, but there came forth from it only a dry murmur. Hands were across his mouth at once, and he was forced back into the corner. One suggested a clasp knife at the throat, another a stick in his neckerchief, twisted to throttling point. But in the end it was settled that it would be simpler, and would better destroy all traces, to dispatch him in the explosion — to tie him to the canister, in fact.

A convulsive movement under the men's hands decided them to throw more beer on Sotcher's face, for he seemed to be fainting. Then his pockets were invaded by Gunno Polson, who turned out each in succession. "You won't 'ave no use for money where you're goin'," he observed callously; "besides, it 'ud be blowed to bits an' no use to nobody. Look at the bloke at Greenwich, 'ow 'is things was blowed away. 'Ullo! 'ere's two 'arf-crowns an' some tanners. Seven an' thrippence

altogether, with the browns. This is the bloke wot 'adn't got no funds. This'll be divided on free an' equal principles to 'elp pay for that beer you've wasted. 'Old up, ol' man! Think o' the glory. P'r'aps you're all right, but it's best to be on the safe side, an' dead blokes can't split to the coppers. An' you mustn't forget the glory. You 'ave to shed blood in a revolution, an' a few odd lives more or less don't matter — not a single damn. Keep your eye on the bleed'n' glory! They'll 'ave photos of you in the papers, all the broken bits in a 'eap, facsimiliar as found on the spot. Wot a comfort that'll be!"

But the doomed creature was oblivious — prostrate — a swooning heap. They ran a piece of clothesline under his elbows, and pulled them together tight. They then hobbled his ankles, and took him among them through the alley and down the quiet street, singing and shouting their loudest as they went, in case he might sufficiently recover his powers to call for help. But he did not, and there in the shadow, at the foot of the great gasometer, they flung him down with a parting kick and a barbarous knock on the head, to keep him quiet for those few necessary moments. Then the murderous canister, bound with wire, was put in place; the extruding touch-paper was set going with a match; and the Red Cow Anarchists disappeared at a run, leaving their victim to his fate. Presently the policeman on that beat heard a sudden report from the neighborhood of the gas works, and ran to see what it might mean.

The next morning Alfred Sotcher was charged at the Thames Police Court as a drunk and incapable. He had been found in a helpless state near the gas works, and appeared to have been tied at the elbows and ankles by mischievous boys, who had also, it seemed, ignited a cracker near by where he lay. The divisional surgeon stated that he was called to the prisoner, and found him tearful and incoherent, and smelling strongly of drink. He complained of having been assaulted in a public house, but could give no intelligible account of himself. A canister found by his side appeared to contain a mixture of sand and castor oil, but prisoner could not explain how it came there. The magistrate fined him five shillings, with the alternative of seven days, and as he had no money he was removed to the cells.

A DRAFT ON THE BANK OF SPAIN.[1]

By S. WEIR MITCHELL.

[Silas Weir Mitchell, an American physician and author, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15, 1829, the son of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Medical College. He is noted for his researches on toxicology and neurology, and as a novelist and poet occupies a prominent position among American authors. His chief works are: "Hephzibah Guinness, and Other Stories" (1880); "In War Time" (1884); "Characteristics" (1893); "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" (1897), a story of the American Revolution; "The Adventures of François" (1898), a tale of the Terror; besides several volumes of verse. His professional writings include: "Researches upon the Venom of the Rattlesnake," "Injuries of the Nerves," and "Fat and Blood."]

Not many of us would be eager to live our lives over again if the gift of a new life were possible; but when I think upon the goodness and grace and love that have these many years gone side by side with mine, I doubt a little as to how I should decide. Indeed, were God to give it me to turn anew the stained and dog-eared pages of the life book, it would not be for the joy of labor, or to see again the marvels of growth in knowledge, that I should so yearn as for the great riches of love which have made for me its text and margins beautiful with the colors of heaven. And so, when I recall this life, and its sorrows and adventures and successes, with every memory comes to me first of all the tender commentary of that delightful face; and I rejoice with a sudden following of fear as I turn to see it again, and once more to wonder at the calm of sweet and thoughtful gravity which the generous years have added to its abundant wealth of motherly and gracious beauty.

It is a little story of this matron and myself which I find it pleasant to tell you; chiefly, I suppose, because it lets me talk of her and her ways and doings,—a very simple story, with nothing in the least startling or strange, but so cheerful and grateful to me to think over that I cannot but hope you too may get good cheer from it, and like her a little, and find interest in my old friend the clockmaker and his boy, and haply come at last to believe that you would be pleased to smoke a pipe with me, and to give me too of such love as you have to spare; which, I take it, is for a man to get from man or woman the most desirable of earthly things.

We had been married a twelvemonth, I think, and were coming on in years, she being eighteen, and I — well, somewhat older, of course. From among gentle and kindly folks, long and steadily rooted in the soil of one of our oldest Dutch towns in Middle Pennsylvania, we had come, with good courage and great store of hopes, to seek our fortunes in the Quaker City, whose overgrown-village ways always seem to the stranger from the country so much more homelike than the bullying bustle of its greater sister.

I smile now when I think what very young and trustful people we were, May and I, and how full of knowledge we thought ourselves of men and things. I had been bred an engineer, and when I married May was a draughtsman in a great manufactory, with just enough of an income to make our marriage what most folks would call unwise,—an opinion in which, perhaps, I might join them, were it not that so many of these reckless unions, in which there is only a great estate of love, have seemed to me in the end to turn out so well.

Away from broad fields, and laden barns, and my father's great farmhouse, and plenty, and space, we came to grope about for a home among strangers, with at least a hope that somewhere in the city we should find a little of what my wife's old father, the schoolmaster, used to call "homesomeness." With great comfort in our mutual love, we found for a long while no abiding place which seemed to us pleasant, until at last a happy chance brought us to lodge within the walls which for some two years of our young married life were all to us that we could ask.

It chanced one day that I had to have a watch mended, and for this purpose walked into a shop in one of the older streets, — a place altogether deserted by the rich, and not fully seized upon by trade. There were many great warerooms and huge storehouses, with here and there between them an old house built of red and glazed black brick, with small windows full of little gnarled glasses, and above them a hipped roof. Some of these houses had at that time half-doors, and on the lower half of one of these was leaning a man somewhat past middle life. The window cases on either side were full of watches, and over them was a gilded quadrant and the name F. WILLOW. As I drew near, the owner — for he it was — let me in, and when I gave him my watch, took it without a word, pushed his large spectacles down over two great gray eyebrows on to eyes as gray,

and began to open and pore over the timepiece in a rapt and musing way.

At last said I, "Well?"

"In a week," said he.

"A week!" said I; "but how am I to get on for a week without it?"

"Just so!" he returned. "Sit down while I look at it, or come back in half an hour."

"I will wait," said I.

Without further words he turned to his seat, screwed into his eye one of those queer black-rimmed lenses which clockmakers use, and began to peer into the works of my sick watch. In the mean while I amused myself by strolling between the little counters, and gravely studying the man and his belongings, for both were worthy of regard. A man of fifty-five, I should say,—upright, despite his trade,—gray of beard and head,—with an eagle nose and large white teeth. Altogether a face full of power, and, as I learned, of sweetness, when I came to know better its rare smile. The head was carried proudly on a frame meant by Nature to have been the envy of an athlete, but now just touched with the sad shadows of fading strength. Wondering a little at the waste of such a frame in so petty a toil, I began to hear, as one does by degrees, the intrusive ticking of the many clocks and watches which surrounded me. First I heard a great tick, then a lesser, then by and by more ticks, so as at last quite to call my attention from their owner. There were many watches, and, if I remember well, at least a dozen clocks. In front of me was a huge old mahogany case, with a metal face, and a ruddy moon peering over it, while a shorter and more ancient timepiece with a solemn cluck, for which at last I waited nervously, was curious enough to make me look at it narrowly. On the top sat a neatly carved figure of Time holding in both hands an hour-glass, through which the last grains were slowly dropping. Suddenly there was a whirring noise in the clock, and the figure grimly turned the hour glass in its hands, so that it began to run again. The sand was full of bits of bright metal,—gold, perhaps,—and the effect was pretty, although the figure, which was cleverly carved, had a quaint look of sadness, such as I could almost fancy growing deeper as he shifted the glass anew.

"He hath a weary time of it," said a full, strong voice,

which startled me, who had not seen the clockmaker until, tall as his greatest clock, he stood beside me.

"I was thinking that, or some such like thought," said I, but feeling that the man spoke for himself as well as for his puppet. "I wonder does time seem longer to those who make and watch its measurers all day long?"

"My lad," said he, laying two large white hands on my shoulders with a grave smile and a look which somehow took away all offense from a movement so familiar as to seem odd in a stranger,—"my lad, I fancy most clockmakers are too busy with turning the dollar to care for or feel the moral of their ticking clocks." Then he paused and added sadly, "You are young to moralize about time, but were you lonely and friendless you would find strange company in the endless ticking of these companions of mine."

With a boy's freedom and sympathy I said quickly, "But is any one—are you—*quite* lonely and friendless?"

"I did not say so," he returned abruptly; but he added, looking around him, "I have certainly more clocks than friends."

"Well, after all," said I, "Mr. Willow, what is a clock but a friend, with the power to do you one service, and no more?"

"I think," said he, "I have seen friends who lacked even that virtue, but this special little friend of yours needs regulation; its conscience is bad. Perhaps you will be so kind as to call in a week; it will take fully that long."

I went out amused and pleased with the man's oddness, and feeling also the charm of a manner which I have never since seen equaled. As I passed the doorway I saw tacked to it a notice of rooms to let. I turned back. "You have rooms to let. Might I see them?"

"If it please you, yes," he said. "The paper has been up a year, and you are the first to ask about it. You will not wish to live long in this gloomy place, even," he added, "if I should want you."

Then he locked the shop door and led me up a little side stair to the second story, and into two rooms,—the one looking out on the street, and the other on a square bit of high-walled garden, so full of roses—for now it was June—that I quite wondered to find how beautiful it was, and how sweet was the breeze which sauntered in through the open casement.

"Pardon me," said I, "but did you plant all these?"

"Yes," he said. "My boy and I took up the pavement and

put in some earth, and made them thrive, as," he added, "all things thrive for him,—pets or flowers, all alike."

I turned away, feeling how quaint and fresh to me was this life made up of clocks and roses. The rooms also pleased me, the rent being lower than we were paying; and so, after a glance at the furniture, which was old but neat, and observing the decent cleanliness of the place, I said, "Have you any other lodgers?"

"Two more clocks on the stairway," he replied, smiling.

"My wife won't mind them or their ticking," I said. "I am always away until afternoon, and perhaps she may find them companionable, as you do!"

"Wife!" he said hastily. "I shall have to see her."

"All right!" said I.

"No children?" he added.

"No," said I.

"Humph! Perhaps I am sorry. They beat clocks all to pieces for company, as my boy says."

"Only my wife and I, sir. If you do not object, I will bring her to look at the rooms to-morrow."

As I turned to leave, I noticed over the chimney place a tinted coat of arms, rather worn and shabby. Beneath it was the name "Tressilian," and above it hung a heavy saber.

As I walked away I mused with a young man's sense of romance over the man and his trade, and the history which lay in his past life,—a history I never knew, but which to this day still excites my good wife's curiosity, when we talk, as we often do, of the clocks and the roses.

I shall never forget the delight that my little lady found in our new home, to which we soon after moved. It was a warm summer afternoon, as I well remember. The watchmaker and his boy, whom I had not yet seen, were out, and the house was in charge of a stout colored dame, who was called Phœbe, and who was never without a "misery" in her head.

My May followed our trunks upstairs, and went in and out, and wondered at the coat of arms and the saber; and at last, seeing the roses, was downstairs and out among them in a moment. I went after her, and saw, with the constant joy her pleasures bring to me, how she flitted like a bee to and fro, pausing to catch at each blossom a fresh perfume, and shaking the petals in a rosy rain behind her as her dress caught the brambles.

"May," said I at last, "you have demolished a thousand roses. What will their owner say? Look! there is Mr. Willow now."

Then, like a guilty thing, caught in her innocent mood of joy and mischief, she paused with glowing cheeks, and looked up at the window of our room, whence Mr. Willow was watching her, with the lad beside him. "Oh, what a scamp I am, Harry!" said she, and in a moment had plucked a moss-rose bud, and was away upstairs with it.

When I reached the room she was making all sorts of little earnest excuses to the watchmaker. "But I have spoilt your rose harvest," she said. "Will you let me give you this *one?*" and as I entered the man was bending down in a way which seemed to me gracious and even courtly, a moisture in his eyes as she laughingly pinned the bud to the lapel of his threadbare coat.

"Well, well!" he said. "It is many and many a day since a woman's hand did that for me. We must make you free of our roses,—that is, if Arthur likes."

The lad at this said gravely, "It would give me the greatest pleasure, madam."

It was early agreed that the clockmaker, his son, and ourselves should take meals in common in our little back room, which, under my wife's hands, soon came to look cheerful enough. By and by she quietly took control of the housekeeping also, and with Phœbe's aid surprised us with the ease in which we soon began to live. But as to the roses, if they had thriven in the care of Arthur and his father, they now rioted, if roses can riot, in luxury of growth over wall and trellis, and, despite unending daily tributes to make lovely our table and chamber, grew as if to get up to her window was their sole object in life. I have said those were happy days, and I doubt not that for others than ourselves they were also delightful. Often in the afternoon when coming back from my work, I would peep into the shop to see the watchmaker busy with his tools, the lad reading aloud, and my wife listening, seated with her needlework between the counters. Often I have stayed quiet a moment to hear them, as the lad, perched on a high stool, would sit with a finger in his book, making shrewd comments full of a strange thoughtfulness, until the watchmaker, turning, would listen well pleased, or May would find her delight in urging the two to fierce battle of argument, her eyes twin-

kling with mischief as she set about giving some absurd decision, while the clocks big and little ticked solemnly, and the watches from far corners made faint echoes. Or perhaps, in the midst of their chat, all the clocks would begin to strike the hour, and on a sudden the watchmaker would start up from his seat and stride toward some delinquent a little late in its task, and savagely twist its entrails a bit, and then back to his seat, comforted for a time. My May had all sorts of queer beliefs about these clocks and their master, and delighted to push the hands a little back or forward, until poor Willow was in despair. One hapless bit of brass and iron, which was always five minutes late in striking, she called the foolish virgin, and at last carried off to her room, explaining that it was so nice to get up five minutes late, and the clock would help her to do it; with other such pleasant sillinesses as might have been looked for from a young person who kept company with idle roses and the like. . . .

I used to think our happiest days were the bright Sundays in the fall of the last year of our long stay with the Willows. We had taken up the habit of going to the Swedes' Church, which in fact was the nearest to our house, and surely of all the homes of prayer the quaintest and most ancient in the city. Always when the afternoon service was over we used to wander a little about the well-filled churchyard and read the inscription on Wilson's grave, and wonder, with our boy friend, who knew well his story, if the many birds which haunted the place came here to do him honor. Pleasant it was also to make our way homeward among old houses long left by the rich, and at last to find ourselves sauntering slowly up the wharves, quietest of all the highways on Sunday, with their ships and steamers and laden market boats jostling one another at their moorings, like boys at church, as if weary of the unaccustomed stillness. Then, when the day was over, we were in the habit of sitting in the open doorway of the shop watching the neatly dressed Sunday folk, lulled by the quiet of the hour and the busy, monotonous ticking of the little army of clocks behind us, while my wife filled our pipes, and the talk, gay or grave, rose and fell.

On such an early October evening came to us the first break in the tranquil sameness of our lives. We had enjoyed the evening quiet, and had just left the garden and gone into the shop, where Mr. Willow had certain work to do, which perhaps was made lighter by our careless chat. By and by, as the night

fell, one or two sea captains called in with their chronometers, that they might be set in order by the clockmaker. Then the lad put up and barred the old-fashioned shutters, and coming back settled himself into a corner with a torn volume of "Gulliver's Travels," over which now and then he broke out into great joy of laughter, which was not to be stilled until he had read us a passage or two, whilst between times my wife's knitting needles clicked an irregular reply to the ticking clocks, and I sat musing and smoking, a little tired by a long day's work.

At last the watchmaker paused from his task and called us to look at it. It was some kind of registering instrument for the Coast Survey,—a patent on which he greatly prided himself. Seven or eight pendulums were arranged in such a manner that their number corrected the single error of each escapement. Further I do not remember, but only recall how we marveled at the beautiful steadiness of the movement, and how my wife clapped her hands joyously at the happy end of so much toil and thought.

"It is done," said the watchmaker, rising. "Let us look how the night goes;" for it was a constant custom with him always before going to bed to stand at the door for a little while and look up at the heavens. He said it was to see what the weather would be, a matter in which he greatly concerned himself, keeping a pet thermometer in the garden, and noting day by day its eccentricities with an interest which no one but my wife ever made believe to share. I followed him to the open door, where he stood leaning against the side post, looking steadily up at the sky. The air was crisp and cool, and overhead, thick as snowflakes, the stars twinkled as if they were keeping time to the ticking clocks. Presently my wife came out, and laying a hand on his arm stood beside us and drank in the delicious calm of the autumn night, while the lad fidgeted under his elbow between them, and got his share of the starlight and the quiet.

"It seems hard to think they are all moving forever and ever," said the boy. "I wonder if they are wound up as often as your clocks, father?"

"It is only a great clock, after all," said Willow, "and must stop some of these days, I suppose. Did ever you think of that, little Summer?"

"Will last our time," said my wife.

"Your time!" returned the clockmaker. "Your time is forever, little woman: you may live in the days not of this world to see the old wonder of it all fade out and perish."

Just then a man stopped in front of us and said, "Does Mr. Willow live here?"

"Yes," said I; and as he came toward us we naturally gave way, thinking him some belated customer, and he entered the lighted shop.

Then Willow turned again, and the two men came face to face. The stranger was a man of great height, but spare and delicate. He leaned on a gold-headed cane somewhat feebly, and seemed to me a person of great age. What struck me most, however, was the ease and grace of his bearing and a certain elegance of dress and manner. The moment Willow set eyes on him he staggered back, reeled a moment, and, catching at a chair, fell against the tall clock over which he had set the figure of Time. "What has brought you here?" he cried hoarsely.

"My son, my boy," said the elder man, in a voice shaken by its passion of tenderness. "Can you never, never forget?"

"Forget!" said the other. "I had almost come to that, but, remembering anew, how can I ever forgive? Go!" he cried fiercely, darting forward on a sudden and opening the door. "Go, before the madness comes upon me. Go, go before I curse you." Then he reeled again, and growing white, fell into a chair, and as if choked with emotion, stayed, rigidly pointing to the door.

Then my wife ran forward. "Leave us," she said, "whoever you are. You see how ill he is. You can do no good here. Come again if you will, but go away now."

The stranger hesitated and looked in bewilderment from one to another, while the lad, till then silent, opened the door wider and said gently, "Will it please you to go, grandfather?"

"My boy—his boy!" exclaimed the newcomer, patting his curly head. "Now am I indeed punished," he added, for the lad shrank back with a look of horror quite strange on a face so young, and, suddenly covering his face with both hands, the elder man went by him and passed out into the street without a word. Then the boy hastily shut the door, and we turned to Willow, who had fallen in something like a swoon from his chair. Silently or with whispers we gathered about him, while

my wife brought a pillow and some water and gave him to drink. At last we got him upstairs to our own room, where for some days he lay in a state of feebleness which seemed to me very strange in one so vigorous but a little while before. On the next morning after his attack he showed some uneasiness, and at length was able to bid us take down the painted arms over the fireplace and hide them away; but beyond this he gave no sign of what he had passed through, and by slow degrees got back again very nearly his wonted habits and mode of life.

I need scarcely say that so strange an event could hardly take place in our little household without awakening the curiosity of two people as young and romantic as May and I. Indeed, I greatly fear that the little lady so far yielded to the impulses of her sex as even to question young Willow in a roundabout way; but the lad was plainly enough schooled to silence, and you had only to look at his square, strongly built chin to learn how hopeless it would be to urge him when once his mind was made up. He only smiled and put the question by as a man would have done, and before us at least neither father nor son spoke of it again during the next month.

The pleasant hazy November days came and went, and one evening on my return home I learned that Mr. Willow had suffered from a second attack of faintness, and from my wife I heard that the lad had let fall that his grandfather had called once more, and that the two men had had another brief and bitter meeting. The following morning, as I went to my work, I saw the stranger walking to and fro on the far side of the street. Nothing could be more pitiable than his whole look and bearing, because nothing is sadder to see than a man of gentle breeding so worn with some great sorrow as to have become shabby from mere neglect of himself. He peered across the street, looked up at the windows and at the shop, and at last walked feebly away, with now and then a wistful look back again,—such a look as I saw once in my life in the great eyes of a huge watchdog whom we left on the prairie beside the lonely grave of his master.

From this time onward, all through a severe winter, he haunted the neighborhood, once again, and only once, venturing to speak to the clockmaker, to whom his constant presence where he could hardly fail to see him at times became a torture which was plainly wearing his life away. Twice also he spoke

to the boy, and once urged him to take a little package which we supposed might have been money. At last my anxiety became so great that I spoke to him myself, but was met so coldly, although with much courtesy, that I felt little inclined to make the same attempt again.

I learned with no great trouble that he lived quietly during this winter at one of our greater hotels, that he seemed to be a man of ample means, and that his name was Tressilian, but beyond this I knew no more. He came, at last, to be a well-known figure in our neighborhood, as he wandered sadly about among rough porters and draymen and the busy bustle of trade. His visits to our house, and his questions about Mr. Willow, were added sources of annoyance to the latter, who rarely failed to look gloomily up and down the street, to make sure of his absence, before he ventured out of doors.

Under this system of watching and worry, Mr. Willow's attacks grew at last more frequent, and as the spring came on my good wife became, as she said, worked up to that degree that she at last made up her feminine mind; and so one fine morning sallied out and had her own talk with the cause of our troubles.

I think the good little woman had determined to try if she could reconcile the father and son. She came to me in the evening a good deal crestfallen, and with very little of the blessedness of the peacemaker in her face. While Mr. Willow was out she had sent his son, who was keeping guard in the shop, on an errand, and had then actually brought the stranger into the house, where, refusing to sit down, he had wandered to and fro, talking half coherently at times, and at last urging her to induce his son to speak with him once more. As to their cause of quarrel he was silent. "A lonely, sad old man," said my wife. He said he would kneel to his boy, if that would do good, but to go away, to go away and leave him, that he could not do,—that he would not do. God would bless her, he was sure; and might he kiss her hand? and so went away at last sorrow-stricken, but willful to keep to his purpose.

Perhaps my wife's talk may have had its effect, because for a month or two he was absent. Then he came and asked at the door for Willow, who was out, and for a while haunted the street, until late in the spring, when we saw him no longer.

Meanwhile, Willow had become more feeble, and a new trouble had come to our own modest door.

"What good will sleeping on it do?" I replied. "Do you expect to dream a fortune?"

"I have dreamed a good many," she said, "in my time, and all for you, you ungrateful fellow. Now suppose ——"

"Well, suppose what?" said I, crossly.

"Suppose," she returned,—"suppose we two laugh a little."

That woman would have laughed at anything or with anybody.

"I can't laugh, May," said I. "We are in a rather serious scrape, I assure you."

"Scrape!" said she. "Old age is a scrape, but at twenty-two all the good things of time are before us; and—and God, my darling, has he not been very, very good to us two sparrows?"

"But, May," said I, "it is not myself I think of; it is——"

"Me, I suppose,—me. Do you know how rich I am, Harry? It seems to me I never can be poor. There's, first, your love,—that is twenty thousand dollars; then there is that dear old bearded face of yours,—that is ten thousand more; then there is all the rest of you,—that's ever so much more; and then there are my Spanish castles——"

"May, May," said I, "if castles in Spain would aid us, I would gladly enough help you to build them; but for my part——"

"For my part," she broke in, "castles in Spain do help me. They help me to get over the shock of this horrid bother, and to gain a little time to steady myself. Indeed, I think if I were to draw a big check on the Rothschilds at this very moment, it would ease me a bit. It would ease me, you see, even if they did not pay it."

"May, May!" said I, reproachfully.

"Now, Harry," she cried, laughing, "I must laugh and have my nonsense out. I can't cry, even for you. Let us go out and have a good long walk, and to-morrow talk over this trouble. We shall live to smile at the fuss we have made about it. So, change your coat and come with me; I was just dressed to go out to meet you."

"Well, May," I said, "if only——"

"If!—fiddlesticks!" she cried, putting her hand over my mouth and pushing me away. "Hurry, or we shall be late."

I don't often resist the little lady, and so I went as she bade me, and by and by coming back, there was May laughing and

making absurdly merry over a bit of paper on the desk before her. I leaned over her shoulder and said, "What is it, sweetheart?"

"Riches," said she.

"Nonsense!" said I.

"What a relapse!" cried the wifey. "So you despise gold, do you? See what I have been doing for you while you have been idling in the next room."

"What is it?" said I, laughing, for not to laugh when she laughed was simply out of the question.

She gave me the paper, and I read just this pretty stuff: —

The Bank of Spain, please pay to Bearer (who, the benevolent bank should know, is out of place and out of humor, and owes money not of Spain) One Thousand Dollars.

$1000. THE BEST OF WIVES.

We left the order and the wretched letter on the desk, and went merrily downstairs, full once more of hope and faith, comforted somehow by so little a thing as this jest of hers. I made, as I remember, a feeble effort to plunge anew into my griefs, but May rattled on so cheerfully, and the laugh and the smile were so honest and wholesome, that good humor could no more fail to grow in their company than a rose refuse to prosper in the warm sweet suns of June. . . .

We were great walkers in those days; and as we walked and the houses and poor suburbs were left behind, and we gained the open roads which run wildly crooked across the Neck, it was pleasant to feel that we had escaped from the tyranny of right angles. It was the first time we had gone south of the city, and we found there, as you may find to-day, the only landscape near us which has in it something quite its own, and which is not elsewhere to be seen near to any great city in all our broad country. It has helped me to one or two landscapes by Dutch artists, which will fetch a great price if ever my heirs shall sell the Spanish castle. . . .

It was long after dark when we reached home. As we went up the side stair which opened on the street by a door of its own, I put my head into the shop and bade Mr. Willow good night. He was seated at his bench studying the strange swing of the many pendulums of his new instrument, but in place of the pleased look which the view of his completed task

usually brought upon his face, it was sad and weary, and he merely turned his head a moment to answer my salute. On the stairs we met Phœbe, who was greatly troubled, and told us that a little while before dusk, Mr. Willow and his son being out, the stranger had called, and asking for my wife, — for the little lady, as he called her, — had pushed by the maid and gone upstairs, saying that he would wait to see her. Phœbe, alarmed at his wild manner, had kept watch at our door until her master came back. Then she had heard in our room, where the son and father met, fierce and angry words, after which the old man had gone away and the clockmaker had retired to his shop. All that evening we sat in the darkness of our room alone, thinking it best not to disturb Mr. Willow and his lad, who were by themselves in the shop. About ten the boy came up, bade us a good night, and soon after we ourselves went, somewhat tired, to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and as usual we slept rather later than common. After dressing I went into the back room, and, throwing up the window, stood still to breathe the freshness of the time. The pigeons were coquetting on the opposite gables and house tops, and below me, in the garden, the rare breezes which had lost their way in the city were swinging the roses and jessamines like censers, till their mingled odors made rich the morning air.

Suddenly I heard a cry of surprise, and turning, saw my May, prettier and fresher than any roses in her neat white morning dress. Her face was full of wonder, and she held in her hands the papers we had left on the table the night before.

"What is it now, May?" said I.

"Look!" she said, holding up her draft on the Bank of Spain.

Beneath it was written, in a bold and flowing hand, "Paid by the Bank of Spain," and pinned fast to the paper was a bank note for — I could hardly credit my eyes — one thousand dollars. We looked at one another for a moment, speechless. Then May burst into tears and laid her head on my shoulder. I cannot understand why she cried, but that was just what this odd little woman did. She cried and laughed by turns, and would not be stilled, saying, "Oh, Harry, don't you see I was right? God has been good to us this Sabbath morning."

At last I took her in my arms and tried to make her see that the money was not ours, but then the little lady was out-

raged. She called Phœbe, and questioned her and young Willow in vain. Neither knew anything of the matter, and my own notion as to its having been a freak of the English stranger she utterly refused to listen to.

It was vast wealth to us needy young people, this thousand dollars, and as it lay there on the table it seemed to me at times unreal, or as if it might be the dreamed fulfillment of a dream, soon to vanish and be gone. My wife must also have had some such fancy, for she was all the time running back and forward, now handling the note, and now turning to cry out her gratitude and thankfulness upon my breast.

To this day we know not whence it came, but as Willow's father was plainly a man of wealth, and as he had spoken in words of strong feeling to my wife of the little service she had tried to render him, I came at last to believe that the gift was his. At all events, we heard no more of the giver, whoever he may have been. I trust that he has been the better and happier for all the kind and pleasant things my wife has said of him, and for the earnest prayers she said that night.

While we were still talking of the strange gift, young Willow suddenly returned, and, after waiting a moment, found a chance to tell us that his father's room was empty, and to ask if we knew where he could be. I felt at once a sense of alarm, and ran upstairs and into Mr. Willow's chamber. The bed [illegible] in. Then I went hastily down to the shop, followed by my [illegible]. On opening the door the first thing which struck me was th[illegible] were silent, and I missed their accustomed ticking. Th[illegible] they had not been wound up on Saturday night, as was [illegible] clockmaker's habit. I turned to his workbench. He was seated in front of it, his head on his hands, watching the pendulums of his machine, which were swinging merrily. "Mr. Willow," said I, placing a hand on his shoulder, "are you sick?" He made no answer.

"Why doesn't he speak?" said May, with a scared face.

"He will never speak again, my darling," I replied. "He is dead!"

THE DRAGON IN HIS DEN.[1]

BY OWEN WISTER.

(From "The Dragon of Wantley.")

[OWEN WISTER: American writer of short stories, born in 1860. He is best known from his magazine stories of the far West. He has caught the spirit of cowboy life more nearly than any other author. His books are "The New Swiss Family Robinson," and "The Dragon of Wantley."]

AROUND the sullen towers of Oyster-le-Main the snow was falling steadily. It was slowly banking up in the deep sills of the windows, and Hubert the Sacristan had given up sweeping the steps. Patches of it, that had collected on the top of the great bell as the slanting draughts blew it in through the belfry window, slid down from time to time among the birds which had nestled for shelter in the beams below. From the heavy main outer gates, the country spread in a white unbroken sheet to the woods. Twice, perhaps, through the morning had wayfarers toiled by along the nearly obliterated highroad.

"Good luck to the holy men!" each had said to himself as he looked at the chill and austere walls of the Monastery. "Good luck! and I hope that within there they may be warmer than I am." Then I think it very likely that as he walked on, blowing the fingers of the hand that held his staff, he thought of his fireside and his wife, and blessed Providence for not making him pious enough to be a monk and a bachelor.

This is what was doing in the world outside. Now inside the stone walls of Oyster-le-Main, whose grim solidity spoke of narrow cells and of pious knees continually bent in prayer, not a monk paced the corridors, and not a step could be heard above or below in the staircase that wound up through the round towers. Silence was everywhere, save that from a remote quarter of the Monastery came a faint sound of music. Upon such a time as Christmas Eve, it might well be that carols in plenty would be sung or studied by the saintly men. But this sounded like no carol. At times the humming murmur of the storm drowned the measure, whatever it was, and again it came along the dark, cold entries, clearer than before. Away in a

long vaulted room, whose only approach was a passage in the thickness of the walls, safe from the intrusion of the curious, a company is sitting round a cavernous chimney, where roars and crackles a great blazing heap of logs. Surely, for a monkish song, their melody is most odd; yet monks they are, for all are clothed in gray, like Father Anselm, and a rope round the waist of each. But what can possibly be in that huge silver rundlet into which they plunge their goblets so often? The song grows louder than ever.

We are the monks of Oyster-le-Main,
Hooded and gowned as fools may see;
Hooded and gowned though we monks be,
Is that a reason we should abstain
From cups of the gamesome Burgundie?

Though our garments make it plain
That we are monks of Oyster-le-Main,
That is no reason we should abstain
From cups of the gamesome Burgundie.

"I'm sweating hot," says one. "How for disrobing, brothers? No danger on such a day as this, foul luck to the snow!"

Which you see was coarse and vulgar language for any one to be heard to use, and particularly so for a godly celibate. But the words were scarce said when off fly those monks' hoods, and the waist ropes rattle as they fall on the floor, and the gray gowns drop down and are kicked away.

Every man jack of them is in black armor, with a long sword buckled to his side.

"Long cheer to the Guild of Go-as-you-Please!" they shouted hoarsely, and dashed their drinking horns on the board. Then filled them again.

"Give us a song, Hubert," said one. "The day's a dull one out in the world."

"Wait awhile," replied Hubert, whose nose was hidden in his cup; "this new Wantley tipple is a vastly comfortable brew. What d'ye call the stuff?"

"Malvoisie, thou oaf!" said another; "and of a delicacy many degrees above thy bumpkin palate. Leave profaning it, therefore, and to thy refrain without more ado."

"Most unctuous sir," replied Hubert, "in demanding me

this favor, you seem forgetful that the juice of Pleasure is sweeter than the milk of Human Kindness. I'll not sing to give thee an opportunity to outnumber me in thy cups."

And he filled and instantly emptied another sound bumper of the Malvoisie, lurching slightly as he did so. "Health!" he added, preparing to swallow the next.

"A murrain on such pagan thirst!" exclaimed he who had been toasted, snatching the cup away. "Art thou altogether unslakable! Is thy belly a limekiln? Nay, shalt taste not a single drop more, Hubert, till we have a stave. Come, tune up, man!"

"Give me but leave to hold the empty vessel, then," the singer pleaded, falling on one knee in mock supplication.

"Accorded, thou sot!" laughed the other. "Carol away, now!"

They fell into silence, each replenishing his drinking horn. The snow beat soft against the window, and from outside, far above them, sounded the melancholy note of the bell ringing in the hour for meditation.

So Hubert began:—

When the sable veil of night
  Over hill and glen is spread,
The yeoman bolts his door in fright,
  And he quakes within his bed.
Far away on his ear
  There strikes a sound of dread:
Something comes! it is here!
  It is passed with awful tread.
There's a flash of unholy flame;
  There is smoke hangs hot in the air:
'Twas the Dragon of Wantley came:
  Beware of him, beware!

But we beside the fire
  Sit close to the steaming bowl;
We pile the logs up higher,
  And loud our voices roll.

When the yeoman wakes at dawn
  To begin his round of toil,
His garner's bare, his sheep are gone,
  And the Dragon holds the spoil

All day long through the earth
  That yeoman makes his moan;
All day long there is mirth
  Behind these walls of stone.
For we are the Lords of Ease,
  The jailers of carking Care,
The Guild of Go-as-you-Please!
  Beware of us, beware!

So we beside the fire
  Sit down to the steaming bowl;
We pile the logs up higher,
  And loud our voices roll.

The roar of twenty lusty throats and the clatter of cups banging on the table rendered the words of the chorus entirely inaudible.

"Here's Malvoisie for thee, Hubert," said one of the company, dipping into the rundlet. But his hand struck against the dry bottom. They had finished four gallons since breakfast, and it was scarcely eleven gone on the clock!

"Oh, I am betrayed!" Hubert sang out. Then he added, "But there is a plenty where that came from." And with that he reached for his gown, and, fetching out a bunch of great brass keys, proceeded towards a tall door in the wall, and turned the lock. The door swung open, and Hubert plunged into the dark recess thus disclosed. An exclamation of chagrin followed, and the empty hide of a huge crocodile, with a pair of trailing wings to it, came bumping out from the closet into the hall, giving out many hollow cracks as it floundered along, fresh from a vigorous kick that the intemperate minstrel had administered in his rage at having put his hand into the open jaws of the monster instead of upon the neck of the demijohn that contained the Malvoisie.

"Beshrew thee, Hubert!" said the voice of a newcomer, who stood eying the proceedings from a distance, near where he had entered; "treat the carcass of our patron saint with a more befitting reverence, or I'll have thee caged and put upon bread and water. Remember that whosoever kicks that skin in some sort kicks me."

"Long life to the Dragon of Wantley!" said Hubert, reappearing, very dusty, but clasping a plump demijohn.

"Hubert, my lad," said the newcomer, "put back that

vessel of inebriation; and, because I like thee well for thy youth and thy sweet voice, do not therefore presume too far with me."

A somewhat uneasy pause followed upon this; and while Hubert edged back into the closet with his demijohn, Father Anselm frowned slightly as his eyes turned upon the scene of late hilarity.

But where is the Dragon in his den? you ask. Are we not coming to him soon? Ah, but we have come to him. You shall hear the truth. Never believe that sham story about More of More Hall, and how he slew the Dragon of Wantley. It is a gross fabrication of some unscrupulous and mediocre literary person, who, I make no doubt, was in the pay of More to blow his trumpet so loud that a credulous posterity might hear it. My account of the Dragon is the only true one.



THE UNION GUIDE.[1]

By HELEN H. GARDENER.

(From "An Unofficial Patriot.")

[HELEN HAMILTON (GARDENER) SMART, American essayist and novelist, was born in Virginia in 1853. Her works deal largely with social problems. Among them are: "Men, Women, and Gods" (collected magazine articles), "An Unofficial Patriot" (1891), "Is this your Son, my Lord?" "Facts and Fictions of Life," "Pray you, Sir, whose Daughter?" and "The Fortunes of Margaret Weld."]

BEFORE the laugh had died out of Griffith's voice, the whole manner of the President had changed. He had opened the penknife and was drawing the point of the blade down a line on the large map which lay on the table beside him.

"Morton tells me that you used to be a circuit rider down in these mountains here, and that you know every pass, defile, and ford in the State." He looked straight at Griffith and ran his great, bony hand over his head and face, but went hastily on: "I know how that is myself. Used to be a knight of the saddlebags out in Illinois, along about the same time — only my circuit was legal and yours was clerical. I carried Black-

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stone in my saddlebags — after I got able to own a copy — and you had a Bible, I reckon — volumes of the law in both cases! Let me see. How long ago was that?"

"I began in twenty-nine, Mr. President, and rode circuit for ten years. Then I was located and transferred the regular way each one or two years up to fifty-three. That — year — I — left — my — native — State."

Mr. Lincoln noticed the hesitancy in the last words, the change in the tone, the touch of sadness. He inferred at once that what Senator Morton had told him of this man's loyalty had had something to do with his leaving the old home.

"Found it healthier for you to go West, did you? Traveled toward the setting sun. Wanted to keep in the daylight as long as you could; but I see you took the memory of the dear old home with you. Have you never been back?"

"I don't look like much of an outlaw, do I, Mr. Lincoln?" asked Griffith, with a sad smile.

"Can't say I would take you for one, no." The President turned a full, long, searching look upon him.

"Well, I have never been back — home — I — I left two freed slaves in the State when I came away, and, you know——"

Mr. Lincoln laughed for the first time aloud. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You remind me of a case we had out in Illinois. There was an old fellow trying to stock a pond he had with fish. Well, that pond was so close to town and so handy, that the boys — some of 'em about as old as you and me — caught 'em out as fast as he put 'em in. By and by his son got into the Legislature, and one day when there wasn't a great deal of other law to make or to spoil, he got the other members to vote for a bill to punish anybody for taking anything out of that pond. His bill said, 'for fishing anything out of that pond.' Well, one day a little son of his fell in and got so far from shore before they saw him that they had to literally fish him out with a pole. Some of the fishermen around there wanted him arrested for violation of the law he had passed to hit them. — Fact! He and you are about the same sort of criminals." He turned to the map again. "Of course I understand what you mean. Yes, yes, I know. These very passes and fords are dear to you. Some people have that sort of attachments. I have. Why, I'd feel like getting down off o' my horse at many a place out on my old circuit and just making love to the very earth beneath my feet! Oh, I know how you feel!

These old fords are old friends. As you rode along at another place, certain thoughts came to you, and kept you company for miles. They would come back to you right there again. Right over there was a sorrowful memory. You knew the birds that nested in this defile, and you stopped and put the little fellows back in the nest when they had fallen out — and they were not afraid of you. I know how that is. They never were afraid of me — none but the yellow-legged chickens." He smiled in his quizzical way. He was still testing and studying his guest, while keeping him off his guard, and making him forget the President in his relations with the man.

Griffith had begun to wonder how he could know about those birds and woodland friends of long ago, but the yellow-legged chicken joke was so familiar to the preacher that he smiled absently, as in duty bound.

"I'm really glad to know that there are other circuit riders than we of the cloth who strike terror to the inmates of the barnyard, but I never before heard any one else accused of it."

"I remember, once," began Mr. Lincoln, recrossing his long legs and taking up the penknife again — "I remember, once, when a lot of us were riding over to a neighboring town from Springfield. I had the wrong end of a case, I know, and was feeling pretty chilly along the spine whenever I thought of it. The judge was with the party, and the only way I ever did win that suit was by pretending not to see the chickens hide under the corn shocks the minute he got off his horse. He'd eat a whole pullet every meal, and he got around so often they all knew him — some by sight and some by hearsay."

He drew the map toward him and indicated a spot by holding the point of his knife on it.

"There's a strip along here," he began, and Griffith arose and bent over the map, "that I can't make out. That seems to be an opening in the mountains; but —— "

"No — no," said Griffith, taking up a pencil from the table. "No; the real opening — the road pass — Let me see; what's the scale of miles here? M-m-m! Four? No — Why, the road pass is at least five miles farther on." He drew a line. "You see, it's like this. There." He stopped and shook his head. "M-m-m! No, n-o-o; that map's all wrong. It ought to run along there — so. This way. The road — the *wagon* road — trends along here — so. Then you go across the ridge at an angle here — so. There ought to be a stream here.

O pshaw! this map's — Where did you get this map? It's no account, at all. Why, according to this, there's at least seven miles left out right here, between — Why, right here, where they've got those little, insignificant-looking foothills, is one of the most rugged and impassable places in this world! Here, now!" He drew several lines and turned the map. "O pshaw! there's no place left now for the — Here, right a-b-o-u-t h-e-r-e — no, there, right there — is the Bedolph estate — fine old stone house, cornfields, wheat, orchards — a splendid place. Then, as you go up this way, you pass into a sort of pocket — a little strip pretty well hedged in. You couldn't go with a carriage without making a circuit around here — this way — but a horseman can cut all that off and go — so. See? There is a mill — fine old mill stream — right here — runs this way."

Mr. Lincoln had followed every line eagerly, making little vocal sounds of understanding, or putting in a single word to lead Griffith on. Suddenly he said: —

"You're a good Union man, Morton tells me."

"I am, indeed, Mr. Lincoln. Nobody in the world could be more sorry than I over the present situation. I ——"

"How sorry are you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Griffith, straightening up. Mr. Lincoln arose at the same time.

"How much of a Union man are you? — 'nough to help save it? How sorry are you? — sorry enough to act?"

Griffith had almost forgotten why he was here. It all came back to him. He began to breathe hard.

"I have acted, I have helped," he said, moving toward the window. "When you came in the room I was looking through those fine glasses of yours at that bridge, across which I came in fifty-three, self-exiled, hastening to escape from the bondage of ownership, and, at the last, from the legal penalty of leaving behind me two freed, runaway negroes." He had lifted the glasses to his eyes again. "I thought then that I had done my full duty — *all* of it. But since then I have given my three sons to you — to my country. They ——"

Mr. Lincoln's muscular hand rested on Griffith's shoulder.

"Look at that bridge again. Do you see any dead men on it? Do you see young sons like your own dragging bleeding limbs across it? Do you see terror-stricken horses struggling with and trampling down those wounded boys? Do you see ——"

Griffith turned to look at him, in surprise.

"No," he said, "nothing of the kind. There are a few soldiers moving about down this side, but there's nothing of that kind."

He offered the glasses to the President, who waved them away.

"I don't need them!" and an inexpressibly sad expression crossed his face. "I don't need them. I have seen it. I saw it all one day. I saw it all that night as it trailed past here. I heard the groans. The blood was under that window. I have seen it! I have seen nothing else since. If you have never seen a panic of wounded men, pray to your God that you never may!" The sorrowful voice was attuned now to the sorrowful, the tragic face. "Do you see that lounge over there?" He pointed to the other side of the room. "Men think it is a great thing to be a President of a great nation — and so it is, so it is; yet for three nights while you slept peacefully in your bed I lay there, when I wasn't reading telegrams or receiving messages, not knowing what would come next — waiting to be ready for whatever it might be."

He waited for the full effect of his words, but Griffith did not speak.

"I was waiting to be ready for whatever did come," he repeated slowly, "and to give my whole soul, mind, heart, intellect, and body, if need be, to my country's service. I could not sit back in my armchair and say that I had done my share — I had done enough! If I knew how to save or prevent a repetition of that horror, had I done my share — had I done my duty — until I *did* prevent it?"

Griffith began to understand. He sank heavily into a chair, and drew his hand slowly over his forehead again and again. His eyes were closed, but the President was studying the face grimly as he went on: "If a man is drowning, have you done your whole duty if you swim to shore and call back to him that you got out? If ——"

"Mr. Lincoln, I ——" began Griffith, but the astute man heard still a note of protest in the voice under the note of pain, and he did not allow him to finish.

"If there is but one way to stop all this horrible suffering, this awful carnage, and there is some one who knows how to do it, who is responsible for its continuance? This Union is going to be maintained if there is not a soul left to enjoy its

blessings but the widows and orphans the war for its life has made!" he said, bringing his great muscular fist down on the table, and Griffith opened his eyes and sat staring at him with a pain-distorted face. "This war is not for fun! It is not waged for conquest! It is not *our* choice; but the people of this Nation have placed me at the head of this Nation to sustain its integrity — to maintain this Union against all foes, and by the Eternal I am going to do it! You will help us if indeed you are a Union man! You will desert us in our hour of need if you are simply a self-indulgent moralist, who feeds expensive pap to his personal conscience, but gives a stone to his starving neighbor! This Government needs *you*. It needs exactly what you are able to give. Are you its friend or its enemy?"

Griffith had shifted his position uneasily as the torrent of words had poured from the lips of the fire-inspired man before him. Lincoln's long arm had flung out toward him with a gesture of appeal, but he did not wait for a reply. He had not finished presenting the case in a light in which he felt sure it would touch the character of the man before him.

"Are your small personal needs paramount to those of your country? Have you no patriotism? Have you no *mercy* upon our soldiers? Must more hundreds of them suffer defeat and death for the lack of what *you* can give them? Are you willing to receive the benefits of a free country which you are not willing to help in her hour of greatest need? Can you — do you — want to leave your young sons and the sons of your neighbors on the far side of the dead line marked by that bridge?" The allusion was a chance one, but it struck home.

Griffith put out his hand.

"What do you want me to do?" he gasped hoarsely.

The President grasped his hand and held it in a viselike grip. "What — do — I — want — you — to — do?" he asked, with a deliberation strangely at variance with the passion of his words a moment ago. He looked down searchingly, kindly, pityingly, into the troubled eyes before him. "What do I want you to do? I — want — you — to — follow — your — conscience — for — the — benefit — of — your — country — instead — of — for — your — own — personal — comfort, — until — that — conscience — tells — you — your — country — needs — you — no — longer; that you have, in deed and in truth, done your share fully! I want you to go with an

advance guard down through that very country"—his long finger pointed to the disfigured map on the table—"and show our commander the *real* topography of that land. I want you to make him as familiar with it as you are yourself. I want you to show him where the passes and fords are, where supplies can be carried across, where water is plenty, and where both advance and retreat are possible without useless and horrible slaughter. I want you——" He was still holding Griffith's right hand. He placed his left on his shoulder again. "No man has done his duty in a crisis like this until he has done *all* that he can to hasten the dawn of peace;" he lowered his voice, "and he that is not with us is against us," he said solemnly, the scriptural language falling from his lips as if their professions were reversed.

"How far do you want me to go?" asked Griffith, looking up with an appeal in every tense muscle of his miserable face. "It is my native State! They are my people! I love every foot of ground—I love those——" He was breathing so hard he stopped for a moment. "That we do not think alike—that they are what you call rebels to our common country—does not change my love. I—Mr. Lincoln——"

The President seemed to tower up to a greater height than even his former gigantic altitude. He threw both arms out in a sudden passion: "Forget your love! Forget your native State! Forget *yourself!* Forget *everything* except that this Union must and shall be saved, and that *you* can hasten the end of this awful carnage!" The storm had swept over. He lowered his voice again, and with both hands on the preacher's shoulders: "I will agree to this. When you have gone so far that you can come back here to me and say, 'I *know* now that I have done enough. My conscience is clear. My whole duty is done.' When you can come back here and say that to me—when you can say (if you and I had changed places) that you could ask no more of me—then I will agree to ask no more of you." Then, suddenly, "When will you start? To-night?"

"Yes," said Griffith, almost inaudibly, and sank into a chair.

Mr. Lincoln strode to the table and pushed aside the disfigured map. "I will write your instructions and make necessary plans," he said. "There is not much to do. The General and the engineer corps are ready. I hoped and believed you would go." His pen flew over the paper. Then he paused

and looked at his visitor. "We must fix your rank. Will you volunteer, or shall I——"

"Is that necessary, Mr. Lincoln? I am a preacher, you know. I— Can't I go just as I am—just—as——"

The President had turned again to the table, and was writing. Griffith stepped to his side.

"Do you realize, Mr. Lincoln, that every man, woman, and child in that whole country will recognize me—and——"

"Yes, yes, I know, I know. We must do everything we can to protect you from all danger—against assassination or——"

"It is not *that*," said Griffith, hoarsely. "Do you care nothing for the good will—for the confidence—of your old neighbors back in Illinois?"

The stroke went directly home.

"Do I care for it?" There was a long pause. The sunken eyes were drawn to a mere line. "I'd rather lose anything else in this world. It is meat and drink to me. I— Look here, Mr. Davenport; don't make the mistake of thinking that I don't realize what I'm asking you to do—that I don't see the sacrifice. I do. I do, fully, and I want to do everything I can to—to make it up to you. I know you used to be greatly trusted and beloved down there. Morton has told me. He told me all about the pathos of that old negro following you, too, and how you made out to keep her. I know, I know it all, and I wouldn't ask you if I knew how to avoid it. I tell you that I'd rather give up everything else in this world than the good will of those old friends of mine back there in Illinois; but if I had to give up the respect and confidence and love of every one of them, or forfeit that of Abraham Lincoln, who has sworn to sustain this Union, I'd have to stick to old Abe! It would go hard with me—harder than anything I know of—but it would have to be done. We have *got* to sustain this Union! We'll save her with slavery at the South and with friends to ourselves, if we can; but, by the Eternal! we'll save her anyhow!"

He struck over and over the same chord—the Union must be saved. Every road led back to that one point. Every argument hinged upon it. Every protest was met by it. He hammered down all other questions.

"If we are Union men, this is the time and the place to show it. All other objects, motives, methods, private interests,

tastes, loves, or preferences must yield to the supreme test — What are we willing to do to save the Union?"

Once he said: —

"You don't suppose my position is particularly agreeable, do you? Do you fancy it is easy, or to my liking?"

"No, no, Mr. President, of course not. I understand that; but you are holding a public office, and ——"

"So are you," came like a shot. "In times like this *all* men who are or who have been trusted by their fellow-men, are now, in a sense, leaders — are in a public position. Their influence is for or against this Union. There is no neutral ground. I've already been driven a good deal farther than I ever expected to have to go, and it looks as if I'd have to jump several more fences yet; but you'll see me jump 'em when the time comes, or I'll break my neck trying it!" He wheeled back to the table. "Here, why not let me put you down as a chaplain? Carry you on the rolls that way? It ——"

"No, Mr. Lincoln, that won't do. I won't agree to that. If I go it is not as chaplain. We know that, and there must be no pretense. I will not use my ministerial standing as a cloak. I ——"

"You are right, too. I wouldn't myself. Then you won't be with any one division long at a time. You'll have to transfer as the need comes. Let me see — m-m-m ——"

"If I do this thing I will do it outright. I'll ask one thing of you — I don't want it known; for, of course, none of my friends can understand the way you look at it and the way you have made me see it. But when I go, I'll want a good horse, and I'll ride in the lead. I'll not stay back as a chaplain, nor sutler, nor as anything but as what I shall be, God help me! a guide!"

"Well, suppose we just call you that — Government Guide. But since it is to be such extraordinary service — so vital to our cause — we'll make your pay extraordinary, too. How does a colonel's pay strike you?"

Griffith was on his feet in a flash. He stood looking straight at the President, who had not turned as he asked the question. The hands of the preacher were grasping the back of his chair.

"On the pay roll," began Mr. Lincoln, "you will appear as ——"

"Pay roll! Pay roll!" burst from Griffith, and the President turned. The expression of the preacher's face was a com-

plete surprise, but the astute man understood it instantly. Griffith was moving toward the door. "Mr. Lincoln, you do not understand me. You have mistaken your man! You — I ——"

The President had followed him hastily and his own hand reached the door first.

"Stop!" he said kindly. "It is *you* who do not understand *me*. I ——"

"I understood you twice to say — to offer to *pay* me to lead a hostile army — to take troops into — to the homes of ——"

"No, no, don't look at it that way. It is right you should have some — some — rank — and ——" He was going to utter again the word pay, but did not. Suddenly he thought of a way out of the dilemma.

"You see, it is like this. You've got to have grub — rations. Now, we can't issue rations to men who don't exist — ain't doing some sort of service, don't y' see? Then suppose you should be captured. I don't want to suppose anything of the kind, and of course we've got to take every possible precaution against such a disaster — but suppose you *were* captured, unless you are recognized as — unless you have some status — we can't require the rebels to treat you as a prisoner of war and exchange you for some officer. We've got to arrange so you will be treated as a regular, and an important prisoner of war — don't you see?" The dangerous shoals were being skillfully crossed. The sagacious lawyer and reader of men was retrieving his blunder. He passed his hand through Griffith's arm, and turned him from the door. "*That* was what I meant! We'll have to carry you, somehow, on the rolls — for rations and things. You'll mess with the General, of course, and we'll see that you have the very best horse in the army — you see, I know the circuit rider's weakness. The fact is ——" He was leading Griffith back to the table where the great disfigured map lay — where he deftly slipped the paper containing the half-written instructions, upon which the subject of pay had been begun, under its edge, took another sheet in its stead, and began anew with the rank and the pay left out.

THE OTHER WISE MAN.[1]

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

[HENRY VAN DYKE: An American divine and man of letters, born in Pennsylvania in 1852. He studied at Princeton Theological Seminary and in Germany, and is at present (1898) pastor of a church in New York City He wrote "The Reality of Religion," "The Story of the Psalms" (1887), etc]

THERE was a silence in the Hall of Dreams, where I was listening to the story of the other wise man. And through this silence I saw, but very dimly, his figure passing over the dreary undulations of the desert, high upon the back of his camel, rocking steadily onward like a ship over the waves.

Through heat and cold, the Magian moved steadily onward.

It was the third day after the three wise men had come to that place and had found Mary and Joseph, with the young child, Jesus, and had laid their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at his feet.

Then the other wise man drew near, weary but full of hope, bearing his ruby and his pearl to offer to the King. "For now at last," he said, "I shall surely find him, though it be alone, and later than my brethren. This is the place of which the Hebrew exile told me that the prophets had spoken, and here I shall behold the rising of the great light. But I must inquire about the visit of my brethren, and to what house the star directed them, and to whom they presented their tribute."

The streets of the village seemed to be deserted, and Artaban wondered whether the men had all gone up to the hill pastures to bring down their sheep. From the open door of a low stone cottage he heard the sound of a woman's voice singing softly. He entered and found a young mother hushing her baby to rest. She told him of the strangers from the far East who had appeared in the village three days ago, and how they said that a star had guided them to the place where Joseph of Nazareth was lodging with his wife and her newborn child, and how they had paid reverence to the child and given him many rich gifts.

"But the travelers disappeared again," she continued, "as suddenly as they had come. We were afraid at the strangeness of their visit. We could not understand it. The man of

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Nazareth took the babe and his mother and fled away that same night secretly, and it was whispered that they were going far away to Egypt. Ever since, there has been a spell upon the village; something evil hangs over it. They say that the Roman soldiers are coming from Jerusalem to force a new tax from us, and the men have driven the flocks and herds far back among the hills, and hidden themselves to escape it."

Artaban listened to her gentle, timid speech, and the child in her arms looked up in his face and smiled, stretching out its rosy hands to grasp at the winged circle of gold on his breast. His heart warmed to the touch. It seemed like a greeting of love and trust to one who had journeyed long in loneliness and perplexity, fighting with his own doubts and fears, and following a light that was veiled in clouds.

"Might not this child have been the promised Prince?" he asked within himself, as he touched its soft cheek. "Kings have been born ere now in lowlier houses than this, and the favorite of the stars may rise even from a cottage. But it has not seemed good to the God of wisdom to reward my search so soon and so easily. The one whom I seek has gone before me; and now I must follow the King to Egypt."

The young mother laid the babe in its cradle, and rose to minister to the wants of the strange guest that fate had brought into her house. She set food before him, the plain fare of peasants, but willingly offered, and therefore full of refreshment for the soul as well as for the body. Artaban accepted it gratefully; and, as he ate, the child fell into a happy slumber, and murmured sweetly in its dreams, and a great peace filled the quiet room.

But suddenly there came the noise of a wild confusion and uproar in the streets of the village, a shrieking and wailing of women's voices, a clangor of brazen trumpets and a clashing of swords, and a desperate cry: "The soldiers! the soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children."

The young mother's face grew white with terror. She clasped her child to her bosom, and crouched motionless in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with the folds of her robe, lest he should wake and cry.

But Artaban went quickly and stood in the doorway of the house. His broad shoulders filled the portal from side to side, and the peak of his white cap all but touched the lintel.

The soldiers came hurrying down the street with bloody

hands and dripping swords. At the sight of the stranger in his imposing dress they hesitated with surprise. The captain of the band approached the threshold to thrust him aside. But Artaban did not stir. His face was as calm as though he were watching the stars, and in his eyes there burned that steady radiance before which even the half-tamed hunting leopard shrinks, and the fierce bloodhound pauses in his leap. He held the soldier silently for an instant, and then said in a low voice: —

"I am all alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

He showed the ruby, glistening in the hollow of his hand like a great drop of blood.

The captain was amazed at the splendor of the gem. The pupils of his eyes expanded with desire, and the hard lines of greed wrinkled around his lips. He stretched out his hand and took the ruby.

"March on!" he cried to his men, "there is no child here. The house is still."

The clamor and the clang of arms passed down the street as the headlong fury of the chase sweeps by the secret covert where the trembling deer is hidden. Artaban reentered the cottage. He turned his face to the east and prayed: —

"God of truth, forgive my sin! I have said the thing that is not, to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?"

But the voice of the woman, weeping for joy in the shadow behind him, said very gently: —

"Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Three and thirty years of the life of Artaban had passed away, and he was still a pilgrim and a seeker after light. His hair, once darker than the cliffs of Zagros, was now white as the wintry snow that covered them. His eyes, that once flashed like flames of fire, were dull as embers smoldering among the ashes.

Worn and weary and ready to die, but still looking for the King, he had come for the last time to Jerusalem.

Artaban joined company with a group of people from his own country, Parthian Jews who had come up to keep the Passover, and inquired of them the cause of the tumult, and where they were going.

"We are going," they answered, "to the place called Golgotha, outside the city walls, where there is to be an execution. Have you not heard what has happened? Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another, called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people, so that they love him greatly. But the priests and elders have said that he must die, because he gave himself out to be the Son of God. And Pilate has sent him to the cross because he said that he was the 'King of the Jews.'"

How strangely these familiar words fell upon the tired heart of Artaban! They had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. And now they came to him darkly and mysteriously like a message of despair. The King had arisen, but he had been denied and cast out. He was about to perish. Perhaps he was already dying. Could it be the same who had been born in Bethlehem, thirty-three years ago, at whose birth the star had appeared in heaven, and of whose coming the prophets had spoken?

Artaban's heart beat unsteadily with that troubled, doubtful apprehension which is the excitement of old age. But he said within himself, "The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of men, and it may be that I shall find the King, at last, in the hands of His enemies, and shall come in time to offer my pearl for His ransom before He dies."

So the old man followed the multitude with slow and painful steps towards the Damascus gate of the city. Just beyond the entrance of the guardhouse a troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street, dragging a young girl with torn dress and disheveled hair. As the Magian paused to look at her with compassion, she broke suddenly from the hands of her tormentors, and threw herself at his feet, clasping him around the knees. She had seen his white cap and the winged circle on his breast.

"Have pity on me," she cried, "and save me, for the sake of the God of Purity! I also am a daughter of the true religion which is taught by the Magi. My father was a merchant of Parthia, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death!"

Artaban trembled.

It was the old conflict in his soul, which had come to him in the palm grove of Babylon and in the cottage at Bethlehem — the conflict between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love. Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been drawn from his hand to the service of humanity. This was the third trial, the ultimate probation, the final and irrevocable choice.

Was it his great opportunity, or his last temptation? He could not tell. One thing only was clear in the darkness of his mind — it was inevitable. And does not the inevitable come from God?

One thing only was sure to his divided heart — to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And is not love the light of the soul?

He took the pearl from his bosom. Never had it seemed so luminous, so radiant, so full of tender, living luster. He laid it in the hand of the slave.

"This is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

While he spoke the darkness of the sky thickened, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth, heaving convulsively like the breast of one who struggles with mighty grief.

The walls of the houses rocked to and fro. Stones were loosened and crashed into the street. Dust clouds filled the air. The soldiers fled in terror, reeling like drunken men. But Artaban and the girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall of the Prætorium.

What had he to fear? What had he to live for? He had given away the last remnant of his tribute for the King. He had parted with the last hope of finding Him. The quest was over, and it had failed. But, even in that thought, accepted and embraced, there was peace. It was not resignation. It was not submission. It was something more profound and searching. He knew that all was well, because he had done the best that he could, from day to day. He had been true to the light that had been given to him. He had looked for more. And if he had not found it, if a failure was all that came out of his life, doubtless that was the best that was possible. He had not seen the revelation of "life everlasting, incorruptible, and immortal." But he knew that even if he could live his earthly life over again, it could not be otherwise than it had been.

One more lingering pulsation of the earthquake quivered through the ground. A heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He lay breathless and pale, with his gray head resting on the young girl's shoulder, and the blood trickling from the wound. As she bent over him, fearing that he was dead, there came a voice through the twilight, very small and still, like music sounding from a distance, in which the notes are clear but the words are lost. The girl turned to see if some one had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one.

Then the old man's lips began to move, as if in answer, and she heard him say in the Parthian tongue: —

"Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee an hungered, and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again. And again the maid heard it, very faintly and far away. But now it seemed as though she understood the words: —

"*Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me.*"

A calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the pale face of Artaban like the first ray of dawn on a snowy mountain peak. One long, last breath of relief exhaled gently from his lips.

His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The other Wise Man had found the King.



THE AFGHAN WAR.[1]

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

(From "A History of Our Own Times")

[JUSTIN McCARTHY: An Irish writer; born at Cork, November 22, 1830 In 1853 he engaged in journalism, becoming editor in chief of the Liverpool *Morning Star* in 1864 Since 1879 he has represented Longford in Parliament as a Home Ruler Among his books, which include novels, histories, and biographies, are: "A History of Our Own Times," his most important work (4 vols, 1879–1880), "History of the Four Georges" (4 vols., 1889), "Lady Judith"

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JUSTIN McCARTY, M P

(1871), "A Fair Saxon" (1873); "Dear Lady Disdain" (1875); "The Comet of a Season" (1881); "Roland Oliver" (1889); "Charing Cross to St. Paul's" (1891); "Sir Robert Peel" (1891); "The Dictator" (1893); "Pope Leo XIII." (1896); "The Riddle Ring" (1896), and "The Story of Gladstone's Life" (1897).]

THE withdrawal of Dost Mahomed from the scene did nothing to secure the reign of the unfortunate Shah Sujah. The Shah was hated on his own account. He was regarded as a traitor who had sold his country to the foreigners. Insurrections began to be chronic. They were going on in the very midst of Cabul itself. Sir W. Macnaghten was warned of danger, but seemed to take no heed. Some fatal blindness appears to have suddenly fallen on the eyes of our people in Cabul.

On November 2d, 1841, an insurrection broke out. Sir Alexander Burnes lived in the city itself; Sir W. Macnaghten and the military commander, Major General Elphinstone, were in cantonments at some little distance. The insurrection might have been put down in the first instance with hardly the need even of Napoleon's famous "whiff of grapeshot." But it was allowed to grow up without attempt at control. Sir Alexander Burnes could not be got to believe that it was anything serious, even when a fanatical and furious mob were besieging his own house. The fanatics were especially bitter against Burnes, because they believed that he had been guilty of treachery. They accused him of having pretended to be the friend of Dost Mahomed, deceived him, and brought the English into the country. How entirely innocent of this charge Burnes was we all now know; but it would be idle to deny that there was much in the external aspect of events to excuse such a suspicion in the mind of an infuriated Afghan. To the last Burnes refused to believe that he was in danger. He had always been a friend to the Afghans, he said, and he could have nothing to fear. It was true. He had always been the sincere friend of the Afghans. It was his misfortune, and the heavy fault of his superiors, that he had been made to appear as an enemy of the Afghans. He had now to pay a heavy penalty for the errors and the wrongdoing of others. He harangued the raging mob, and endeavored to bring them to reason. He does not seem to have understood, up to the very last moment, that by reminding them that he was Alexander Burnes, their old friend, he was only giving them a new reason

for demanding his life. He was murdered in the tumult. He and his brother and all those with them were hacked to pieces with Afghan knives. He was only in his thirty-seventh year when he was murdered. He was the first victim of the policy which had resolved to intervene in the affairs of Afghanistan. Fate seldom showed with more strange and bitter malice her proverbial irony than when she made him the first victim of the policy adopted in despite of his best advice and his strongest warnings.

The murder of Burnes was not a climax; it was only a beginning. The English troops were quartered in cantonments outside the city, and at some little distance from it. These cantonments were, in any case of real difficulty, practically indefensible. The popular monarch, the darling of his people, whom we had restored to his throne, was in the Balla Hissar, or citadel of Cabul. From the moment when the insurrection broke out he may be regarded as a prisoner or a besieged man there. He was as utterly unable to help our people as they were to help him. The whole country threw itself into insurrection against him and us. The Afghans attacked the cantonments, and actually compelled the English to abandon the forts in which all our commissariat was stored. We were thus threatened with famine, even if we could resist the enemy in arms. We were strangely unfortunate in our civil and military leaders. Sir W. Macnaghten was a man of high character and good purpose, but he was weak and credulous. The commander, General Elphinstone, was old, infirm, tortured by disease, broken down both in mind and body, incapable of forming a purpose of his own, or of holding to one suggested by anybody else. His second in command was a far stronger and abler man, but unhappily the two could never agree.

"They were both of them," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "brave men. In any other situation, though the physical infirmities of the one and the cankered vanity, the dogmatical perverseness, of the other, might have in some measure detracted from their efficiency as military commanders, I believe they would have exhibited sufficient courage and constancy to rescue an army from utter destruction, and the British name from indelible reproach. But in the Cabul cantonments they were miserably out of place. They seem to have been sent there, by superhuman intervention, to work out the utter ruin and prostration of an unholy policy by ordinary human means."

One fact must be mentioned by an English historian — one which an English historian has happily not often to record. It is certain that an officer in our service entered into negotiations for the murder of the insurgent chiefs, who were our worst enemies. It is more than probable that he believed in doing so he was acting as Sir W. Macnaghten would have had him do. Sir W. Macnaghten was innocent of any complicity in such a plot, and was incapable of it. But the negotiations were opened and carried on in his name.

A new figure appeared on the scene, a dark and a fierce apparition. This was Akbar Khan, the favorite son of Dost Mahomed. He was a daring, a clever, an unscrupulous young man. From the moment when he entered Cabul he became the real leader of the insurrection against Shah Sujah and us. Macnaghten, persuaded by the military commander that the position of things was hopeless, consented to enter into negotiations with Akbar Khan. Before the arrival of the latter the chiefs of the insurrection had offered us terms which made the ears of our envoy tingle. Such terms had not often been even suggested to British soldiers before. They were simply unconditional surrender. Macnaghten indignantly rejected them. Everything went wrong with him, however. We were beaten again and again by the Afghans. Our officers never faltered in their duty; but the melancholy truth has to be told that the men, most of whom were Asiatics, at last began to lose heart and would not fight the enemy. So the envoy was compelled to enter into terms with Akbar Khan and the other chiefs. Akbar Khan received him at first with contemptuous insolence — as a haughty conqueror receives some ignoble and humiliated adversary. It was agreed that the British troops should quit Afghanistan at once; that Dost Mahomed and family should be sent back to Afghanistan; that on his return the unfortunate Shah Sujah should be allowed to take himself off to India or where he would; and that some British officers should be left at Cabul as hostages for the fulfillment of the conditions.

The evacuation did not take place at once, although the fierce winter was setting in, and the snow was falling heavily, ominously. Macnaghten seems to have had still some lingering hopes that something would turn up to relieve him from the shame of quitting the country; and it must be owned that he does not seem to have had any intention of carrying out the

terms of the agreement if by any chance he could escape from them. On both sides there were dallyings and delays. At last Akbar Khan made a new and startling proposition to our envoy. It was that they two should enter into a secret treaty, should unite their arms against the other chiefs, and should keep Shah Sujah on the throne as nominal king, with Akbar Khan as his vizier. Macnaghten caught at the proposals. He had entered into terms of negotiation with the Afghan chiefs together; he now consented to enter into a secret treaty with one of the chiefs to turn their joint arms against the others. It would be idle and shameful to attempt to defend such a policy. We can only excuse it by considering the terrible circumstances of Macnaghten's position, the manner in which his nerves and moral fiber had been shaken and shattered by calamities, and his doubts whether he could place any reliance on the promises of the chiefs. He had apparently sunk into that condition of mind which Macaulay tells us that Clive adopted so readily in his dealings with Asiatics, and under the influence of which men naturally honorable and high-minded come to believe that it is right to act treacherously with those whom we believe to be treacherous. All this is but excuse, and rather poor excuse. When it has all been said and thought of, we must still be glad to believe that there are not many Englishmen who would, under any circumstances, have consented even to give a hearing to the proposals of Akbar Khan.

Whatever Macnaghten's error, it was dearly expiated. He went out at noon next day to confer with Akbar Khan on the banks of the neighboring river. Three of his officers were with him. Akbar Khan was ominously surrounded by friends and retainers. These kept pressing round the unfortunate envoy. Some remonstrance was made by one of the English officers, but Akbar Khan said it was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret. Not many words were spoken; the expected conference had hardly begun when a signal was given or an order issued by Akbar Khan, and the envoy and the officers were suddenly seized from behind. A scene of wild confusion followed, in which hardly anything is clear and certain but the one most horrible incident. The envoy struggled with Akbar Khan, who had himself seized Macnaghten; Akbar Khan drew from his belt one of a pair of pistols which Macnaghten had presented to him a short time before, and shot him through the body. The fanatics who were crowding

round hacked the body to pieces with their knives. Of the three officers one was killed on the spot; the other two were forced to mount Afghan horses and carried away as prisoners.

At first this horrid deed of treachery and blood shows like that to which Clearchus and his companions, the chiefs of the famous ten thousand Greeks, fell victims at the hands of Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap. But it seems certain that the treachery of Akbar, base as it was, did not contemplate more than the seizure of the envoy and his officers. There were jealousies and disputes among the chiefs of the insurrection. One of them, in especial, had got his mind filled with the conviction, inspired, no doubt, by the unfortunate and unparalleled negotiation already mentioned, that the envoy had offered a price for his head. Akbar Khan was accused by him of being a secret friend of the envoy and the English. Akbar Khan's father was a captive in the hands of the English, and it may have been thought that on his account and for personal purposes Akbar was favoring the envoy, and even intriguing with him. Akbar offered to prove his sincerity by making the envoy a captive and handing him over to the chiefs. This was the treacherous plot which he strove to carry out by entering into the secret negotiations with the easily deluded envoy. On the fatal day the latter resisted and struggled; Akbar Khan heard a cry of alarm that the English soldiers were coming out of the cantonments to rescue the envoy; and, wild with passion, he suddenly drew his pistol and fired. This was the statement made again and again by Akbar Khan himself. It does not seem an improbable explanation for what otherwise looks a murder as stupid and purposeless as it was brutal. The explanation does not much relieve the darkness of Akbar Khan's character. It is given here as history, not as exculpation. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that Akbar Khan would have shrunk from any treachery or any cruelty which served his purpose. His own explanation of his purpose in this instance shows a degree of treachery which could hardly be surpassed even in the East. But it is well to bear in mind that the suspicion of perfidy under which the English envoy labored, and which was the main impulse of Akbar Khan's movement, had evidence enough to support it in the eyes of suspicious enemies, and that poor Macnaghten would not have been murdered had he not consented to meet Akbar Kkan and

treat with him on a proposition to which an English official should never have listened.

A terrible agony of suspense followed among the little English force in the cantonments. The military chiefs afterward stated that they did not know until the following day that any calamity had befallen the envoy. But a keen suspicion ran through the cantonments that some fearful deed had been done. No step was taken to avenge the death of Macnaghten, even when it became known that his hacked and mangled body had been exhibited in triumph all through the streets and bazaars of Cabul. A paralysis seemed to have fallen over the councils of our military chiefs. On December 24th, 1841, came a letter from one of the officers seized by Akbar Khan, accompanying proposals for a treaty from the Afghan chiefs. It is hard now to understand how any English officers could have consented to enter into terms with the murderers of Macnaghten before his mangled body could well have ceased to bleed. It is strange that it did not occur to most of them that there was an alternative; that they were not ordered by fate to accept whatever the conquerors chose to offer. We can all see the difficulty of their position. General Elphinstone and his second in command, Brigadier Shelton, were convinced that it would be equally impossible to stay where they were or to cut their way through the Afghans. But it might have occurred to many that they were nevertheless not bound to treat with the Afghans. They might have remembered the famous answer of the father in Corneille's immortal drama, who is asked what his son could have done but yield in the face of such odds, and exclaims in generous passion that he could have died. One English officer of mark did counsel his superiors in this spirit. This was Major Eldred Pottinger, whose skill and courage in the defense of Herat we have already mentioned. Pottinger was for cutting their way through all enemies and difficulties as far as they could, and then occupying the ground with their dead bodies. But his advice was hardly taken into consideration.

It was determined to treat with the Afghans; and treating with the Afghans now meant accepting any terms the Afghans chose to impose on their fallen enemies. In the negotiations that went on, some written documents were exchanged. One of these, drawn up by the English negotiators, contains a short sentence which we believe to be absolutely unique in the



JUSTIN McCARTHY IN HIS STUDY

history of British dealings with armed enemies. It is an appeal to the Afghan conquerors not to be too hard upon the vanquished, not to break the bruised reed. "In friendship, kindness and consideration are necessary, not overpowering the weak with sufferings!"

In friendship! — we appealed to the friendship of Macnaghten's murderers; to the friendship, in any case, of the man whose father we had dethroned and driven into exile. Not overpowering the weak with sufferings! The weak were the English! One might fancy he was reading the plaintive and piteous appeal of some forlorn and feeble tribe of helpless half-breeds for the mercy of arrogant and mastering rulers. "Suffolk's imperious tongue is stern and rough," says one in Shakespeare's pages, when he is bidden to ask for consideration at the hands of captors whom he is no longer able to resist. The tongue with which the English force at Cabul addressed the Afghans was not imperious or stern or rough. It was bated, mild, and plaintive. Only the other day, it would seem, these men had blown up the gates of Ghuznee, and rushed through the dense smoke and the falling ruins to attack the enemy hand to hand. Only the other day our envoy had received in surrender the bright sword of Dost Mahomed. Now the same men who had seen these things could only plead for a little gentleness of consideration, and had no thought of resistance, and did not any longer seem to know how to die.

We accepted the terms of treaty offered to us. Nothing else could be done by men who were not prepared to adopt the advice of the heroic father in Corneille. The English were at once to take themselves off out of Afghanistan, giving up all their guns except six, which they were allowed to retain for their necessary defense in their mournful journey home; they were to leave behind all the treasure, and to guarantee the payment of something additional for the safe-conduct of the poor little army to Peshawur or to Jellalabad; and they were to hand over six officers as hostages for the due fulfillment of the conditions. It is of course understood that the conditions included the immediate release of Dost Mahomed and his family and their return to Afghanistan. When these should return, the six hostages were to be released. Only one concession had been obtained from the conquerors. It was at first demanded that some of the married ladies should be left as hostages; but on the urgent representations of the English officers this con-

dition was waived — at least for the moment. When the treaty was signed, the officers who had been seized when Macnaghten was murdered were released.

It is worth mentioning that these officers were not badly treated by Akbar Khan while they were in his power. On the contrary, he had to make strenuous efforts, and did make them in good faith, to save them from being murdered by bands of his fanatical followers. One of the officers has himself described the almost desperate efforts which Akbar Khan had to make to save him from the fury of the mob, who thronged thirsting for the blood of the Englishman up to the very stirrup of their young chief. "Akbar Khan," says this officer, "at length drew his sword and laid about him right manfully" in defense of his prisoner. When, however, he had got the latter into a place of safety, the impetuous young Afghan chief could not restrain a sneer at his captive and the cause his captive represented. Turning to the English officer, he said more than once, "in a tone of triumphant derision," some words such as these: "So you are the man who came here to seize my country?"

It must be owned that the condition of things gave bitter meaning to the taunt, if it did not actually excuse it. At a later period of this melancholy story it is told by Lady Sale that crowds of the fanatical Ghilzyes were endeavoring to persuade Akbar Khan to slaughter all the English, and that when he tried to pacify them they said that when Burnes came into the country they entreated Akbar Khan's father to have Burnes killed, or he would go back to Hindostan, and on some future day return and bring an army with him, "to take our country from us"; and all the calamities had come upon them because Dost Mahomed would not take their advice. Akbar Khan either was or pretended to be moderate. He might, indeed, safely put on an air of magnanimity. His enemies were doomed. It needed no command from him to decree their destruction.

The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Kurd Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the center dashed a precipitous mountain torrent so fiercely that

the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travelers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Kurd Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men — of whom Europeans, it should be said, formed but a small proportion — and some twelve thousand camp followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children: Lady Macnaghten, widow of the murdered envoy; Lady Sale, whose gallant husband was holding Jellalabad, at the near end of the Khyber Pass, toward the Indian frontier; Mrs. Stuart, her daughter, soon to be widowed by the death of her young husband; Mrs. Trevor and her seven children, and many other pitiable fugitives.

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerrilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women, and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amidst the relentless enemies. "The massacre" — to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Kurd Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and los-

ing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to their utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him were utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon: trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery, and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection. Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Few scenes in poetry or romance can surely be more thrilling with emotion than such a meeting as this must have been. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children and the married men whose wives were among this party were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, this proved a fortunate thing for them. But in any case

it was the best thing that could be done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs, there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad, at the near end of the Khyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on its way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised, if this were done, to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and also to provide the army in the Kurd Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before very long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The straggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass—a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extin-

guished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.



FORTUNE'S FOOL.[1]

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

[JULIAN HAWTHORNE: American novelist and son of Nathaniel Hawthorne; born in Boston, 1846 He spent some time at Harvard, but did not graduate. He also studied civil engineering at Lawrence Scientific School and in Germany, and was at one time attached to the *London Spectator.* He wrote "Idolatry" (1874), "Garth" (1877), "Beatrix Randolph" (1883), and many other stories]

On a clear blue morning in the latter part of this same month of September, a man and a cart were moving lazily along a country road in the northern portion of Devonshire The road sloped and clambered over hill and dale, and at its higher points gave lovely views of breezy, azure seas It had showered overnight, and the road was brown and damp, without being in puddles The hedges glistened with drops, and the cobwebs were works of art in [illegible] was kindly ir [illegible] The air came cool and sweet from the west widow th silver gauze. the horizon in that regi ere possibl and whitish clouds merged with lands white dots of [illegible] Upon the broad sides of the uplands northwest the [illegible] children an [illegible] A mile or two towards the northwest the above the encompassing ty were sheep grazed rectangular contour of a large country seat rose above the encompassing shoulders of foliage. The mounting

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sun shone softly upon it, and a window here and there threw back a diamond glister.

The cart of which mention has been made was a small affair, — not much more than an enlarged handcart, with a gray donkey between the shafts. It was painted a fine peacock blue, and the ribs and wheels were picked out in warm lines of red. Upon the side, in the upper forward corner, was written in thin white letters the legend, "*B. Sinclair, Licensed Peddler.*" A bit of tarpaulin was thrown over the contents of the cart, but without completely covering them; so that one could see that the peddler's stock consisted of books. Underneath the cart swung a basket some two feet in diameter, closely covered over. The donkey which drew this brilliant vehicle was an excellent specimen of his tribe; his coat was well brushed, his legs slim and neat, his barrel roomy, his tail an appendage of real elegance, with a vivacious flirting movement to it. His ears were of superb length, with a long fringe of soft hair on the inside edges; and the donkey's master held one of them in his hand, and caressed it as they sauntered along together.

His master, the peddler, was a man of rather remarkable appearance. He was five feet eight inches in height, but so broad-shouldered and deep-chested as to appear shorter. His neck was thick and muscular, and the head which it supported was square and massive, — very capacious behind, flat on the top, and strongly developed both behind and above the ears. The forehead was wide across the temples and compactly molded throughout; and there was an impression of great power in the brows and the blue eyes underneath them. The hair of this man was short and of a vigorous red hue, and had the look of having lately been rubbed over with a towel, for it stood up in all directions. The beard matched the hair in color, but was of wirier consistency, and grew thinly on the chin, revealing that feature's resolute prominence. The cheek bones were high and broad, betokening a bold and adventurous type of character; the nose was straight, and had full nostrils; the mouth was rather small than otherwise, with sharply cut lips. The man's complexion was sunburnt to something approaching the color of brick dust; he whistled as he walked along, and every now and then, between the pauses of his tune, the tip of a noticeably slender and pointed tongue slipped from his mouth and passed itself along his upper lip. The trick seemed

in some way characteristic of one phase of the fellow's nature, —of a certain acuteness and self-sufficient complacency.

He was without either hat or coat, but his shirt was as white and fine as if it were fresh from the laundry; over it was drawn a waistcoat of corduroy, unbuttoned; he wore knee breeches of the same material, and thick blue stockings covered the knotted calves of his legs. His arms were long in proportion to his height, and the shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow displayed a muscular development that would have done honor to a blacksmith; the hands, however, were small. Such was the figure that trudged along the quiet road, with the breeze blowing into his open shirt front, and an expression free from care. In fact, he was in the best of spirits and condition, and didn't care who knew it; and his whistling was as exuberant as it was highly finished and artistic.

By and by he arrived at the summit of a low hill, from the brow of which the road dipped into a shallow valley, rising again on the further side. The peddler had got about halfway down the hither incline, when the tramp of hoofs and roll of wheels caught his ear, and looking up he saw a couple of big farm horses, dragging a heavy wagon behind them, coming towards him at a thumping trot down the opposite slope. At the rate they were going they would meet him at a point some distance this side of the lowest part of the valley. The roadway was here very narrow, so that there was barely room for the big and the little vehicles to pass each other without one of the two going into the ditch. As the big team drew near, the driver of it brandished his whip and cracked it twice or thrice, as if to warn the small team to get out of the way. The peddler, however, kept on at his former leisurely pace in the very center of the road, until not more than half a dozen rods intervened between his donkey and the steeds of the other party. Then he halted his peacock-blue cart and advanced a few paces in front of it.

"Look out! A'll run over thee!" shouted out the driver of the horse, in his broad Devonshire, which I cannot pretend accurately to reproduce. It certainly did look very much as if the peddler would be run over, and his donkey and cart after him. The horses were close upon him, and coming on with all the impetus of their late descent.

But the peddler suddenly spread out his arms and made a jump off the ground, causing the horses to swerve; the next

moment he seized one of them by the rein close to the bit, pushing his head violently towards the other, and bringing both to a standstill, the wagon lying slantwise across the road. Having accomplished this feat, which was perhaps less difficult than it looked, and disregarding the angry objurgations that were hurled at him by the driver, he walked back to his cart, took a book out of it, and returned with it in his hand. Meanwhile the driver of the horses had jumped to the ground, with his whip in his hand, and an expression upon his face that betokened mischief. He was a tall, brawny fellow, in the prime of manhood and strength.

"Noo, look 'ee here, young man, what did 'ee do that for?" he demanded, shaking the handle of his whip within an inch of the other's nose.

"I wanted you to buy this book, for one thing," replied the peddler, holding up the volume.

"Buy that book!" repeated the other, with a roar of indignant amazement. "None o' thy larks noo; a' won't 'ave it."

"And for another thing," the peddler continued, quite unmoved, "I wanted you to turn out and let me pass. This road is too narrow for both of us."

The teamster paused, as if his thoughts were too great for utterance.

"Zay, do 'ee know who a' be?" he inquired at length.

"So far as I am concerned, you are my customer," was the answer. "Now, this book was written by a man named Smollett ——"

"That for thy book!" interrupted the teamster, striking it out of the peddler's hand with a blow of his whip handle. "A'm the best man in Bideford,—that's who a' be! Zay, wull 'ee fight?"

"If you are the best man in Bideford, they must be an uncivil lot," observed the peddler, picking up the book, which had fallen face downwards. "See how you have soiled this book; however, since you're going to buy it, it doesn't so much matter. Fight? Certainly, if you wish it. But I tell you beforehand that I shall hurt you more than you will like."

The other laughed, measuring the peddler with his eye.

"A'll zettle thee with one hand," he said, tossing his whip aside on the grass.

"Thank you. For my part, I will engage neither to strike you nor to throw you, nor even to throttle you; but only to

make you go down on your knees and howl for mercy, and to pay me two and sixpence for the book when you come to yourself again."

So saying, he placed the book on the grass beside the whip, planted himself in an easy position before his antagonist, whom he looked steadfastly in the face, and intimated that he was ready to begin.

Now the best man in Bideford was not without some claim to the title by which he had designated himself; he was not a person with whom the average country yokel would care to pick a quarrel. He was a fair wrestler; but what he especially valued himself upon was his skill in the noble art of fisticuffs. He had got beyond the stage of sweeping semicircular blows, and knew how to hit out from the shoulder. At the present juncture, however, he did not anticipate any serious call upon his powers, — partly because the peddler was so much shorter than he was, and partly because the short man's way of talking and behaving had inspired him with the notion that he was some sort of comedian or mountebank, who meant no harm to anybody, but who relied for his livelihood upon the coolness and audacity with which he played off his practical jokes. Being under this impression, the champion of the neighborhood found a large part of his anger had evaporated; he did not wish to appear incapable of taking a jest, though at the same time he felt it incumbent upon himself to show the jester that it would not do to carry matters too far with him. Accordingly, keeping his left hand behind him, he darted out his right, with the fist only half clenched, intending to administer a sound cuff on his adversary's head, and so have done with it. But the peddler parried the attack even more carelessly than it was made; nor did two or three other more earnest offers meet with any better success.

Seeing this, the champion drew himself together and set his teeth.

"If thou wult ha' it, tak' it!" he said, and sent in a blow as swift as winking and as hard as the kick of a horse. It was aimed to land between the peddler's eyes, and, had it done so, must have altered his profile. But the peddler ducked his head, allowing the champion's fist to graze his red hair; and at the same moment the Bideford man found his antagonist inside his guard, and was aware that by a mere letting out of the arm that wily individual had it in his power to dislocate his jaw.

The peddler, however, disengaged, laughing, and stood nonchalantly on guard as before.

Thereupon, being nettled, and having also incidentally discovered that there was a firmness of muscle in this red-headed fellow which seemed to require something more than child's play to overcome it, the champion laid aside his contempt and went at his man with both hands and with his best force and ability. But it appeared absolutely impossible to plant a hit on him; and all the time the peddler himself had never once offered to strike in return, though he had had at least half a dozen excellent chances. At last the Bideford man summoned all his energies, and dispatched a blow which, as far as good will and vigor were concerned, certainly deserved to finish the combat. But the peddler, who, unlike his opponent, was neither flurried nor out of breath, saw the thunderbolt coming, and suddenly bent his right elbow and lifted it. The thunderbolt struck it fairly upon the point; there was a dolorous sound as of cracking bones, and also a sharp shout of pain. The champion had broken the knuckle of his middle finger, and badly sprained his wrist. And there stood the peddler, comfortably smiling, and apparently as fresh as when they began.

The sight maddened the best man in Bideford, and his thoughts from warlike waxed homicidal. Uttering a short and savage roar, he rushed at his man and caught him in a wrestling grip. If he could not hammer him to pieces, at all events he could dash him to the earth and crush the life out of him. But even here the brawny champion was to meet disappointment. He had got hold, not of a man, but of an oak tree rooted in the soil — an oak tree, moreover, whose arms compressed him with a clasp, the like whereof he had never either felt or imagined till now. In vain he tugged and strove, throwing a fury of power into each effort; the peddler stood as if his feet were planted in the center of the earth, and the gripe of his arms made the Devonshire man's ribs bend like whalebone, and forced the breath gasping from his lips. Then, slowly and irresistibly, he was bent backwards, until his spine felt on the point of snapping; then, suddenly, his feet flew from the earth, and he knew that the next moment he would crash headforemost on the ground. Instead of that, however, he found himself standing free on his legs once more, not knowing how he came so, but inclined to think that he must have made a complete revolution in the air. And there was

the red-headed peddler coolly taking off his waistcoat, which had got torn all across the back.

"What a strong fellow you are, to be sure!" he observed, examining the *rent*; "I had *that piece put in new only last* week. Luckily I brought a needle and thread in the basket. However, we'll finish this affair first. Come on!"

"No; a'll ha' no more on't. Go your ways," sullenly replied the champion.

"I mean to; but first, you know, you must go down on your knees and beg for mercy; and then you must pay me half a crown for the book. Those were my terms, you remember," said the peddler, following him up as he retired towards the wagon, and laying his hand on his arm.

The champion turned and looked down on him from his six feet of hitherto unconquered British manhood. Was it really *possible that this fellow could have beaten him? Must there* not be some mistake about it, — some trickery? Might not another trial have a different issue? At all events, the idea of begging the pardon of a man four inches shorter than himself was not to be entertained for a moment, still less of buying his book.

The champion expressed what he meant in explicit, though not original, phrase, when, shaking off the other's hold, he growled sturdily: —

"A'll see thee damned first!"

"That's a fine fellow," exclaimed the peddler, with his peculiar sly laugh. "Now, then, I'll put you up to something. When you gripped me last time, you took a bad hold. You should have passed your arm *across* my shoulder, and tried a trip. Your height will give you an advantage there, you see. Oblige me by making the experiment — so!"

This time it seemed to the champion that he had an advantage indeed. He could not, to be sure, immediately throw his enemy, but he could move him. They quartered over the ground, and several times the Bideford man almost thought he had succeeded; but each time the other skillfully eluded the trip. Meanwhile they were getting nearer and nearer to the wagon. The champion, who was working his very best, was panting to the full compass of his lungs, and his hair was matted with sweat; but the peddler, though breathing deeply, did not seem at all distressed; it occurred to him of Devonshire that he was not putting forth his full strength. The thought that

he should be played with stimulated him to the pitch of frenzy, and, grinding his teeth together, he drew in his breath for a supreme struggle. But just then he was whirled round, and his shoulders came in contact with the wheel of his wagon; and then he knew that his time had come.

The left arm of the peddler, which was round the champion's neck, tightened, and the latter felt, for the first time, how enormous was the power against which he had been fighting. He was caught in a trap from which there was no escape; he could not push the peddler away, nor get hold of his arm to unclasp it; and the wheel at his back prevented any attempt to get free in that direction. Gradually the peddler drew his head down to his left shoulder; and, having clamped it there, he applied the knuckles of his right hand to the hollow of the unlucky man's temple, pressing and working them into it with unrelenting force. Whoever cares to make the experiment may easily convince himself that the pain caused by this treatment soon becomes insupportable. In fact, there are few forms of torture less endurable. A very terrible and furious scene now began. The Bideford champion fought like a mad tiger to get free. He wrenched himself from side to side, he wriggled, he twisted, he beat frantically with his hands upon the peddler's back and sides, tearing his shirt to shreds, and burying his nails in the smooth hard flesh; he kicked, he stamped, he gnashed his teeth; and all the while, without an instant's cessation, that fearful hardness went on boring into his brain, and a pair of terrible blue eyes stared derisively into his own, and ever and anon the tip of a pointed tongue slipped out between a pair of smiling lips, curled across them, and slipped in again. Those eyes and that tongue were never forgotten by the Bideford man to his dying day; and many a time did he awake from sleep, with horror in his soul, having dreamt that they were before him again.

Man is fortunately so constituted as not to withstand infernal suffering indefinitely; and the present instance was no exception to the rule. After a few minutes the victim's strength left him, and his struggles became merely convulsive. He lifted his arms at short intervals with a spasmodic movement, the hands quivering; a thin, shrill shriek came quavering in gasps from his throat; his eyeballs rolled up, the eyelids closing, opening, then closing again. Finally, a ghastly pallor overspread the face, upon which a cold moisture broke forth; the

to something like his conscious self. It was evident, however, that the man's system had received a shock from which it would not soon recover.

Then quoth the peddler: "You are getting on famously. If I could spend the day with you, I dare say you would have forgotten all about this little affair before supper time. But, unluckily, we're both business men and have our affairs to attend to. So perhaps the best thing you can do will be to get down on your knees at once and have it over. Then you can take your book, give me my two and sixpence, and we'll wish each other good luck. What do you think?"

"Ye wouldn't ask that, surely? — ye wouldn't bid me bend the knee to thee, mun?" exclaimed the other, in a shaken voice. "Oh, a' could never look honest man in the face again."

The peddler came close up to him, and gazed at him with his odd, derisive smile. "Pooh! who's to know it?" he said. "Who would ever believe that a man like you would kneel and beg for mercy to a man like me, who hardly comes up to your ear? I won't tell, and I don't suppose you will. Come, — just to help you, I'll count three; and if you're not down by the time I get to three, — why, then we'll have our little tussle over again. One — two ——"

"Oh! a'd rather die!" cried the Bideford man, covering his eyes with his hands.

"Three!" said the peddler. There was an instant's pause and silence. The Bideford man still remained standing. The next instant the peddler moved closer, and laid the knuckle of his thumb to the discolored spot on the man's temple. At the touch the man crouched to the earth, as if his legs had crumbled beneath him. There, still keeping his eyes covered with his hands, he mumbled out a few miserable words, — few, but enough to rob him of his self-respect and independence for the rest of his life. To some minds it would have been an unpleasant spectacle, but it did not appear at all to dash the spirits of the red-headed peddler. He walked to the place where the book was lying, picked it up, and returned with it, saying good-humoredly: —

"Now we come to the pleasant part. When a man goes down on his knees to me, I always make a point of rewarding him. Here is a work — 'Roderick Random' — written by one of the most ingenious and entertaining authors of the last century. If this book had never been written, it would have been

a loss to English literature such as could scarcely be estimated in money; and yet I am going to give it to you for half a crown! Why, it's a gift fit for a king — and not unworthy, I should hope, of the best man in Bideford! Two and sixpence. I should charge any one but you three shillings. But — cash, you know! I'm not able to give credit."

The man got slowly to his feet. He was the same man who had stepped down from his wagon so haughtily only half an hour before, and yet as different as degradation is different from honor. His shoulders drooped; he kept his eyes averted with a hangdog look. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth some silver and copper, which he held out to the peddler.

"Tak' what thou wult," he said in a muttering tone. "If 'ee'd tak' my life into bargain, a'd thank 'ee."

"Thank you," returned the other, helping himself to the sum required. "As to your life, of course it will be more convenient for both of us that you should keep it. A man must be very useless if a dead body is worth exchanging him for. Here's your book; put it in your pocket, and read it at every spare moment; it will remind you of our acquaintance! And don't be down in the mouth, my good fellow. I have been round the world, and seen all sorts of men, from Digger Indians to emperors; and I have seen everywhere men occupying the same relative position that you and I do. Society thinks nothing of it; and the better the society, the commoner it is. One man is the master, the other man is the slave; and the sooner they know it, the more comfortable will they be. There's a bit of worldly wisdom for you, gratis, — and quite as true as anything the parson can tell you! So good luck to you. By the way, what is your name?"

"Tom Berne," he answered, in the same dulled way. "Little good the name is to me noo!"

"Berne!" The name seemed to strike the peddler. "Tom Berne, — the same who climbed down the cliff twelve years ago and carried the rope to his brother Hugh?"

"What dost thou know o' that?" demanded Tom Berne, raising his heavy eyes in surprise.

The peddler gave a whistle, and an expression of annoyance passed across his face. "I can believe now, Tom Berne, that you were once the best man in Bideford," he said; "and if you had told me this before, you might have been so still, so far as I'm concerned. Well — spilt milk is past crying for! Fare-

well, Tom Berne, and be damned to you. I would rather you had driven your infernal wagon over the cliff than have met me here to-day!"

With this ambiguous adieu, the peddler took his donkey by the bridle, and pushed on past the wagon and up the hill. He passed over the brow and out of sight without looking round, or altering his pace. Tom Berne, after standing stupidly for some time with his arms hanging loose by his sides and his head down, heaved a long sigh, picked up his whip, and, clambering to his seat, drove on in the opposite direction.



OLD KENSINGTON.[1]

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE

[MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE, better known as Anne Isabella Thackeray, was born in London in 1837. She is the eldest daughter of the great novelist, and in 1877 married her cousin, Richmond Thackeray Ritchie. Her first literary effort, a sketch in the first volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled "Little Scholars," was followed by more than a dozen volumes of novels, tales, essays, etc. Among them are. "The Story of Elizabeth" (1863), "The Village on the Cliff" (1867), "Old Kensington" (1873), "Miss Angel" (1875), and "Lord Tennyson and his Friends" (1893)]

TO OLD STREET BY THE LANES.

IN those days, as I have said, the hawthorn spread across the fields and market gardens that lay between Kensington and the river. Lanes ran to Chelsea, to Fulham, to North End, where Richardson once lived and wrote in his garden house The mist of the great city hid the horizon and dulled the sound of the advancing multitudes; but close at hand, all round about the old house, were country corners untouched—blossoms instead of bricks in springtime, summer shade in summer. There were strawberry beds, green, white, and crimson in turn. The children used to get many a handful of strawberries from Mr. Penfold, the market gardener at the end of the lane, and bunches of radish when strawberries were scarce. They gathered them for themselves on a bank where paving stones and coal holes are now and a fine growth of respectable modern villas. I believe that in those days there were sheep grazing in Kensing-

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ton Gore. It is certain that Mr. Penfold kept Alderneys in the field beyond his orchard, and that they used to come and drink in a pond near his cottage. He lived with his wife and his daughter, under an old tiled roof, and with a rose tree growing on the wall. In the window of the cottage a little card was put up, announcing that "Curds and whey were to be had within," and the children sometimes went there to drink the compound out of Emma Penfold's doll's tea things. The old pond was at the garden gate: there was a hedge round about it, and alder trees starting up against the sunset, and the lanes, and orchards beyond. The water reflected the sunset in the sky and the birds flying home to the sound of the evening bells. Sometimes Emma would come out of the cottage, and stand watching the children play. She was a pretty girl, with rosy cheeks and dark soft eyes. It was a quaint old corner, lonely enough in the daytime; but of evenings, people would be passing — laborers from their work, strollers in the fields, neighbors enjoying the air. The cottage must have been as old as Church House itself. It was chiefly remarkable for its beautiful damask rose trees, of which the red leaves sprinkled the threshold, across which pretty Emma Penfold would step. I think it was for the sake of the rose tree that people sometimes stopped and asked for curds and whey. Emma would dispense the horrible mixture, blushing beneath her basket-work plaits.

Sometimes in May mornings the children would gather hawthorn branches out of the lanes, and make what they liked to call garlands for themselves. The white blossoms looked pretty in Rhoda's dark hair; and Mademoiselle, coming to give them their music lessons, would find the little girls crowned with Mayflower wreaths. It was hard work settling down to lessons on those days. How slowly the clocks ticked when the practice hour began; how the little birds would come hopping on the window ledge, before Dolly had half finished her sum; how cruel it was of Mademoiselle to pull down the blind and frighten the poor little birds away. Many pictures in Dolly's gallery belong to this bit of her life. It seems one long day as she looks back to it, for when the sun set Dolly too used to be put to bed.

As for little Rhoda, she would be sent back to Old Street. When prayers were over, long after Dolly was asleep, she would creep upstairs alone to the very top of the house, and

put herself to bed and blow out her own candle if Zoe did not come for it. How bare and chill and lonely it was to be all by oneself at the top of that busy house! "I don't think they would come, even if I screamed," Rhoda would think as she lay staring at the cupboard door, and wondering if there was any one behind it.

Once the door burst open and a great cat jumped out, and Rhoda's shriek brought up one of John Morgan's pupils, who had been reading in his room.

"Is anything the matter?" said the young man, at the door.

"Oh, no, no—o! Please don't say I screamed," said little Rhoda, disappearing under the bedclothes.

"Silly child!" (This was Aunt Morgan's voice in the passage.) "Thank you, Mr. Raban, I will go to her. A little girl of ten years old frightened at a cat! For shame, Rhoda! There—go to sleep directly," and her Aunt Morgan vigorously tucked her up and gave her a kiss.

The Morgans were a cheerful and noisy household; little Rhoda lived there, but she scarcely seemed to belong to it: she was like a little stray waif born into some strange nest full of active, early, chirping birds, all bigger and stronger than herself. The Rev. John Morgan was master of the nest, which his stepmother kept in excellent order and ruled with an active rod. There were two pupils, two younger brothers, two sisters, and Rhoda Parnell, the forlorn little niece they had adopted. Downstairs the fat parlor maid and the old country cook were established, and a succeeding generation of little charity boys, who were expected by Mrs. Morgan to work in the garden, go errands, and learn their catechisms, while blacking the young gentlemen's boots in a vaultlike chamber set apart for that purpose.

Mrs. Morgan was a thrifty woman, and could not bear to think of time or space being wasted, much less comestibles. Her life had been one long course of early rising, moral and physical rectitude. She allowed John to sit in an armchair, but no one else if she could help it. When poor little Rhoda was tired, she used to go up to the room she shared with Zoe, her youngest cousin, and lie down on the floor. If Zoe told her mother, a message would come immediately for Rhoda to help with the poor flannel.

This poor flannel was Mrs. Morgan's own kingdom. She used to preside over passive rolls of [illegible] were sheep grazing in Kensing-

cut out any known garment in use in any civilized community. She knew the right side of the stuff, the right way to turn the scissors. She could contrive, direct, turn corners, snip, snap on occasions, talking the whole time; she was emphatic always. In her moments of relaxation she dearly loved a whisper. She wore a front of curls with a velvet band and Kensington-made gowns and shoes. Cassie and Zoe, when they grew up to be young ladies, used to struggle hard for Knightsbridge fashions. The Kensington style was prim in those days. The ladies wore a dress somewhat peculiar to themselves and cut to one pattern by the Misses Trix in their corner house. There was a Kensington world (I am writing of twenty years ago) somewhat apart from the big uneasy world surging beyond the turnpike — a world of neighbors bound together by the old winding streets and narrow corners in a community of venerable elm trees and traditions that are almost leveled away. Mr. Awl, the bootmaker, in High Street, exhibited peculiar walking shoes long after high heels and kid brodekins had come into fashion in the metropolis. The last time I was in his shop I saw a pair of the old-fashioned, flat, sandaled shoes, directed to Miss Vieuxtemps, in Palace Green. Tippets, poke bonnets, even a sedan chair, still existed among us long after they had been discarded by more active minds. In Dolly's early days, in Kensington Square itself, high heels and hoops were not unknown; but these belonged to ladies of some pretension, who would come in state along the narrow street leading from the Square, advancing in powder, and hoops, and high-heeled shoes — real hoops, real heels, not modern imitations, but relics unchanged since the youth of the ghostlike old sisters. They lived in a tall house, with a mansard roof. As the children passed they used to look up at the cobweb windows, at the narrow doorway with its oaken dais, and the flagged court and the worn steps. Lady Sarah told Dolly that Mrs. Francis had known Talleyrand, when he was living there in one of the old houses of the Square. At any time it would be easy to conjure up ghosts of great people with such incantations of crumbling wall and oaken device and panel. Not Talleyrand only, but a whole past generation, still lives for us among these quaint old ruins.

The Kensington tradespeople used to be Conservative, as was natural, with a sentry in the High Street, and such a menagerie of lions and unicorns as that which they kept over

their shop fronts. They always conversed with their customers while they measured a yard of silk or sold a skein of thread across their counters. Dolly would feel flattered when Mr. Baize found her grown. Even Lady Sarah would graciously reply to his respectful inquiries after her health on the rare occasions when she shopped herself. Mrs. Morgan never trusted anybody with her shopping.

"*I* always talk to Baize," she would say complacently, coming away after half an hour's exchange of ideas with that respectable man. She would repeat his conversation for the benefit of her son and his pupils at tea time. "I think tradespeople are often very sensible and well-informed persons," said Mrs. Morgan, "when they do not forget themselves, Mr. Raban. Radical as you are, you must allow that Kensington tradespeople are always respectful to the clergy—our position is too well established; they know what is due to us," said Mrs. Morgan, gravely.

"They don't forget what is due to themselves," said Mr. Raban, with an odd sort of smile.

"That they don't," said Robert Henley, who was Morgan's other pupil at that time. "I dare say Master George wishes they would; he owes a terrible long bill at Baize's for ties and kid gloves."

Presently came a ring at the bell. "Here he is," cries John, starting up hastily. "No more tea, thank you, mother."

George Vanborough used also to read with John Morgan during the holidays. The curate's energy was unfailing; he slaved, taught, panted, and struggled for the family he had shouldered. What a good fellow he was! Pack clouds away, no shades or evil things should come near him as he worked; who ever piped to him that he did not leap, or called to him that he did not shout in answer. With what emphasis he preached his dull Sunday sermon, with what excitement he would to his admiring sisters and mother read out his impossible articles in the *Vestryman's Magazine* or elsewhere, how liberally he dashed and italicized his sentences, how gallantly he would fly to his pen or his pulpit in defense of friend or in attack of foe (the former being flesh and blood, and the latter chiefly spiritual). And then he was in love with a widow—how he admired her blue and pink eyes; he could not think of marrying until the boys were out in the world and the girls provided for. But with Joe's wit and Tom's extraordinary powers, and the girls'

remarkable amiability, all this would surely be settled in the course of a very short time.

The Morgan family was certainly a most united and affectionate clan. I don't know that they loved each other more than many people do, but they certainly believed in each other more fervently. They had a strange and special fascination for George, who was not too young to appreciate the curate's unselfishness.

The younger Morgans, who were a hearty, jolly race, used to laugh at George. Poor boy, he had already begun to knock his head, young as it was, against stone walls; his schoolfellows said he had cracked it with his paradoxes. At twelve he was a stout fellow for his age, looking older than he really was. He was slow and clumsy, he had a sallow complexion, winking blue eyes, a turn-up nose, and heavy dark eyebrows; there was something honest and almost pathetic at times in the glance of these blue eyes, but he usually kept them down from shyness as well as from vanity: he didn't dare look in people's faces—he thought he should see them laughing at him. He was very lazy, as sensitive people often are; he hated games and active amusements; he had a soft melancholy voice that was his one endowment, besides his gift for music; he could work when he chose, but he was beginning life in despair with it, and he was not popular among his companions; they called him conceited, and they were right; but it was a melancholy conceit, if they had but known it. The truth was, however, that he was too ugly, too clever, too clumsy, to get on with the boys of a simpler and wholesomer mind. Even John Morgan, his friend and preceptor, used to be puzzled about him and distressed at times. "If George Vanborough were only more like his own brothers, there would be something to be done with him," thought honest John as those young gentlemen's bullet heads passed the window where the pupil and his preceptor were at work. If only—there would be a strange monotony in human nature, I fancy, if all the "if onlys" could be realized, and we had the molding of one another, and pastors and masters could turn assenting pupils out by the gross like the little chalk rabbits Italian boys carry about for sale.

Dolly was very well contented with her brother just as he was. She trusted his affection, respected his cleverness, and instinctively guessed at his vanities and morbidities. Even

when she was quite a child, Dolly, in her sweet downright way, seemed to have the gift of healing the wounds of her poor St. Sebastian, who, when he was a little boy, would come home day after day smarting and bleeding with the arrows of his tormentors. These used to be, alternately, Lady Sarah herself, Cassie Morgan, and Zoe, the two boys when they were at home for the holidays, and little Rhoda, whom he declared to be the most malicious of them all. The person who treated George with most sympathy and confidence was Mrs. Morgan, that active and garrulous old lady, to whom anybody was dear who would listen to the praises of her children.

Robert Henley, as I have said, was also studying with John Morgan. He had just left Eton. Lady Sarah asked him to Church House at her sister-in-law's request; but he did not often find time to come and see them. He used to be tramping off to Putney, where he and his friend Frank Raban kept a boat; or they would be locked up together with ink and blots and paper in John Morgan's study. Raban was older than Henley. He was at College, but he had come up for a time to read for his degree.

Old Betty, the cook at John Morgan's, was a Yorkshire woman, and she took a motherly interest in the pupils. She had much to say about young Mr. Raban, whose relations she knew in Yorkshire. Betty used to call Frank Raban "a noist young man."

"He's Squoire's hair and grandsun loike," she told Rhoda and Dolly one day. "They cannot do n' less nor roast a hox when 'a cooms t' hage."

After this Rhoda used to stand on tiptoe and respectfully peep through the study window at the heads and the books and the tobacco smoke within; but there was a big table in the way, and she could never see much more than her own nose reflected in the glass. Once or twice when George was in the way, as a great favor he would be allowed to accompany the young men in one of their long expeditions in big boots. They would come home late in the evening, tired and hungry and calling out for food. At whatever hour they came old Betty had a meal of cold meat and cake for them, of which George partook with good appetite. At Church House, if George was late for dinner he had to wait for tea and thin bread and butter at eight o'clock. Lady Sarah, who had fought many a battle for George's father, now — from some curious

retrospective feeling — seemed to feel it her duty to revive many of her late husband's peculiarities, and one of them was that nothing was to be allowed to interfere with the routine of the house. Routine there was none at the curate's, although there were more hours, perhaps, than in any other house in Old Street. The sun rose and set, the seasons drifted through the back garden in changing tints and lights, each day brought its burden, and the dinner time was shifted to it.

An Afternoon at Penfold's.

To this day Dolly remembers the light of a certain afternoon in May, when all was hot and silent and sleepy in the schoolroom at Church House. The boards cracked, the dust moats floated; down below, the garden burnt with that first summer glow of heat that makes a new world out of such old, well-worn materials as twigs, clouds, birds, and the human beings all round us. The little girls had been at work, and practiced, and multiplied, and divided again; they had recollected various facts connected with the reign of Richard the Second. Mademoiselle had suppressed many a yawn, Dolly was droning over her sum — six and five made thirteen — over and over again. "That I should have been, that thou shouldst have been, that he shouldst have been," drawled poor little Rhoda. Then a great fly hums by, as the door opens, and Lady Sarah appears with a zigzag of sunlight shooting in from the passage — a ray of hope. Lady Sarah has her bonnet on, and a sort of put-away-your-lessons-children face.

Is there any happiness like that escape on a summer's day from the dull struggle with vacuity, brown-paper-covered books, dates, ink blots, cramps, and crotchets, into the open air of birds, sounds, flowers, liberty everywhere? As the children come out into the garden with Lady Sarah, two butterflies are flitting along the terrace. The Spanish jessamine has flowered in the night, and spreads its branches out fragrant with its golden drops. Lady Sarah gathers a sprig and opens her parasol. She is carrying a book and a shawl, and is actually smiling. The pigeons go whirring up and down from their pigeon cote high up in the air. Four o'clock comes sounding across the ivy wall, the notes strike mellow and distinct above the hum of human insects out and about. Half Lady Sarah's district is sunning itself on the doorsteps, children are squat-

ting in the middle of the road. The benches are full in Kensington Gardens, so are the steamers on the river. To these people walking in their garden there comes the creaking sound of a large wheelbarrow, and at the turn of the path they discover Mr. Penfold superintending a boy and a load of gravel. Mr. Penfold is a cheerful little man, with gloomy views of human nature. According to Penfold's account there were those (whoever they might be) who was always a plotting against you. They was hup to everything, and there was no saying what they was not at the bottom of. But Penfold could be heven with them, and he kep' hisself to hisself, and named no names. Dolly felt grateful to these unknown beings when she heard Mr. Penfold telling Lady Sarah they had said as how that Miss Dorothea 'ad been makin' hinquiry respectin' of some puppies. He did not know as how she wished it generally know'd, but he might mention as he 'ad two nice pups down at his place, and Miss Dorothea was welcome to take her choice.

It is a dream Dolly can scarcely trust herself to contemplate. Lady Sarah does not say no, but she looks at her watch, telling Dolly to run back to the house, and see if the post is come in, and continues graciously, "I am much obliged to you, Penfold; I have no doubt Miss Dorothea will be glad to have one of your puppies. What is your daughter doing? Is she at home?"

"Yes, my lady," says Penfold, mysteriously pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "They would have 'ad us send the gurl away, but she is a good gurl, though she takes her own way, and there are those as puts her hup to it."

"We all like our own way, without anybody's suggestions," said Lady Sarah, smiling. Then Dolly comes flying from the house, and tumbles over a broomstick, so that she has to stop to pick up her handful of letters.

"Thank you, my dear: now if you like we will go and see the puppies," says Aunt Sarah. "No Indian letter" (in a disappointed voice). "I wish your mother would— Run on, Dolly."

So Dolly runs on with Rhoda, thinking of puppies, and Lady Sarah follows thinking of her Indian letter, which is lying under the laurel tree where Dolly dropped it, and where Penfold presently spies it out and picks it up, unconscious of its contents. After examining the seal and some serious

thought, he determines to follow the trio. They have been advancing in the shadow of the hedges, through the gaps of which they can see people at work in the sunshiny cabbage fields. Then they come to Earl's Court, and its quaint old row of houses, with their lattices stuffed with spring flowers, and so to the pond by the roadside (how cool and deep it looked as they passed by), and then by the wicket gate they wander into Penfold's orchard, of which some of the trees are still in flower, and where Lady Sarah is soon established on the stump of a tree. Her magazine pages flutter as the warm, sweet winds come blowing from across the fields — the shadows travel on so quietly that you cannot tell when they go or whither. There is no sound but a little calf bleating somewhere. Rhoda is picking daisies in the shade, Dolly is chirping to herself by the hedge that separates the orchard from the Penfolds' garden. There is a ditch along one part of the hedge, with a tangle of grass and dock leaves and mallows; a bird flies out of the hedge, close by Dolly's nose, and goes thrilling and chirping up into the sky, where the stars are at night; the daisies and buttercups look so big, the grass is so long and so green; there are two purple flowers with long stalks close at hand, but Dolly does not pick them; her little heart seems to shake like the bird's song, it is all so pretty; the dandelions are like lamps burning. She tries to think she is a bird, and that she lives in the beautiful hedges.

From behind the hawthorn hedge some voices come that Dolly should certainly know. . . .

"You'll believe me another time," cries some one, with a sort of sniff, and speaking in tones so familiar that Dolly, without an instant's hesitation, sets off running to the wicket gate, which had been left open, and through which she now sees, as she expects, George with his curly head and his cricketing cap standing in the Penfolds' garden, and with him her cousin Robert, looking very tall as he leans against a paling, and talks to Mrs. Penfold. There is also another person whom Dolly recognizes as Mr. Raban, and she thinks of the "hox," as she gazes with respect at the pale young man with his watch chain and horseshoe pin. He has a straw hat and white shoes and a big knobstick in his hand, and nodding to Robert, he strides off towards the cottage. Dolly watches him as he walks in under the porch: no doubt he is going to drink curds and whey, she thinks.

"Why, Dolly! are *you* here?" says Robert, coming towards her.

"Missy is often here," says Mrs. Penfold, looking not over-pleased. "Is Mrs. Marker with you, my dear?"

Dolly would have answered, but from the farther end of the garden behind Mrs. Penfold, two horrible apparitions advance, rusty black, with many red bobs and tassels dangling, and deliberate steps and horrible crinkly eyes. Old Betty would call them Bubbly Jocks; Dolly has no name for them, but shrinks away behind her big cousin.

"Here are Dolly's bogies," says George, who is giving himself airs on the strength of his companionship and his short cut. "Now then, Dolly, they are going to bite like ghosts."

"Don't," cried Dolly.

"Are you afraid of turkeys, Dolly? Little girls of eight years old shouldn't be afraid of anything," said Rhoda, busy with her flowers. Alas! Rhoda's philosophy is not always justified by subsequent experience. It is second hand, and quoted from Mrs. Morgan.

"We are going to see the puppies," says Dolly, recovering her courage as the turkey cocks go by. "Won't you come, Robert?"

"Puppies!" said Robert. "Are you fond of puppies, Dolly? My Aunt Henley says she prefers them to her own children."

"So should I," says Dolly, opening her eyes.

Presently Robert and Dolly come back, with two little fuzzy heads wildly squeaking from Dolly's lap, and old Bunch, the mother of the twins, following, half agonized, half radiant. They set the little staggering bundles down upon the ground, and Dolly squats in admiration while Robert goes off upon his business, and Mrs. Penfold hurries back into the house as Mr. Penfold appears crossing the lane.

Mr. Penfold was gone: Dolly was still watching with all-absorbed eyes, when George started up. "I say. Dolly! look there at Aunt Sarah."

Aunt Sarah! What had come to her, and how strange she looked walking through the orchard with a curious rapid step and coming towards the open wicket gate, through which the children could see her. Her bonnet was falling off her face, her hair was pushed back, she came very quick, straight on,

looking neither to the right nor to the left, with her fixed eyes and pale cheeks. Penfold seemed hurrying after her; he followed Lady Sarah into the garden, and then out again into the road. She hardly seemed to know which way she went.

What had happened? Why didn't she answer when Dolly called her? As she passed so swiftly, the children thought that something must have happened; they did not know what. George set off running after her; Dolly waited for a minute.

"Why did she look so funny?" said Rhoda, coming up.

"I don't know," said Dolly, almost crying.

"She had a black-edged letter in her hand," said Rhoda, "that Mr. Penfold brought. When people think they are going to die they write and tell you on black paper."

Then Mrs. Penfold came running out of the cottage with a shriek, and the children running too, saw the gardener catch Aunt Sarah in his arms, as she staggered and put out her hands. When they came up, she lay back in his arms scarce conscious, and he called to them to bring some water from the pond. No wonder Dolly remembered that day, and Aunt Sarah lying long and straight upon the grass by the roadside. The letter had fallen from her hand, they threw water upon her face; it wet her muslin dress, and her pale cheeks; a workman, crossing from the field, stood and looked on awhile; and so did the little children from the carpenter's shed up the road, gazing with wondering eyes at the pale lady beginning to move again at last and to speak so languidly.

The laborer helped to carry her into the cottage as she revived. George had already run home for Marker. Dolly and Rhoda, who were shut out by Mrs. Penfold, wandered disconsolately about the garden and into the orchard again, where Aunt Sarah's parasol was lying under the tree, and her book thrown face downwards: presently the little girls came straggling back with it to the garden house once more.

The parlor door was shut close when they reached it, the kitchen door was open. What was that shrill shivering cry? Who could it be? Perhaps it was some animal, thought Dolly.

In the kitchen some unheeded pot was cooking and boiling over; the afternoon sun was all hot upon the road outside, and Bunch and the puppies had lain down to sleep in a little heap on the step of the house.

Long, long after, Dolly remembered that day, everything as it happened: Marker's voice inside the room; young Mr. Raban passing by the end of the lane talking to Emma Penfold. (Mrs. Penfold had unlocked the back door and let them out.) After a time the shrill sobs ceased; then a clock struck, and the boiling pot in the kitchen fell over with a great crash, and Rhoda ran to see, and at that moment the parlor door opened, and Lady Sarah came out, very pale still and very strange, leaning, just as if she was old, upon Marker and Mr. Penfold. But she started away and seemed to find a sudden strength, and caught Dolly up in her arms. "My darling, my darling," she said, "you have only me now—only me. Heaven help you, my poor, poor children." And once more she burst into the shrill sighing sobs. It was Aunt Sarah who had been crying all the time for her brother who was dead.

This was the first echo of a mourning outcry that reached the children. They were told that the day was never to come now of which they had spoken so often; their father would never come home—they were orphans. George was to have a tall hat with crape upon it. Marker went into town to buy Dolly stuff for a new black frock. Aunt Sarah did not smile when she spoke to them and told them that their mamma would soon be home now. Dolly could not understand it all very well. Their father had been but a remembrance; she did not remember him less because Lady Sarah's eyes were red and the letters were edged with black. Dolly didn't cry the first day, though Rhoda did; but in the night, when she woke up with a little start and a moan from a dream in which she thought it was her papa who was lying by the pond, Aunt Sarah herself came and bent over her crib.

But next morning the daisies did not look less pretty, nor did the puppy cease to jump, nor, if the truth be told, did Dolly herself; nor would kind Stanham [illegible]borough have wished it. . . .

Robert came into the garden and found the children with a skipping rope, and was greatly shocked, and told them they should not skip about.

"I was not skipping," said Rhoda. "I was turning the rope for Dolly."

Dolly ran off, blushing. Had she done wrong? She had not thought so. I cannot say what dim unrealized feelings were in her little heart; longings never to be realized, love



JOHN BRIGHT

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

never to be fulfilled. She went up into her nursery, and hid there in a corner until Rhoda came to find her, and to tell her dinner was ready.



THE DISMEMBERMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.[1]

By JOHN BRIGHT.

(From "Speech on the 'Trent' Affair.")

[JOHN BRIGHT: An English statesman; born at Rochdale, Lancashire, November 16, 1811; died March 27, 1889. He was the son of Jacob Bright, a prosperous Quaker cotton spinner, was educated at a Friends' school, and after a year of foreign travel he returned to his native place and lectured on his travels and on political economy. He was later a member of Parliament for many years; was president of the Board of Trade, and was chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. In 1880 he was lord rector of Glasgow University. His published works consist of "Speeches" (1868) and "Letters" (1885; new edition, 1895).]

I SAY that, looking at the principles avowed in England, and at its policy, there is no man, who is not absolutely a non-resistant in every sense, who can fairly challenge the conduct of the American government in this war. It would be a curious thing to find that the party in this country, which on every public question affecting England is in favor of war at any cost, when they come to speak of the duty of the government of the United States is in favor of "peace at any price."

I want to know whether it has ever been admitted by politicians, or statesmen, or people, that a great nation can be broken up at any time by any particular section of any part of that nation. It has been tried occasionally in Ireland, and if it had succeeded, history would have said that it was with very good cause. But if anybody tried now to get up a secession or insurrection in Ireland—and it would be infinitely less disturbing to everything than the secession in the United States, because there is a boundary which nobody can dispute—I am quite sure the *Times* would have its "Special Correspondent," and would describe with all the glee and exultation in the world the manner in which the Irish insurrectionists were cut down and made an end of.

Let any man try in this country to restore the heptarchy, do you think that any portion of the people would think that

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the project could be tolerated for a moment? But if you look at a map of the United States, you will see that there is no country in the world, probably, at this moment where any plan of separation between the North and the South, as far as the question of boundary is concerned, is so surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. For example, Maryland is a slave State; but Maryland, by a large majority, voted for the Union. Kentucky is a slave State, one of the finest in the Union, and containing a fine people; Kentucky has voted for the Union, but has been invaded from the South. Missouri is a slave State; but Missouri has not seceded, and has been invaded by the South, and there is a secession party in that State. There are parts of Virginia which have formed themselves into a new State, resolved to adhere to the North; and there is no doubt a considerable Northern and Union feeling in the State of Tennessee. I have no doubt there is in every other State. In fact, I am not sure that there is not now within the sound of my voice a citizen of the State of Alabama, who could tell you that in his State the question of secession has never been put to the vote, and that there are great numbers of men, reasonable, and thoughtful, and just men, in that State, who entirely deplore the condition of things there existing.

Then what would you do with all those States, and with what we may call the loyal portion of the people of those States? Would you allow them to be dragooned into this insurrection, and into the formation or the becoming parts of a new State, to which they themselves are hostile? And what would you do with the city of Washington? Washington is in a slave State. Would anybody have advised that President Lincoln and his Cabinet, with all the members of Congress, of the House of Representatives, and the Senate, from the North, with their wives and children, and everybody else who was not positively in favor of the South, should have set off on their melancholy pilgrimage northwards, leaving that capital, hallowed to them by such associations, — having its name even from the father of their country, — leaving Washington to the South, because Washington is situated in a slave State?

Again, what do you say to the Mississippi River, as you see it upon the map, the "father of waters," rolling its gigantic stream to the ocean? Do you think that the fifty millions which one day will occupy the banks of that river northward will ever consent that its great stream shall roll through a

foreign, and it may be a hostile State? And more, there are four millions of negroes in subjection. For them the American Union is directly responsible. They are not Secessionists; they are now, as they always were, not citizens nor subjects, but legally under the care and power of the Government of the United States. Would you consent that these should be delivered up to the tender mercies of their taskmasters, the defenders of slavery as an everlasting institution?

But if all had been surrendered without a struggle, what then? What would the writers in this newspaper and other newspapers have said? If a bare rock in your empire, that would not keep a goat — a single goat — alive, be touched by any foreign power, the whole empire is roused to resistance; and if there be, from accident or passion, the smallest insult to your flag, what do your newspaper writers say upon the subject, and what is said in all your towns and upon all your exchanges? I will tell you what they would have said if the Government of the Northern States had taken their insidious and dishonest advice. They would have said the great Republic was a failure, that democracy had murdered patriotism, that history afforded no example of such meanness and of such cowardice; and they would have heaped unmeasured obloquy and contempt upon the people and Government who had taken that course.

They tell you, these candid friends of the United States, — they tell you that all freedom is gone; that the Habeas Corpus Act, if they ever had one, is known no longer, and that any man may be arrested at the dictum of the President or of the Secretary of State. Well, but in 1848, you recollect, many of you, that there was a small insurrection in Ireland. It was an absurd thing altogether; but what was done then? I saw, in one night, in the House of Commons, a bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act passed through all its stages. What more did I see? I saw a bill brought in by the Whig Government of that day, Lord John Russell being the Premier, which made speaking against the Government and against the Crown — which up to that time had been sedition — which proposed to make it felony; and it was only by the greatest exertions of a few of the members that the act, in that particular, was limited to a period of two years. In the same session, a bill was brought in called an Alien Bill, which enabled the Home Secretary to take any foreigner whatsoever, not being a natu-

ralized Englishman, and in twenty-four hours to send him out of the country. Although a man might have committed no crime, this might be done to him apparently only on suspicion.

But suppose that an insurgent army had been so near to London that you could see its outposts from every suburb of your capital, what then do you think would have been the regard of the Government of Great Britain for personal liberty, if it interfered with the necessities and, as they might think, the salvation of the state? I recollect, in 1848, when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, that a number of persons in Liverpool, men there of position and of wealth, presented a petition to the House of Commons praying — what? That the Habeas Corpus Act should not be suspended? No. They were not content with its suspension in Ireland; and they prayed the House of Commons to extend that suspension to Liverpool. I recollect that at that time — and I am sure my friend Mr. Wilson will bear me out in what I say — the mayor of Liverpool telegraphed to the mayor of Manchester, and that messages were sent on to London nearly every hour. The mayor of Manchester heard from the mayor of Liverpool that certain Irishmen in Liverpool, conspirators or fellow-conspirators with those in Ireland, were going to burn the cotton warehouses in Liverpool and the cotton mills of Lancashire. I read that petition from Liverpool. I took it from the table of the House of Commons and read it, and I handed it over to a statesman of great eminence, who has been but just removed from us — I refer to Sir James Graham, a man not second to any in the House of Commons for his knowledge of affairs and for his great capacity — I handed to him that petition. He read it; and after he had read it he rose from his seat, and laid it upon the table with a gesture of abhorrence and disgust. Now that was a petition from the town of Liverpool, in which some persons have been making themselves very ridiculous of late by reason of their conduct on this American question.

There is one more point. It has been said, "How much better it would be," — not for the United States, but — "for us, that these States should be divided." I recollect meeting a gentleman in Bond Street one day before the session was over. He was a rich man, and one whose voice is much heard in the House of Commons; but his voice is not heard when he is on his legs, but when he is cheering other speakers; and he said to me: "After all, this is a sad business about the United States;

but still I think it very much better that they should be split up. In twenty years," or in fifty years, I forget which it was, "they will be so powerful that they will bully all Europe." And a distinguished member of the House of Commons — distinguished there by his eloquence, distinguished more by his many writings — I mean Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton — he did not exactly express a hope, but he ventured on something like a prediction, that the time would come when there would be, I do not know how many, but about as many independent states on the American continent as you can count upon your fingers.

There cannot be a meaner motive than this I am speaking of, in forming a judgment on this question, — that it is "better for us" — for whom? the people of England, or the Government of England? — that the United States should be severed, and that the North American continent should be as the continent of Europe is, in many states, and subject to all the contentions and disasters which have accompanied the history of the states of Europe. I should say that, if a man had a great heart within him, he would rather look forward to the day when, from that point of land which is habitable nearest to the Pole, to the shores of the Great Gulf, the whole of that vast continent might become one great confederation of States — without a great army, and without a great navy, — not mixing itself up with the entanglements of European politics, — without a customhouse inside, through the whole length and breadth of its territory, — and with freedom everywhere, equality everywhere, law everywhere, peace everywhere, — such a confederation would afford at least some hope that man is not forsaken of Heaven, and that the future of our race may be better than the past.

It is a common observation that our friends in America are very irritable. And I think it is very likely, of a considerable number of them, to be quite true. Our friends in America are involved in a great struggle. There is nothing like it before in their or in any history. No country in the world was ever more entitled, in my opinion, to the sympathy and the forbearance of all friendly nations, than are the United States at this moment. They have there some newspapers that are no wiser than ours. They have there some papers, which, up to the election of Mr. Lincoln, were his bitterest and most unrelenting foes, who, when the war broke out, and it was not safe to take the line of Southern support, were obliged to turn round

and to appear to adopt the prevalent opinion of the country. But they undertook to serve the South in another way, and that was by exaggerating every difficulty and misstating every fact, if so doing could serve their object of creating distrust between the people of the Northern States and the people of this United Kingdom.

Now there is one thing which I must state that I think they have a solid reason to complain of; and I am very sorry to have to mention it, because it blames our present Foreign Minister, against whom I am not anxious to say a word, and, recollecting his speech in the House of Commons, I should be slow to conclude that he had any feeling hostile to the United States Government. You recollect that during the session — it was on the 14th of May — a Proclamation came out which acknowledged the South as a belligerent power, and proclaimed the neutrality of England. A little time before that, I forget how many days, Mr. Dallas, the late Minister from the United States, had left London for Liverpool and America. He did not wish to undertake any affairs for his Government, by which he was not appointed, — I mean that of President Lincoln, — and he left what had to be done to his successor, who was on his way, and whose arrival was daily expected. Mr. Adams, the present Minister from the United States, is a man whom, if he lived in England, you would speak of as belonging to one of the noblest families of the country. His father and his grandfather were Presidents of the United States. His grandfather was one of the great men who achieved the independence of the United States. There is no family in that country having more claims upon what I should call the veneration and the affection of the people than the family of Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams came to this country. He arrived in London on the night of the 13th of May. On the 14th, that Proclamation was issued. It was known that he was coming; but he was not consulted; the Proclamation was not delayed for a day, although there was nothing pressing, no reason why the Proclamation should not have been notified to him. If communications of a friendly nature had taken place with him and with the American Government, they could have found no fault with this step, because it was perhaps inevitable, before the struggle had proceeded far, that this Proclamation would be issued. But I have the best reasons for knowing that there is no single thing that has happened during the course of these

events which has created more surprise, more irritation, and more distrust in the United States, with respect to this country, than the fact that that Proclamation was not delayed one single day, until the Minister from America could come here, and until it could be done, if not with his consent, or his concurrence, yet in that friendly manner that would probably have avoided all the unpleasantness which has occurred.

Now I am obliged to say — and I say it with the utmost pain — that if we have not done things that are plainly hostile to the North, and if we have not expressed affection for slavery, and, outwardly and openly, hatred for the Union, — I say that there has not been that friendly and cordial neutrality which, if I had been a citizen of the United States, I should have expected; and I say further that, if there has existed considerable irritation at that, it must be taken as a measure of the high appreciation which the people of those States place upon the opinion of the people of England. If I had been addressing this audience ten days ago, so far as I know, I should have said just what I have said now; and although, by an untoward event, circumstances are somewhat, even considerably, altered, yet I have thought it desirable to make this statement, with a view, so far as I am able to do it, to improve the opinion of England, and to assuage feelings of irritation in America, if there be any, so that no further difficulties may arise in the progress of this unhappy strife.

* * * * * * *

Now, then, before I sit down, let me ask you what is this people, about which so many men in England at this moment are writing, and speaking, and thinking, with harshness, I think with injustice, if not with great bitterness? Two centuries ago, multitudes of the people of this country found a refuge on the North American continent, escaping from the tyranny of the Stuarts and from the bigotry of Laud. Many noble spirits from our country made great experiments in favor of human freedom on that continent. Bancroft, the great historian of his own country, has said, in his own graphic and emphatic language, "The history of the colonization of America is the history of the crimes of Europe." From that time down to our own period, America has admitted the wanderers from every clime. Since 1815, a time which many here remember, and which is within my lifetime, more than three

millions of persons have emigrated from the United Kingdom to the United States. During the fifteen years from 1845 or 1846 to 1859 or 1860 — a period so recent that we all remember the most trivial circumstances that have happened in that time — during those fifteen years more than two million three hundred and twenty thousand persons left the shores of the United Kingdom as emigrants for the States of North America.

At this very moment, then, there are millions in the United States, who personally, or whose immediate parents, have at one time been citizens of this country. They found a home in the Far West; they subdued the wilderness; they met with plenty there, which was not afforded them in their native country; and they have become a great people. There may be persons in England who are jealous of those States. There may be men who dislike democracy, and who hate a republic; there may be even those whose sympathies warm towards the slave oligarchy of the South. But of this I am certain, that only misrepresentation the most gross or calumny the most wicked can sever the tie which unites the great mass of the people of this country with their friends and brethren beyond the Atlantic.

Now, whether the Union will be restored or not, or the South achieve an unhonored independence or not, I know not, and I predict not. But this I think I know — that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of freemen in the North will be thirty millions, or even fifty millions — a population equal to or exceeding that of this kingdom. When that time comes, I pray that it may not be said amongst them that, in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children. As for me, I have but this to say: I am but one in this audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country; but if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondsmen of the South, and which tends to generous thoughts, and generous words, and generous deeds, between the two great nations who speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name.

CECIL DREEME HIS OWN INTERPRETER.

By THEODORE WINTHROP.

[Theodore Winthrop: American soldier and an able writer; born in New Haven, Conn, September 22, 1828; killed in a charge at the battle of Big Bethel, Va, June 10, 1861. He wrote sketches of the early Civil War for the *Atlantic Monthly;* and left three finished novels, which were published after his death, — "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft"; also two volumes of essays, collected as "The Canoe and the Saddle" and "Life in the Open Air, and Other Papers"]

We left the dead, dead.

"Where is Huffmire?" Churm asked.

A sound of galloping hoofs answered. We saw him from the window, flying on Densdeth's horse. Death in his house by violence meant investigation, and that he did not dare encounter. He was off, and so escaped justice for a time.

The villainous-looking porter came cringing up to Churm.

"You was asking about a lady," said he.

"Yes. What of her?"

"With a pale face, large eyes, and short, crisp black hair, what that dead man brought here at daybreak yesterday?"

"The same."

"Murdoch's got her locked up and tied."

"Murdoch!" cried Raleigh. "That's the hell-cat I saw in the carriage."

"Quick," said Churm, "take us there!"

I picked up my dagger, and wiped off the blood; but the new stain had thickened the ancient rust.

The porter led the way upstairs, and knocked at a closed door.

"Who is there?" said a voice.

"Me, Patrick, the porter. Open!"

"What do you want?"

"To come in."

"Go about your business!"

"I will," said the man, turning to us, with a grin. He felt that we were the persons to be propitiated. He put his knee against the door, and, after a struggle and a thrust, the bolt gave way.

A large, gypsylike woman stood holding back the door. We pushed her aside, and sprang in.

"It was an inspiration," said I, "your concealment there,— such a plan as only genius devises."

"A mad scheme!" Dreeme said musingly. "I hardly deem myself responsible for it. And who can yet say whether it was well and wisely done?"

"Well and wisely!" said Churm. "You are saved, and the tempter is dead."

"Ah!" Dreeme sighed, "what desolate days I passed in my prison in Chrysalis! I felt like one dead, as the world supposed me,—like one murdered,—one walled up in a living grave; and I gave myself no thought of ever emerging into life again. Why should I love daylight? What was there for me there? Only treachery. Who? Only traitors. I had no one in the world to trust. I dwelt alone with God."

Dreeme paused. The tears stood in those brave, steady eyes. How utterly desolate indeed had been the fate of this noble soul! How dark in the chill days of winter! How lonely in his bleak den in Chrysalis! Stern lessons befall the strong.

"Painting my Lear kept me alive, with a morbid life. It was my own tragedy, Robert. I am the Cordelia. When you did not recognize my father and sister on that canvas, I felt that myself was safe from your detection."

"How blind I have been!" I exclaimed; "and now that I recall the picture, I perceive those veiled likenesses, and wonder at my dullness."

"Not veiled from me," said Churm. "You saw me recognize them, Byng. Ah, my child! how bitterer it is to think of you there pining away alone, and I under the same roof, saddening my heart with sorrow for your loss!"

"Yes, my father; but how much bitterer for me, who had loved and trusted you like a daughter, to believe that you were as cruel a traitor as the rest,—that you too would betray me in a moment. So I lived there alone, putting my agony into my picture. There was a strange relief in so punishing, as it were, the guilty. And when I had punished them, I forgave them. The rancor, if rancor there were, had gone out of me. I was ready for kindlier influences. They did not come. I could not seek them. I was no longer sustained by the vigor of my revolt. My days grew inexpressibly dreary. The life was wearing. And then I was starving for all that my dear friend and preserver, Mr. Byng, has given me,—starving to

death, Robert; and there I should have died alone but for you. I knew you as my old playmate from the first moment."

I pressed her hand. "It is a touching history," I said, "but strange to me still,—strange as a dream."

THE FIRST VIOLIN.[1]

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

[JESSIE FOTHERGILL An English novelist; born at Manchester in 1856, died at London, July 30, 1891. Financial troubles cut short her education, and she began to write at an early age In 1874 her first novel, "Healey," was published, and was followed in 1876 by "Aldyth" Neither was very successful, and her next book, "The First Violin," was declined by several publishers On its appearance in 1878 in three volumes it was at once successful, reaching its tenth edition in 1895, and is still considered one of the few excellent musical novels of the century. It was dramatized in 1897, and in 1898 was played by Mr. Richard Mansfield. Her subsequent novels are "Probation" (1879), "The Wellfields" (1880), "Kith and Kin" (1881), "Made or Marred" (1881), "One of Three" (1881), "Peril" (1884), "From Moor Isles" (1888), "The Lasses of Leverhouse" (1888), "A March in the Ranks" (1890), and "Oriole's Daughter" (1892).]

IT was noon. The probe to "Tannhauser" was over, and we, the members of the kapelle, had turned out, and stood in a knot around the orchestra entrance to the Elberthal Theater.

It was a raw October noontide. The last traces of the bygone summer were being swept away by equinoctial gales, which whirled the remaining yellowing leaves from the trees, and strewed with them the walks of the deserted Hofgarten; a stormy gray sky promised rain at the earliest opportunity; our Rhine went gliding by like a stream of ruffled lead.

"Proper theater weather," observed one of my fellow-musicians; "but it doesn't seem to suit you, Friedhelm. What makes you look so down?"

I shrugged my shoulders. Existence was not at that time very pleasant to me; my life's hues were somewhat of the color of the autumn skies and of the dull river. I scarcely knew why I stood with the others now; it was more a mechanical pause before I took my spiritless way home, than because I felt any interest in what was going on.

"I should say he will be younger by a long way than old Kohler," observed Karl Linders, one of the violoncellists, a

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd

young man with an unfailing flow of good nature, good spirits, and eagerness to enjoy every pleasure which came in his way, which qualities were the objects of my deep wonder and mild envy. "And they say," he continued, "that he's coming to-night; so, Friedhelm, my boy, you may look out. Your master's on the way."

"So!" said I, lending but an indifferent attention; "what is his name?"

"That's his way of gently intimating that he hasn't got a master," said Karl, jocosely; but the general answer to my question was, "I don't know."

"But they say," said a tall man who wore spectacles and sat behind me in the first violins — "they say that Von Francius doesn't like the appointment. He wanted some one else, but Die Direktion managed to beat him. He dislikes the new fellow beforehand, whatever he may be."

"So! Then he will have a roughish time of it!" agreed one or two others.

The "he" of whom they spoke was the coming man who should take the place of the leader of the first violins — it followed that he would be, at least, an excellent performer — possibly a clever man in many other ways, for the post was in many ways a good one. Our Kapelle was no mean one — in our own estimation, at any rate. Our late first violinist, who had recently died, had been on visiting terms with persons of the highest respectability, had given lessons to the very best families, and might have been seen bowing to young ladies and important dowagers almost any day. No wonder his successor was speculated about with some curiosity.

"*Alle Wetter!*" cried Karl Linders, impatiently — that young man was much given to impatience — "what does Von Francius want? He can't have everything. I suppose this new fellow plays a little too well for his taste. He will have to give him a solo now and then instead of keeping them all for himself."

"*Weisz's nicht,*" said another, shrugging his shoulders. "I've only heard that Von Francius had a row with the Direction, and was outvoted."

"What a sweet temper he will be in at the probe to-morrow!" laughed Karl. "Won't he give it to the *Madchen* right and left!"

"What time is he coming?" proceeded one of the oboists.

"Don't know; know nothing about it; perhaps he'll appear in 'Tannhauser' to-night. Look out, Friedhelm!"

"Here comes little Luischen," said Karl, with a winning smile, straightening his collar, and a general arming-for-conquest expression, as some of the "ladies of the chorus and ballet" appeared from the side door. "Isn't she pretty?" he went on, in an audible aside to me. "I've a crow to pluck with her, too. *Tag*, Fräulein!" he added, advancing to the young lady who had so struck him.

He was "struck," on an average, once a week, every time with the most beautiful and charming of her sex. The others, with one or two exceptions, also turned. I said good morning to Linders, who wished, with a noble generosity, to make me a partaker in his cheerful conversation with Fräulein Luise of the first soprans, slipped from his grasp, and took my way homeward. Fraulein Luischen was no doubt very pretty, and in her way a companionable person. Unfortunately I never could appreciate that way. With every wish to accommodate myself to the only society with which fortune supplied me, it was but ill that I succeeded.

I, Friedhelm Helfen, was at that time a lonely, soured misanthrope of two and twenty. Let the announcement sound as absurd as it may, it is simply and absolutely true. I was literally alone in the world. My last relative had died and left me entirely without any one who could have even a theoretical reason for taking any interest in me. Gradually, during the last few months, I had fallen into evil places of thought and imagination. There had been a time before, as there has been a time since — as it is with me now — when I worshiped my art with all my strength as the most beautiful thing on earth; the art of arts — the most beautiful and perfect development of beauty which mankind has yet succeeded in attaining to, and when the very fact of its being so and of my being gifted with some poor power of expressing and interpreting that beauty was enough for me — gave me a place in the world with which I was satisfied, and made life understandable to me. At that time this belief — my natural and normal state — was clouded over; between me and the goddess of my idolatry had fallen a veil; I wasted my brain tissue in trying to philosophize — cracked my head, and almost my reason, over the endless, unanswerable question *Cui bono?* that question which may so easily become the destruction of the

fool who once allows himself to be drawn into dallying with it. *Cui bono?* is a mental Delilah who will shear the locks of the most arrogant Samson. And into the arms and to the tender mercies of this Delilah I had given myself. I was in a fair way of being lost forever in her snares, which she sets for the feet of men. To what use all this toil? To what use — music? After, by dint of hard twisting my thoughts and coping desperately with problems that I did not understand, having managed to extract a conviction that there was use in music, — a use to beautify, gladden, and elevate, — I began to ask myself further, "What is it to me whether mankind is elevated or not? made better or worse? higher or lower?"

Only one who has asked himself that question, as I did, in bitter earnest, and fairly faced the answer, can know the horror, the blackness, the emptiness, of the abyss into which it gives one a glimpse. Blackness of darkness — no standpoint, no vantage ground — it is a horror of horrors; it haunted me then day and night, and constituted itself not only my companion but my tyrant.

I was in bad health, too. At night, when the joyless day was over, the work done, the play played out, the smell of the footlights and gas and the dust of the stage dispersed, a deadly weariness used to overcome me; an utter, tired, miserable apathy; and alone, surrounded by loneliness, I let my morbid thoughts carry me whither they would. It had gone so far that I had even begun to say to myself lately: —

"Friedhelm Helfen, you are not wanted. On the other side this life is a nothingness so large that you will be as nothing in it. Launch yourself into it. The story that suicide is wrong and immoral is, like other things, to be taken with reservation. There is no absolute right and wrong. Suicide is sometimes the highest form of right and reason."

This mood was strong upon me on that particular day, and as I paced along the Schadowstrasse toward the Wehrhahn, where my lodging was, the very stones seemed to cry out, "The world is weary, and you are not wanted in it."

A heavy, cold, beating rain began to fall. I entered the room which served me as living and sleeping room. From habit I ate and drank at the same restauration as that frequented by my *confrères* of the orchestra. I leaned my elbows upon the table, and listened drearily to the beat of the rain upon the pane. Scattered sheets of music containing, some

great, others little thoughts, lay around me. Lately it seemed as if the flavor was gone from them. The other night Beethoven himself had failed to move me, and I accepted it as a sign that all was over with me. In an hour it would be time to go out and seek dinner, if I made up my mind to have any dinner. Then there would be the afternoon—the dreary, wet afternoon, the tramp through the soaking streets, with the lamplight shining into the pools of water, to the theater; the lights, the people, the weary round of painted ballet girls, and accustomed voices and faces of audience and performers. The same number of bars to play, the same to leave unplayed; the whole dreary story, gone through so often before, to be gone through so often again.

The restauration did not see me that day; I remained in the house. There was to be a great concert in the course of a week or two; the "Tower of Babel" was to be given at it. I had the music. I practiced my part, and I remember being a little touched with the exquisite loveliness of one of the choruses, that sung by the "Children of Japhet" as they wander sadly away with their punishment upon them into the *Waldeinsamkeit* (that lovely and untranslatable word) one of the purest and most pathetic melodies ever composed.

It was dark that afternoon. I had not stirred from my hole since coming in from the probe—had neither eaten nor drank, and was in full possession of the uninterrupted solitude coveted by busy men. Once I thought that it would have been pleasant if some one had known and cared for me well enough to run upstairs, put his head into the room, and talk to me about his affairs.

To the sound of gustily blowing wind and rain beating on the pane, the afternoon hours dragged slowly by, and the world went on outside and around me until about five o'clock. Then there came a knock at my door, an occurrence so unprecedented that I sat and stared at the said door instead of speaking, as if Edgar Poe's raven had put in a sudden appearance and begun to croak its "Nevermore" at me.

The door was opened. A dreadful, dirty-looking young woman, a servant of the house, stood in the doorway.

"What do you want?" I inquired.

A gentleman wished to speak to me.

"Bring him in, then," said I, somewhat testily.

She turned and requested some one to come forward.

There entered a tall and stately man, with one of those rare faces, beautiful in feature, bright in expression, which one meets sometimes, and, having once seen, never forgets. He carried what I took at first for a bundle done up in dark green plaid, but as I stood up and looked at him I perceived that the plaid was wrapped round a child. Lost in astonishment, I gazed at him in silence.

"I beg you will excuse my intruding upon you thus," said he, bowing, and I involuntarily returned his bow, wondering more and more what he could be. His accent was none of the Elberthal one: it was fine, refined, polished.

"How can I serve you?" I asked, impressed by his voice, manner, and appearance; agreeably impressed. A little masterful he looked — a little imperious, but not unapproachable, with nothing ungenial in his pride.

"You could serve me very much by giving me one or two pieces of information. In the first place let me introduce myself; you, I think, are Herr Helfen?" I bowed. "My name is Eugen Courvoisier. I am the new member of your *städtisches orchester*."

"Oh, *was!*" said I, within myself. "That is our new first violin!"

"And this is my son," he added, looking down at the plaid bundle, which he held very carefully and tenderly. "If you will tell me at what time the opera begins, what it is to-night, and finally, if there is a room to be had, perhaps in this house, even for one night. I must find a nest for this *Vögelein* as soon as I possibly can."

"I believe the opera begins at seven," said I, still gazing at him in astonishment, with open mouth and incredulous eyes. Our orchestra contained, among its sufficiently varied specimens of nationality and appearance, nothing in the very least like this man, beside whom I felt myself blundering, clumsy, and unpolished. It was not mere natural grace of manner. He had that, but it had been cultivated somewhere, and cultivated highly.

"Yes?" he said.

"At seven — yes. It is 'Tannhäuser' to-night. And the rooms — I believe they have rooms in the house."

"Ah, then I will inquire about it," said he, with an exceedingly open and delightful smile. "I thank you for telling me. Adieu, *mein Herr*."

"Is he asleep?" I asked abruptly, and pointing to the bundle.

"Yes; *armes Kerlchen!* Just now he is," said the young man.

He was quite young, I saw. In the half-light I supposed him even younger than he really was. He looked down at the bundle again and smiled.

"I should like to see him," said I, politely and gracefully, seized by an impulse of which I felt ashamed, but which I yet could not resist.

With that I stepped forward and came to examine the bundle. He moved the plaid a little aside and showed me a child — a very young, small, helpless child, with closed eyes, immensely long, black, curving lashes, and fine, delicate black brows. The small face was flushed, but even in sleep this child looked melancholy. Yet he was a lovely child — most beautiful and most pathetic to see.

I looked at the small face in silence, and a great desire came upon me to look at it oftener — to see it again; then up at that of the father. How unlike the two faces! Now that I fairly looked at the man, I found that he was different from what I had thought: older, sparer, with more sharply cut features. I could not tell what the child's eyes might be — those of the father were piercing as an eagle's; clear, open, strange. There was sorrow in the face, I saw, as I looked so earnestly into it; and it was worn as if with a keen inner life. This glance was one of those which penetrate deep, not the glance of a moment, but a revelation for life.

"He is very beautiful," said I.

"*Nicht wahr?*" said the other, softly.

"Look here," I added, going to a sofa which was strewn with papers, books, and other paraphernalia; "couldn't we put him here, and then go and see about the rooms? Such a young, tender child must not be carried about the passages, and the house is full of draughts."

I do not know what had so suddenly supplied me with this wisdom as to what was good for a "young, tender child," nor can I account for the sudden deep interest which possessed me. I dashed the things off the sofa, beat the dust from it, desired him to wait one moment while I rushed to my bed to ravish it of its pillow. Then, with the sight of the bed (I was buying my experience), I knew that that, and not the sofa, was the place for the child, and said so.

"Put him here, do put him here!" I besought earnestly. "He will sleep for a time here, won't he?"

"You are very good," said my visitor, hesitating a moment

"Put him there!" said I, flushed with excitement, and with the hitherto unknown joy of being able to offer hospitality.

Courvoisier looked meditatively at me for a short time, then laid the child upon the bed, and arranged the plaid around it as skillfully and as quickly as a woman would have done it.

"How clever he must be!" I thought, looking at him with awe, and with little less awe contemplating the motionless child.

"Wouldn't you like something to put over him?" I asked, looking excitedly about. "I have an overcoat. I'll lend it you." And I was rushing off to fetch it, but he laughingly laid his hand upon my arm.

"Let him alone," said he; "he's all right."

"He won't fall off, will he?" I asked anxiously.

"No; don't be alarmed. Now, if you will be so good, we will see about the rooms."

"Dare you leave him?" I asked, still with anxiety, and looking back as we went toward the door.

"I dare because I must," replied he.

He closed the door, and we went downstairs to seek the persons in authority. Courvoisier related his business and condition, and asked to see rooms. The woman hesitated when she heard there was a child.

"The child will never trouble you, madame," said he, quietly, but rather as if the patience of his look were forced.

"No, never!" I added fervently. "I will answer for that, Frau Schmidt."

A quick glance, half gratitude, half amusement, shot from his eyes as the woman went on to say that she only took gentlemen lodgers, and could not do with ladies, children, and nursemaids. They wanted so much attending to, and she did not profess to open her house to them.

"You will not be troubled with either lady or nursemaid," said he. "I take charge of the child myself. You will not know that he is in the house."

"But your wife——" she began.

"There will be no one but myself and my little boy," he replied, ever politely, but ever, as it seemed to me, with repressed pain or irritation.

"So!" said the woman, treating him to a long, curious, unsparing look of wonder and inquiry, which made me feel hot all over. He returned the glance quietly and unsmilingly. After a pause she said: —

"Well, I suppose I must see about it, but it will be the first child I ever took into the house, in that way, and only as a favor to Herr Helfen."

I was greatly astonished, not having known before that I stood in such high esteem. Courvoisier threw me a smiling glance as we followed the woman up the stairs, up to the top of the house, where I lived. Throwing open a door, she said these were two rooms which must go together. Courvoisier shook his head.

"I do not want two rooms," said he, "or rather, I don't think I can afford them. What do you charge?"

She told him.

"If it were so much," said he, naming a smaller sum, "I could do it."

"*Nie!*" said the woman, curtly, "for that I can't do it. *Um Gotteswillen!* One must live."

She paused, reflecting, and I watched anxiously. She was going to refuse. My heart sank. Rapidly reviewing my own circumstances and finances, and making a hasty calculation in my mind, I said: —

"Why can't we arrange it? Here is a big room and a little room. Make the little room into a bedroom, and use the big room for a sitting room. I will join at it, and so it will come within the price you wish to pay."

The woman's face cleared a little. She had listened with a clouded expression and her head on one side. Now she straightened herself, drew herself up, smoothed down her apron, and said: —

"Yes, that lets itself be heard. If Herr Helfen agreed to that, she would like it."

"Oh, but I can't think of putting you to the extra expense," said Courvoisier.

"I should like it," said I. "I have often wished I had a little more room, but, like you, I couldn't afford the whole expense. We can have a piano, and the child can play there. Don't you see?" I added with great earnestness, and touching his arm. "It is a large, airy room; he can run about there, and make as much noise as he likes."

We rushed along the streets too rapidly to have time or breath to speak, and it was five minutes after the time when we scrambled into the orchestra, and found that the overture was already begun.

Though there is certainly not much time for observing one's fellows when one is helping in the overture to "Tannhäuser," yet I saw the many curious and astonished glances which were cast toward our new member, glances of which he took no notice, simply because he apparently did not see them. He had the finest absence of self-consciousness that I ever saw.

The first act of the opera was over, and it fell to my share to make Courvoisier known to his fellow-musicians. I introduced him to the director, who was not Von Francius nor any friend of his. Then we retired to one of the small rooms on one side of the orchestra.

"*Hundewetter!*" said one of the men, shivering. "Have you traveled far to-day?" he inquired of Courvoisier, by way of opening the conversation.

"From Koln, only."

"Live there?"

"No."

The man continued his catechism, but in another direction. "Are you a friend of Helfen's?"

"I rather think Helfen has been a friend to me," said Courvoisier, smiling.

"Have you found lodgings already?"

"Yes."

"So!" said his interlocutor, rather puzzled with the new arrival. I remember the scene well. Half a dozen of the men were standing in one corner of the room, smoking, drinking beer, and laughing over some not very brilliant joke; we three were a little apart. Courvoisier, stately and imposing-looking, and with that fine manner of his, politely answering his interrogator, a small, sharp-featured man, who looked up to him and rattled complacently away, while I sat upon the table among the fiddle cases and beer glasses, my foot on a chair, my chin in my hand, feeling my cheeks glow, and a strange sense of dizziness and weakness all over me; a lightness in my head which I could not understand. It had quite escaped me that I had neither eaten nor drunk since my breakfast at eight o'clock, on a cup of coffee and dry *Brödchen*, and it was now twelve hours later.

The pause was not a long one, and we returned to our places. But "Tannhauser" is not a short opera. As time went on my sensations of illness and faintness increased. During the second pause I remained in my place. Courvoisier presently came and sat beside me.

"I'm afraid you feel ill," said he.

I denied it. But though I struggled on to the end, yet at last a deadly faintness overcame me. As the curtain went down amid the applause, everything reeled around me. I heard the bustle of the others — of the audience going away. I myself could not move.

"*Was ist denn mit ihm?*" I heard Courvoisier say as he stooped over me.

"Is that Friedhelm Helfen?" asked Karl Linders, seeking me. "*Potz blitz!* he looks like a corpse! he's been at his old tricks again, starving himself. I expect he has touched nothing the whole day."

"Let's get him out and give him some brandy," said Courvoisier. "Lend him an arm, and I'll give him one on this side."

Together they hauled me down to the retiring room.

"*Ei!* he wants a schnapps, or something of the kind," said Karl, who seemed to think the whole affair an excellent joke. "Look here, *alter Narr!*" he added, "you've been going without anything to eat, *nicht?*"

"I believe I have," I assented feebly. "But I'm all right; I'll go home."

Rejecting Karl's pressing entreaties to join him at supper at his favorite Wirthschaft, we went home, purchasing our supper on the way. Courvoisier's first step was toward the place where he had left the child. He was gone.

"*Verschwunden!*" cried he, striding off to the sleeping room, whither I followed him. The little lad had been undressed and put to bed in a small crib, and was sleeping serenely.

"That's Frau Schmidt, who can't do with children and nursemaids," said I, laughing.

"It's very kind of her," said he, as he touched the child's cheek slightly with his little finger, and then, without another word, returned to the other room, and we sat down to our long-delayed supper.

"What on earth made you spend more than twelve hours without food?" he asked me, laying down his knife and fork, and looking at me.

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